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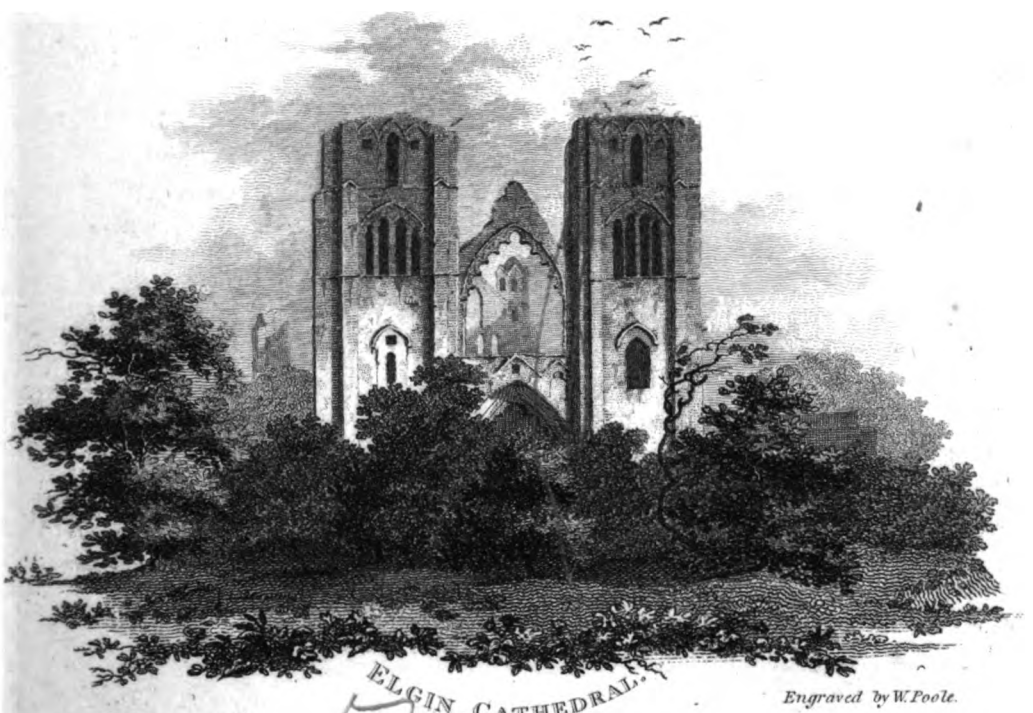
REMARKS
on
Local Scenery & Manners
in
SCOTLAND
during the Years 1799 and 1800.
by
John Stoddart L.L.B.

Vol. II.



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REMARKS,

&c. &c.

SECTION XI.

APPIN, GLEN COE, &c.

THE observation of rustic life and manners, in the western isles, may serve to correct the extremes of error, which often meet in men's judgments, on such subjects. On the one hand, contemplating at a distance the wants, under which the inhabitants labour, and comparing their situation with the wealth and splendour of a luxurious capital, we are apt to rank them as barbarians, and to lament the supposed misery of their lot. On the other hand, hearing of their simple manners, and unvitiated habits, and considering them as guarded in their "fortunate islands," and severed by the "dissociable ocean," from the conta-

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gion of polished vices; we may, perhaps, think, that they alone have fallen upon

> ———" those happier days,
> That poets celebrate; those golden times,
> And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
> And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose."

But the fact is, that these opposite notions are equally erroneous. Man soon accommodates himself to his situation; and the habits and feelings of the rich, and the poor, of the dweller in the town, and in the country, will form but a very inaccurate standard for each other. Some common principles there are, indeed, in human nature, by which both sides of the question may be tried; it requires strong sensibility, and accurate discrimination, to apply this test; but when applied, it is at once delightful and convincing. Such is the impression produced by Burns's interesting poem, the " Twa Dogs." In the choice of principles, the most systematic writers are, perhaps, the most apt to err; and the safest mode of proceeding is to consider a few simple facts, in their relation to similar facts, drawn from other times and places.

The inhabitants of the isles differ but little from

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the Highlanders on the main land. They have the same origin, the same language, the same customs, and prejudices, and nearly the same employments. The circumstances in which they differ are mostly in favour of the Highlands. In both districts, personal appearance forms a very marked distinction between the different ranks of society. The higher classes may boast many striking examples of beauty; but the lower are, in general, the very reverse. The women are almost universally short, and thick shaped: their long, black hair hanging over the face, their heads generally uncovered, and their features consequently drawn into an habitual frown, give them altogether a terrific appearance. The men are sometimes tall and stout, but more commonly short, and ill made. Probably this is to be attributed not merely to their food, and labour; but to the change of manners in modern times. Amid the tumult of a wild and martial age, the mind finds motives to that animation, which beams forth in the countenance, and even serves to

——" mould the form
By silent sympathy."

The more tranquil occupations of these districts, in the present day, afford few mental stimulants:

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and the physical circumstances of food and lodging, though improved, are not so superior, as to balance this defect. An Arcadian community, which has little connexion with the rest of the world, may be supposed to be more pure and happy, in proportion to its seclusion; but countries which are attached, as these ever must be, to places of opulence and luxury, will be improved by an intimacy of union. I have before observed, that the Highlands suffer much by a want of agriculture and manufactures: this applies much more forcibly to the islands. The rich proprietors of the former often visit, sometimes wholly dwell upon their estates, entering into the real feelings, and promoting the true interests of their tenantry: the situation of the latter precludes them, in a great measure, from these advantages.

That indolence which has been remarked as a general concomitant of the Highland character, is probably a remnant of the old military life, which afforded long intervals of ease. That it does not proceed from a dulness of feeling is evident, from the impassioned strain of the ancient poetry, and music, still preserved. The Islanders, as they are inferior to their neighbours in every branch of modern improvement, so they excel them in these relics of former

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excellence. The poems of Ossian, of Ullin, and of Ryno, are here more faithfully retained; and the wild warbling of the native Gaelic airs is a more general soother of care, or incitement to labour. It is not long since the harp fell into disuse among them. The following account of a traveller in the seventeenth century proves its prevalence, as well as that of the poetical talents, which they still possess, but in an inferior degree. "They delight much," says my author*, "in musicke, but chiefly in harpes and clairschoes of their owne fashion. The strings of the clairschoes are made of brasse wyre, and the strings of the harpes of sinews: which strings they strike, eyther with their nayles growing long, or else with an instrument appoynted for that use. They take great pleasure to deck their harpes and clairschoes with silver and precious stones: and poore ones, that cannot attaine heereunto, decke them with christall. They sing verses prettily compounded, contayning (for the most part) prayses of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rimes intreat."

It must be acknowleged, that in the neatness of

* See a Brief Description, &c. A.D. 1633.

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their houses, and in the cleanliness of their persons, they are considerably less careful, than their southern neighbours, and even than the peasantry of other mountainous northern countries, such as Swisserland or Norway; but this may also be traced to the habits of a rude military life; and it is gradually yielding to modern improvements. Since the use of linen has succeeded to that of flannel, the disorder which was once said to be common among them, has almost wholly disappeared, nor did I see any one instance of it in the Highlands. Still there is doubtless too much attachment to the awkward and uncleanly habits of a more barbarous age. I was assured by a nobleman, that though he had built a great number of neat cottages for his tenants, and used every inducement to make them inhabit them, they frequently preferred living in their old, dirty, and smoky huts. Changes in manners must be brought about gradually, by the mild influence of a benevolent patron, not by harsh laws, or acts of tyranny: and it is even better to retain the affections of an unpolished people, than to alienate their minds, in a vain attempt to improve their appearance.

We found to our cost, on quitting Aross, that the Islanders have as little dexterity at sea, as on shore.

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To this, the variety of occupations, practised by the same individual, very much conduces. On examination, soon after we set sail, we found, that out of our crew of four persons, two were weavers, and one a shoemaker. In addition to these professions, they were all farmers, cattle-dealers, fishers, and occasionally boatmen. When a company, such as ours, comes in their way (which is but seldom), they find it most advantageous to act in the latter capacity; but it is not to be supposed, that they can act as well as if they were professionally sailors. Their boats too are ill equipped, and their management of them clumsy. When we had occasion to take to the oars, we found them too large to be serviceable: there were no blocks to the rigging, and in hoisting or lowering a sail, they lost much time by neglecting to disentangle the ropes, a circumstance of great danger in these narrow seas, on account of the sudden shifting, and eddying of the winds. The want of adroitness, joined with the confident rashness of these half sailors, occasions innumerable accidents in their voyages. We ourselves, not being much accustomed to the sea, were considerably alarmed, on the approach of evening, when, after lying by for some time, we were obliged to make a tack, with the

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wind much against us. The surges were high, and the unskilfulness of our steersman such, that we shipped a great quantity of water, before we could make the point of Kerrera. It was not till past ten o'clock at night, that we were with difficulty put ashore, near Dunollich Castle, from whence we were obliged to walk, in a hard shower of rain, to Oban.

The rain continuing the next day, prevented our going farther than Dunstaffanage, from whence, after making a fruitless effort to brave the weather, we were obliged to return to our inn. The hospitable proprietor, indeed, of the estate, —— Campbell, Esq. very pressingly desired us to take up our night's lodging at Dunstaffanage; but our plans not allowing it, we were obliged to decline the offer, though not without a strong sense of obligation; as we had had no introduction to that gentleman. This castle was once a royal residence (tradition assigns its foundation to Ewain, a Pictish king), and here were long preserved some of the regalia of Scotland. The ancient walls, which are partly in a state of ruin, form a square, with large circular towers at each angle; in the interior is a more modern house, inhabited by Mr. Campbell. The whole mass,

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standing on a projecting rock at the point of a small bay, and surrounded with wood, forms a striking object. At a little distance, are the remains of a Gothic chapel, which bear the marks of very fine ornamental tracery. It is still used as the family burying-place, and its walls produce a very distinct and remarkable echo. Among the curiosities preserved here, are some pieces of finely-wrought brass cannon taken from the Spanish armada; some antique weapons, particularly a rich, silver-handled battle-axe; and a small ivory figure, supposed to be one of the Scottish monarchs, of which Mr. Pennant has given an accurate engraving. Here also was formerly kept the famous stone seat, used as a coronation chair, by the kings of Scotland; it was removed to Scone by Kenneth II. and thence, on the union of the crowns, to Westminster.

Whilst we were here, the thickness of the air, was unfavourable to the distant view; but the stormy darkness which it created, the howling wind, the lashing surge, the pelting rain, all conspired to throw a double horror over the gloomy monuments of royalty; and to render still more characteristic the roofless chapel, the mouldering battlements over-

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spread with weeds and bushes, the ruinous stairs in the rock, and the dark narrow passage, by which you enter the building. In fine, I never beheld a scene better adapted to Gothic superstitions, tales of terror, and ghostly wonders, than Dunstaffanage Castle. On looking out upon the sea, we were surprised to see a small boat, apparently very busy, though in such unfavourable weather; but upon inquiring the reason, we were struck with a different sensation, on hearing, that it was searching for the dead bodies of two men, who had been lost at the very time, when we were in the same sea, and in a similar boat.

The weather changed completely in the night, and about seven in the morning, when we finally quitted Oban, it was delightfully pleasant. The morning sun threw a bright softness over every object. The sea was smooth as a mirror, the fresh verdure of the land was impearled with the dew. The long chain of mountains arose in calm and majestic serenity. Even the giant Cruachan wore a smile on his brow. We reached Connell ferry in time to see its fall, in full perfection, at about half ebb. A sea cataract is a novelty, perhaps, scarcely to be paralleled; but its

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appearance resembles, as I should imagine, that of some of the rapids, in those

"Great rivers, great as any sea,"

which communicate with the mighty lakes of America. It is formed by a ridge of rocks, which runs across two thirds of the channel, but leaves room, on the west, for ships of burden to pass safely, at the beginning of flood or ebb. The Gaelic name *conuilt* is said to signify fury, a designation which it seems well to deserve: the broad arm of the sea having a descent of nearly ten feet, with the most violent agitation, and foam; yet it is a safer ferry than many of more placid look: no accident has been known within living memory, and it is very entertaining to behold the dextrous navigation of the small boat skirting the edge of the whirlpools, apparently the sport of their violence, but in fact assisted by their strength.

Crossing the fields toward the bay of Ardmurchenish, we had a good view of the seat of Sir Duncan Campbell, of Loch Nell, backed by a steep, fir-planted eminence, which gives name to this bay, and receives its own denomination from overlooking

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the extensive island of Lismore*. It is topped by a Gothic tower, the view from which must be most extensively magnificent; indeed, were I to point out one spot commanding the greatest variety of those sublime objects which characterize the west of Scotland, this would be the place; for it is in the very centre of the noblest mountains, sea-lakes, and islands; it holds, as it were, the key, and presents the map, of those diversified wonders, which follow each other in continual succession, from the mouth of Loch Etive to the head of Loch Leven. Through the whole of this route, and in every possible deviation from his path, the traveller has before his eyes some stupendous monument of the great operations of Nature; if she sometimes ceases to be beautiful, she is but the more sublime; and she often unites in their highest degree sublimity and beauty. The varied, woody coast of Appin contrasts with the terrific ridges of Morven; and the blue peaks of Mull, with the soft, verdant fields of Lismore.

In the course of this walk, I met with the simplest building, I had ever seen inhabited. It was a turf-built hut, which looked only as if intended to cover the entrance to a subterraneous apartment;

* Gaelic *ard*, height; *mór*, great; *innis*, island.

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and so low, that when the man came out of it, and stood upright, he easily rested his elbow on the roof. Yet this wigwam, for it deserves no better name, contained a family, perhaps as little advanced in the scale of civilized life, as their habitation was in that of architecture: they seemed to be migratory; but from their ignorance of English, we could not learn their history. Few of the Highland huts are so small as this; but their construction is equally artless. To persons accustomed to see in buildings greater marks of contrivance, they must be too simple, even to appear picturesque; for our notions of picturesqueness itself are interwoven with many sentiments founded on utility. Perhaps there are no cottages so characteristically pleasing, as those of Westmoreland, in which the small sheds, and pent-houses, the little porticoes and benches at the door, and the apartments disposed in different directions, not only produce, by their straight lines and angles, the effect of variety, "detaching the building from the surrounding objects, and contrasting it with the playful forms of vegetation*;" but they are also inseparably associated with feelings of ease, and tranquillity; we sympathize with the

* See Price's Picturesque, vol. ii. p. 291.

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comforts and conveniences of the inhabitants; and the heart is fed, while the eye is gratified. The Highland huts are in fact more comfortable, than they appear to a stranger to be; and if we once overcome this association of disgust, the simplicity of their forms will be not unpleasing. Their natural roughness is soon increased by overspreading weeds; and the smoke, which exsudes from every crevice, gives them a singular effect when illumined by the sun. Upon the whole, they are well suited to a wild, secluded scene of rock, or woods; but appear poor and miserable when collected together in villages.

At a point of the hills, two miles north from Connell ferry, some rocks, of a noble and tremendous height, overhung our path; they were composed of a coarse pudding-stone, resembling those near Oban; their vast detached fragments, and their nodding ruins, bound with ivy, appeared awfully grand. They bear the name of Dunvallanrie*, from a fortress formerly built on their brow, and overlooking Beregonium, a royal city. This latter is called by the country people Baragoudie, or Dun Mac Snich†; and its remains are

* Gaelic *dun*, a fortified hill; *baile*, a town; *ri*, a king.

† Probably the fortress of the son of Usnich, as an island in Loch Etive is called Eilean Usnich, from that prince.

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easily traceable, at some little distance on the left, where a level mound of gravel extends a considerable way, overgrown with grass, and terminated by an eminence, on which the royal palace is supposed to have stood. This causeway is called *Sraid mharagaid*, or Market Street; another near it *Sraid namin*, or Meal Street; a third, the Queen's Road, &c. The place was evidently destroyed by fire; the line of the walls being marked by stones resembling the scoria of a foundry, partly vitrified, and partly reduced to the state of pumice. Some naturalists contend, that these effects are volcanic: popular credulity believes them to have been produced by fire from heaven; but the most probable cause is a hostile conflagration, as has been suggested concerning the vitrified forts hereafter to be mentioned.

The road crossing the peninsula, by a flat moor, about two miles long, passes the old castellated house of Barcaldine, whose appendages, such as the large iron gate, the hollow stone for pounding corn, &c. are marks of ancient feudal superiority. Hence winding to the left by the edge of a wood, on a gentle eminence, you descend upon Loch Creran. The view of this beautiful estuary is one of the most exquisite pieces of lake scenery in Scotland. Though

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a branch of the sea, it appears entirely shut in, to the westward, by an island, which stretches across its mouth; and winding away to the north-east, it is lost among wild, lofty mountains, which retire with a fine gradation of softening shades. Immediately in front, it spreads into a wide, tranquil bason, singularly divided, by a reef of rocks, near the ferry-house, which stretch almost the whole way across the lake. The opposite shore rises with a gentle swell, most beautifully broken into small woody hills; and these form the base to the immense ridge of towering mountains, which bounds the deep glen of Creran.

Crossing the ferry at Shean, we took the direct road over the hill, among the beautiful plantations of Airds, which, at about two miles, brought us to the Strath of Appin. This pleasant walk is interspersed with cottage farms, whose appearance may be imagined from their Gaelic names, such as *Leatgrianach*, the sunny slope, &c. Strath is the name usually given to the broader vales through which a river flows; and Appin is the distinction of this large, and beautiful district. The stream discharges itself into that arm of the sea, called in the maps Linnhe Loch; but by the natives either simply *Linne*, that

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that is, the pool; or else the sound of Lismore, the sound of Kingareloch, &c.: sometimes, indeed, they call it *Linne Ulloch*, the rough or stormy pool; and from thence the name in the maps may have been taken. The opposite district is that of Morven*, so named from the great mountains, of which it is wholly composed. The admirers of the Ossianic poetry will be interested in these, as the residence of the mighty Fingal; but as the descriptive term Morven will suit the whole of the Highlands, and is, indeed, sometimes applied to them, we may, without impropriety, extend our notions of that monarch's domain: it is certain that the epithet "woody," which Ossian usually gives it, does not suit the present appearance of this district. By the country people the range of mountains is distinguished into different divisions: those nearest the main sea are called Morven, higher up Kingareloch, and still higher Ardgowr. It is of much use to the traveller to know these local distinctions; as, without them, he is often apt to be misled by a mere error of terms, especially in a country, where he is ignorant of the prevailing language.

* Gaelic *mór*, great; *beann*, a mountain.

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It was here, that I parted, I need not say with what regret, from my friend Walker, who being on horseback, made the best of his way back to Perth. Mr. Nattes and myself remained at Appin House, a seat of the Marquis of Tweedale's; but the present residence of —— Campbell, Esq. of Loch End, to whom we had introductions. The worthy family of Loch End, as, indeed, was universally the case with the Highland gentry, whom we visited, received us with the greatest politeness, and hospitality, and pointed out to us the beauties of the surrounding scenery, with equal judgment, and kindness. From this point, therefore, we made several excursions, during the few days, which we past in this romantic neighbourhood, under the direction of Mr. Campbell, and of his namesakes, Major (now Colonel) Campbell, of Ballaviuline, and —— Campbell, Esq. of Airds.

Appin House is situated on an eminence projecting into the sea, at the foot of a lofty mountain; it is surrounded with fine beech, oak, and other wood, and fronting the west, commands a most rich and beautiful prospect of the lower part of the Linne, with its islands, terminated by the ocean and the mountains of Mull, which in the evening, rising

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betwixt you and the sun, exhibit an almost magical effect. The Gaelic name of this estate is Litter Shuna, or the wood of Shuna, from a small island, in the lake, so called. This island we visited, and found on it the remains of a Romish chapel. On another island, opposite the Strath of Appin, stands the picturesque ruin of Castle Stalker, belonging to Mr. Campbell, of Airds. This also we visited; but found its interior no ways remarkable: it commands, however, two equally fine views of Appin House on the one hand, and Airds on the other.

Our next excursion led us back through the Strath of Appin, passing the inn at Portnacroish, the church, and the bridge, and thence taking the left hand road up the Strath to Invernaheil. Hence, ascending an eminence, by a stony precipitous road, we descended into Glen Creran, near the narrows of the lake, a most dangerous pass, where, confined by two mountain barriers, the waters rush with great rapidity. Above this, the lake, again expanding, flows with a varied outline, between towering mountains: those on the north side, which we skirted, are woody; the opposite ones mostly bare, but rearing their tremendous summits to the clouds. Among them may be remarked Drum-a-vuich, the buck's ridge; Ben

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Sculour, the mountain of yelping; and Meal Dearg, the red heap. At the foot of Drum-a-vuich, stands Mr. Campbell's house, named from it, and near this the river Creran falls into the lake. Following its banks, among wild mountain solitudes, scarcely known to the foot of any stranger, we reached Fass-na-cloich, the residence of Mrs. Stewart, seated amid a wood, on the bank of a small lake, into which the river now expands. This romantic little lake, shut in on all sides by wildly varied mountains, somewhat resembles Grasmere, in Cumberland. Above it, we found a most lovely scene, formed by a natural canal, uniting it with another small lake called Loch Phoïl. The banks are beautifully overhung by natural wood: the stream, winding with an imperceptible current, forms many little islands, in whose shades, we almost expect to behold some of those nymphs, or fauns, who are fabled to dwell in sweet solitary retreats, far from the haunts of men; and among the trees, at intervals, there are seen overtopping these quiet banks,

> ——" steep and lofty cliffs,
> Which on a wild, secluded scene impress
> Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
> The landscape with the quiet of the sky."

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Loch Phoïl is little more than a morass, but above it the glen spreads, and breaks into different passes among the stupendous mountains, which bound the head of Loch Etive, and form the wonders of Glen Coe. One of the eminences, which we ascended, is called Mam-grianan, the sunny hill; a little way up, it has a pleasing waterfall, of considerable height, but not remarkable in a country of torrents.

The following day, we paid a visit to Mr. Campbell, of Airds. This house is situated near the small fishing-town of Port Appin. It is a handsome edifice, fronting a small, but beautiful bay on the south-west. Below the bay lies Tirifour, with three other small islands; beyond these, part of Lismore and Mull; and in the remote distance, an opening to the vast Atlantic. On the northern side of the bay, is a singular perforated rock, called Clach Uil, or the eye-stone, through which the view forms a striking and picturesque scene. At the southern point, rises the woody hill of Ard Vech, commanding a most extensive panorama, the different parts of which form several complete pictures. The diversity of hill and plain, in the neighbourhood of Airds, the quantity of wood, natural and planted, and the rich sea view, studded with islands, render it

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a most delightful residence. Hence it has probably been for some centuries a considerable family seat: the word Aird, from the Gaelic *ard*, being usually applied to such places, which in this country were mostly built on, or close under a height.

Airds is about four miles from Appin House, whence, taking leave of Mr. Campbell, with many thanks for his obliging attentions, we departed for Ballachulish, about eleven English miles. The distinction of *English* and *Scotch*, or of *measured* and *computed* miles, is very necessary to be observed; for the latter, which is to the former, as three to two, is that by which the country people usually reckon. Tracing the edge of the Loch, the eye has scarcely time to rest on its tranquil expanse, and to watch the progress of the slow-gliding vessels, when it is forcibly called to some rill, or foaming torrent, rushing down the side of the Morven mountains, or arrested by the soft hazel-crowned heights of Appin, which succeed each other with a pleasing richness and variety. The cottages are numerous, simple, and prettily clustered; and their inhabitants surpass most of the Highlanders in freshness, and beauty. Perhaps, indeed, these remarks may be partly owing to the bright, and cheerful weather, which now at-

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tended us: the traveller himself is seldom aware how much his accuracy, or partial representation, depends on lightness of spirits, enlivening incidents, and other predisposing causes.

Four miles from Appin, are the bridge and [redacted] of Daltraut, where the road, quitting the lake, runs behind a hilly promontory through the glen of Duror. In the face of a mountain here, at a considerable height, is seen a tremendous chasm, which during the rebellion of 1745, served as a retreat to Mr. Stewart, of Ardshiel, a staunch supporter of the Pretender. In this asylum he lived many months, and, notwithstanding his great size and corpulency, underwent many fatiguing hardships. The family seat of this gentleman, now possessed by a brother of my friend Mr. Stewart, of Lincoln's Inn, is situated on an eminence near the opening of this glen, at a most interesting point of view. A little to the north, is seen the division of the Linne into two great branches, Loch Eil, which continues its north-easterly course, to Fort William; and Loch Leven, which strikes off, due east, to the opening of Glen Coe. The opposite coast of Morven is chiefly possessed by three gentlemen of the name of Mac Lean, whose seats are placed, the first at Kilfinichan, near

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the ocean; the second at Kingareloch; and the third at Ardgowr, near the commencement of Loch Eil.

The road, following the curvature of the lake, now begins to skirt Loch Leven, and presents, on the opposite side, a pleasing scene of hills, whose bases, dressed in natural wood, form a rural amphitheatre. On a sudden, however, turning the point of the mountain, we came, with the best effect of theatrical discovery, on one of the most striking and sublime views in Scotland. At the distance of three or four miles, the lake is narrowed by the projecting mountains which divide its upper part from Glen Coe. At the sight of the first, I gave an involuntary start of pleasure and surprise; advancing a little further, another gigantic apparition seemed to elevate its wild and fearful height. This was the peak, called, from its conical shape, Scurachie*: the setting sun had decked it in a most brilliant rose colour; nor was the grandeur of the mass less striking, than the singularity of its form, and colour. The sudden appearance of a great mountain is sublime, and almost terrific. Its vastness, its durable solidity, and the idea of that creative power which framed it, appal the mind; and we shrink into nothingness

* Gaelic *sgur*, a mountain peak; *cioch*, the breast.

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before the mighty, inscrutable operations of Nature. The duration of this feeling, however, is short. The mind soon reassumes its self-collectedness, and contemplates the now familiarized object, if not with indifference, at least with tranquillity.

A mile or two more brought us to Ballachulish, where we experienced the warmest welcome from Captain and Mrs. Stewart. Day after day, for above a week, did our obliging hosts prolong our stay by fresh persuasions, or by proposing new excursions; their unaffected kindness would have been of itself a sufficient inducement; but added to this, we were in the midst of a country fertile in sublime objects: it is no wonder that we so long interrupted our progress. Ballachulish itself is a most interesting spot. The new house which Mr. Stewart is building, nearly on the side of the old one, stands at the mouth of a small glen, formed by some of those conical pointed mountains, which seem almost characteristic of this part of the country. A rapid stream rushes by it, into the lake, its channel filled with huge rocky fragments, which, one would think, no force could have detached from their native beds. About a quarter of a mile distant, is the inn, or rather ferry-house, placed on a rocky eminence, where

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the lake is confined within the narrows, which give name to Ballachulish *.

Our first object was to visit Glen Coe. The road is carried along the edge of the lake about two or three miles, with numerous indentures; and in many places, where it has been blasted out of the perpendicular rock, a parapet, on the side next the water, renders it perfectly secure. The tide here, though it has, in fact, but one inlet, seems to insinuate itself between the openings of several lofty mountains, running in different directions. Such a circumstance is the most favourable thing for picturesque effect, which can happen to a watery expanse; and consequently lakes of this description are always more striking than those which flow between straight mountain ridges. Here are three separate groups, each of the second altitude of Scottish Alps, and forming successively Corry Yusachan, Glen Oe, and Glen Coe. The landscape is continually varied, by cottages, by the great slate-work of Ballachulish, by a lime-kiln, and various other objects on the way-side; by the islands in the lake; and by the woods, and residences, at the base of the mountains. At the point, where the river Coe joins the lake, is Invercoe,

* Gaelic *caolas*, a narrow firth, or river-passage.

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the property of —— Mac Donald, Esq. of Glen Coe, but the present residence of Major Cameron. The old house, the scene of the infamous massacre, is at a little distance, a perfect ruin. It is an object, which cannot be beheld without a horror, which is heightened by the solemn majesty of the surrounding scene. Our contemplations of human vice and weakness, however melancholy in themselves, receive a tinge of dignity, when they are associated with the grand features of Nature; and even the indignation, which we feel at the murder of the Mac Donalds, is tranquillized by the sublime scenery of Glen Coe. Not that the impression is therefore weakened. It sinks deeper into the mind: and that which might otherwise be a passing emotion, becomes a fixed and serious habit. The particulars of this detestable event are too well known to need repetition; but the lesson which it inculcates is too important to be forgotten. May it never be addressed to our feelings in vain!

The head of Loch Leven is excluded from view, by Scurachie; and the road quitting its banks, turns on the right, to Glen Coe, the entrance of which I shall describe in the words of my friend Walker, who preceded me in this part of the tour. "After riding two or three miles," says he, "up the glen,

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I was disappointed by the scenery, which, though on a bold scale, was nothing very different from what I had seen in other Highland vallies; and I inquired of a man, who was mending the road, whether the glen grew wilder as I proceeded. *Indeed*, said he, *it grows aye the langer the waur*. I therefore moved on, and had gone but a very little further, when the sun was suddenly eclipsed by a mountain. As it was about ten o'clock in the morning of the 5th of September, and as I was at a very considerable distance from the base of the hill, its height and steepness may be easily conceived. Its face was wholly of rock, almost literally perpendicular: and it rose, like a huge black wall, from the margin of a small lake, formed by the river. While I was gazing at this object, proceeding slowly, and getting more abreast of a narrow opening between this and a nearer hill, a pointed rock, which rose to a height far beyond both, came gradually into view. It seemed to lean forward, to the opening of the glen, and having a round patch of snow on its front, looked like a one-eyed Cyclops, bending from an embrasure in this gigantic rampart. The beauty of the lake, and of a pretty fall on the river, were hardly to be noticed after objects on so grand a scale."

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Entering here the narrow part of the glen which bends eastward, you behold, on both sides, mountains of naked crags shooting up to the skies, in the wildest and most terrific forms; which, when the thick curtain of mist from above is let down upon them, seem to form the barrier to a gloomy region of everlasting night. Through this glen, the high road to Tayndrum is led, and is, for the most part, tolerably perfect; but it cannot be kept so, without very considerable trouble, in removing the vast torrents of stone, which are continually brought down by the tempests, spreading, as they descend, to the width of 300 yards, or more. In wet weather, also, the mountain precipices form one continued cataract, the water pouring, in every direction, down their rifts. Such a road, it may be imagined, cannot easily be travelled in a carriage; yet I have known ladies who have passed through it in a chaise, at night, during a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning.

In no other part of Britain, have I ever seen mountain summits so wholly consisting of bare crags, as here. Even the herdsmen, and hunters, who are best acquainted with them, find it frequently difficult, and dangerous, to follow the straying sheep, or

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wild roe-buck. I knew one gentleman, who in pursuit of his game, had advanced so far, on one of the highest ridges, that he could only creep backward on his hands and knees, without turning his body. Another, of whom I heard, had a more miraculous escape. He was met, in one of the narrowest passes, by an old blind deer, with which, not being able to turn it back, he struggled, until they both fell together, several hundred feet, down the rocks. Stunned by the concussion, he did not recover for some hours; but when he opened his eyes, he found the deer, which had broken his fall, lying dead under him. Mr. Wordsworth, one of the few poets of modern days, who deign to consult Nature, has beautifully touched on those accidents, to which a mountainous country is peculiarly liable, in the *Brothers*, a local eclogue, of a new, and original species. The subject of that interesting poem is not unlike an event, which happened here, a little before my arrival. A young girl, the only daughter of her parents, and generally beloved by her companions, incautiously hastening after a lamb, down a declivity, wet with the morning dew, and consequently slippery, missed her footing, and was instantly dashed to pieces on the rocks.

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There is a degree of juvenile ambition, sharpened by curiosity, which often prompts one to scale these seemingly inaccessible clifts. About the middle of the glen, at a great height, in the face of a mountain, is a yawning chasm, of between two and three hundred feet. It forms a vast cave, of which the country people relate wonders, though I could not learn with certainty, that any person had ever explored it. A guide, therefore, was useless; a companion might only have been troublesome; and without expecting to reach it, I ascended alone, with the hope of getting a nearer view of the crags, by which it is formed. After some hours of painful and persevering toil, I climbed beyond the height, to which sheep go in search of food, and was on the highest border of vegetation: all beyond was bare rock; but, alas! the cave was still some hundred feet above me; and I reaped nothing, but the satisfaction of viewing this wonderful glen, from a point in which it has been contemplated by few travellers, and of learning experimentally the magnitude of those great rifts, which from below appear to be mere roughnesses in the face of the rock.

The pencil can give but an inadequate idea of objects so immense, and savagely grand. Among

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the many sketches, which Mr. Nattes took, I have selected one, which gives a general outline of the great masses, and exhibits the road painfully winding round them, and carried by bridges over their torrents. The finer features—for even amidst Nature's mightiest works, are frequently found traces of the minutest beauty—the finer features afford subjects for many a partial sketch, which the artist may seek, at his leisure, among the dells, and chasms. Between some of the mountains, are woody passes, communicating with other glens. Through them descend burns, forming fine cascades, and pouring their waters into rocky basons, and hidden pools. Near one of these, we sat, to eat some refreshment, provided for us by the care of Mrs. Stewart, in a quiet, close scene of the most romantic nature. On one hand, was a waterfall sparkling in the sun; on the other, its stream flowed, deep, and still, between those rocks, which overshadowed us, and formed our seat, and table; whilst above them appeared the lofty mountain tops, awfully grand, and sublime.

If any district can, with peculiar propriety, boast of the birth of Ossian, it is this. The translator of his poems has so unjustifiably altered the original names, both of men, and places, that it is not easy

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VIEW IN GLEN COE.

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to trace them, in those which now exist. Something like many of them is to be found all over the Highlands, but here they are most numerous; several of the names referring either to the heroes of the Fingalian race, or to their general occupation, hunting. Here is *Scur-na-Fionn*, the mountain of the Fingalians; Coe, the name of the river, is supposed to be the Cona of Ossian; *Grianan Dearduil*, the sunny place of Dearduil, is supposed to refer to Ossian's Darthula, whom Nathos stole from her husband Conquhan. Here also are *Ach-na-con*, the field of the dog; *Caolis-na-con*, the ferry of the dog; *Bitanabean*, the deerskin mountain, &c. Add to this, that the neighbouring country bears similar traces; that *Morven* is the peculiar name of Fingal's domain; that an island in Loch Etive is supposed to be named from Usnath, the father of Nathos; and that Etive itself is so named from the deer of its mountains. It must not, however, be dissembled that the same names occur in other places: the stream of *Conan*, in Ross-shire, is supposed to be Cona, and is near Knock Farril-na-Fion, which takes its name from Fingal: and *Daruil*, or *Jarduil*, is a name common to most of the rocks, which, like the one in Glen Coe, are termed Vitrified Forts.

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The first day which we passed in examining these scenes, afforded us so much delight, that we went again and again, and beheld them under new effects of light and shade, and with new impressions from the changes of weather, and other circumstances. Afterward, varying our route, we explored the upper parts of Loch Leven, a track, which lying off the great road, seldom attracts the notice of the traveller, though so highly deserving it.

The wind blowing strong down the Loch, our boat was a considerable time in passing the narrows; but we were recompensed by the varying scenery, and by the descriptive remarks of our obliging guides. The rock of Clach Varig, said they, is so called from a Danish prince, who leaping on shore, to invade this country, was killed at the head of his troops. Farther on, in the bosom of a noble bay, is the Isle of Mun, so called from St. Mungo: the remains of a chapel dedicated to him, are still to be seen, and the ground around it is held sacred. The farm of Callert, opposite Inverco, gives name to the mountain Mam Callert; for in this part of the country the word *Mám* is frequently applied to mountains: the same application of it is found in the Mam Tor, in Yorkshire. After passing the

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point of Scurachie, the lake again contracts, and flows between wild mountains, whose steep sides are rendered more savage by the stumps of pines, and other trees, accidentally burnt, in clearing the land. The scenery becomes gradually more and more desolate. You seem imprisoned between mountains, which fold before each other, leaving only a small opening for the distant prospect, terminated by the wilds of Ardgowr. There are few traces of human habitation, and the water itself is not unsuitable in character to the solitariness of the spot. At Chulish-na-Con, the narrow passage causes violent eddies and whirlpools, attended with some danger during the flood tide. Higher up, it again becomes smooth as glass, flowing round, and as it were delighting to embrace, a beautiful hill, which projects far amidst its waves.

The richest treasures of the picturesque are found on the banks, near the head of this lake. At a small, secluded hamlet, on the left, called Laich, the water of Narr*, forms some most singular falls, precipitating itself through the rocks, which it has excavated, in a manner very similar to those formerly

* Gaelic *nathaire*, a serpent.

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described in Glen Croe. Kinloch Leven, which is about eleven miles, in a straight line, from Ballachulish, and which, as its name imports*, is the head of the lake, also exhibits some beautiful scenery of a similar kind. The water of Baa† here joins the Leven, but previously to its junction, forms a shooting fall, called Eass Baa, seventy feet in height, which gushing in a narrow spout, from a dark thicket above, spreads wide as it descends into the rocky chasm below. The name of this small stream is very common in the Highlands. It seems to be one of those simple records, which ascend far higher in the early progress of manners, than any systematic history can do. When pasturage began first to be pursued, as a mean of human subsistence, the animals which were fed at any particular spot would be of sufficient importance to give it a designation; and the name would remain, long after the cause of its imposition was forgotten.

The Leven itself, for five miles higher up its course, is one continued succession of the wildest scenery that can be imagined. This whole district

* Gaelic *cean-loch-lia-abhain*, the head of the lake of grey water.

† Gaelic *baa*, cows.

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has no other name than *Brannahaouh*, i. e. the banks of the river. A great part of it lay in the track of the old military road, between the King's House, and Fort William, which passing by the head of Glen Coe, crossed a zig-zag ascent, emphatically termed the Devil's Staircase, to Kinloch Leven. This road is now neglected, and the glen of Brannahaouh, at all times romantic, has hence received a greater character of savageness. The water coming from a chain of small lakes, far in the mountains, begins to descend rapidly as soon as it enters the glen. In the course of five miles it falls considerably more than a thousand feet, sometimes rushing, for a great distance, over shelving rocks; sometimes, but seldom, gliding silently between high cliffs; frequently precipitating itself in cascades, only inferior to those of the Clyde in magnitude, and not at all in form and character. *Eass na Smudh* *, the general name of these cascades, well describes their appearance; but the chief singularity, in which I never saw their parallel, is, that they present themselves in a long perspective succession; falls beyond falls tumbling over the rudest rocks, among stumps of immense

* The cataracts of smoke.

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pines, long since decayed; all together seeming to exhibit traces of an ancient convulsion in nature. We made more than one excursion in this direction, under the guidance of Major Cameron, of Inverco, as well as of our kind host. The sketches with which Mr. Nattes enriched his collection were both numerous and valuable: and these wild scenes, being almost unknown to travellers, added the charm of novelty to that of romantic feature.

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SECTION XII.

THE LINE OF THE FORTS.

THE number and nature of the ferries, which must be crossed, in this part of Scotland, are frequently matter of serious inconvenience to the traveller. Neither the house on the south, nor that on the north side of Ballachulish ferry, affords very good accommodation; yet as the passage is somewhat dangerous, people are often storm-staid at them, for several days. Such intervals, however, are not wholly lost. If we are prepared to meet delay, it does not disturb the temper of mind necessary for observation, and it frequently affords opportunities of observing life and manners, which would not otherwise have occurred. In the present instance, we had no occasion for our philosophy. We crossed the ferry, on a very fine morning (the 16th of September), accompanied by Captain Stewart, and his friend Captain Robinson, of Inverness, in whom I was glad to find an old acquaintance of my father's in India. Such unlooked-for discoveries give a pleasing diversity to the

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events of a journey. It is good to vary our trains of thought, and feeling, to pass from contemplation to action, from the impressions made on us by the great objects of nature, to those produced by the living sympathies of men.

Our road to Fort William lay almost wholly along the edge of the lake. It was delightfully pleasant. As long as we were on Loch Leven, we passed among continued natural woods, interspersed with cottages. Near the point, where we turned from it, the prospect combines all the beauties of the scenes, which I have before described, from Scurachie to Ballachulish, from thence to the woody eminences of Ardshiel, the opposite mountains of Ardgowr, and the distance of Mull. At the junction of the two branches, there is a most delightful promontory, which would form a noble situation for a house. The road winds behind it, and again rejoins the lake at Inverrie, or, as it is sometimes called, Inchrie. Loch Eil, for so the Linne is now called, is less interesting than Loch Leven. Its sides are bare; but the mountain ridges, by which they are formed, still retain their impressive grandeur. There is little room for the picturesque; for we now begin to perceive, that we have entered that immense chasm,

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which dividing the whole island, from north-east to north-west, is fitly called THE GREAT GLEN OF SCOTLAND. There is no doubt, but that names, and previous knowledges, greatly enhance the feelings impressed on us by natural objects. We should, perhaps, feel comparatively little pleasure from the contemplation of mountains receding regularly from the sight on both sides, did not the imagination carry us much farther than the eye, and exhibit an unity of operation, in the causes, which have torn asunder this long chain, filling the intervening space, partly with the sea, and partly with large fresh-water lakes.

About ten miles from North Ballachulish, the first grand view of Ben Nivis presents itself, at the bridge of Kiochnis, where the glen of that name runs down to the lake, exactly opposite to Glen Scaddel. This immense mountain mass, however, does not strike the sight with all its majesty, until you reach Fort William, which, in some points of view, seems to crouch at its base. The fort, which was built by Cromwell, and renewed by King William III. is a place of small note, either for strength or beauty; but it has become the *point de raillement* to an increasing village, formerly called Maryburgh,

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but now Gordonsburgh, from the Duke of Gordon, whose property it is. Here is a very tolerable inn, where we passed a pleasant evening with our friends; and the next morning sent our introductory letters to the commanding officer of the garrison, and to —— Campbell, Esq. of Annat, at whose house we afterwards passed some days very agreeably.

The neighbourhood of Ben Nivis, the loftiest mountain in Britain, could not but interest us greatly. It rises a little to the north-east of Fort William, broken, indeed, into many-pointed summits, yet huge, massy, and threatening all around it with ruin, if once overwhelmed by its tremendous precipices. No mountain rises steeper from its base; and that base is formed partly by a plain, where the rivers Lochy and Nivis unite their waters; and partly by the sea lake, Loch Eil, which, at this point, taking a sudden turn to the north-west, flows far up among the mountains. The time of the year gave us no hope of being able to enjoy the view from its top, which is 4370 feet high, and which, during the whole time of my stay here, was never without its cloudy coronet, even while the sun was shining bright below. The exclusive systematising spirit of the picturesque tourist, may, perhaps, condemn the

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toil of ascending such a height, which is repaid by no view, that is capable of artificial composition; but the man of nature and feeling rejoices in the noble sensations, which it affords.

Though we could not reach the summit of the mountain, we resolved to explore the wildnesses of the glen. For that purpose, having called on Captain Cameron, the proprietor of this estate, whose house is some way within its entrance, he obligingly furnished us with a guide and directions to visit the higher parts. At the point above the house of Glen Nivis, where the glen turns to the left, stands another Dundearuil, a green hill, about 1200 feet high, on whose summit are the traces of a building which has been either fabricated or destroyed by fire, and which is therefore called a Vitrified Fort. Similar remains are found in many parts of the Highlands, and appear to have been first noticed by a Mr. J. Williams*, who visited, and accurately described the following:

1. *Knock Farril*, on the south side of Strath Peffar, two miles W. of Dingwall, in Ross-shire.

2. *Craig Phadric*, two miles W. of Inverness.

* Account of some remarkable Ruins in the Highlands, &c. 8vo. 1777.

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3. *Castle Finlay*, two miles N. E. of Calder Castle, Nairnshire.

4. *Dun Evan*, two miles S. W. of Calder Castle.

5. *Tor Dun*, three miles S. W. of Fort Augustus.

6. *Dunjardil*, in Glen Nivis.

7. *Castle Hill of Finaven*, between Brechin and Forfar.

8. A fort twelve miles W. of Stirling.

9. A vitrified wall defending the isthmus of a peninsulated rock, on the estate of A. Garden, Esq. of Troop.

According to this author, their general features are these:—They are usually situated on the top of a hill, small in comparison with the majority of Highland mountains, but commanding the view of a beautiful vale—they have on the summit a level area, which appears to have been surrounded by a wall—the wall seems to have been partially or wholly vitrified—they are difficult of access, except on one, or more sides, which have had additional fortifications—and in each there have been one or more wells.

Of the origin of these places there are three different hypotheses: 1st, That they are volcanic; 2dly, That they have been buildings of stone, either dry, or mortared, which have been set on fire with a hos-

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tile view; or, 3dly, That they were originally built by the aid of fire. The first of these hypotheses seems the least defensible. In regard to the second, the fusion appears too complete to suppose that the fire was only applied to the exterior. Finally, a mode of building by the aid of vitrified cement, is said to be described in some very ancient MSS.; and that really adopted, Mr. Williams supposes to have been as follows: Two parallel dikes of earth, or sods, were probably first erected, leaving between them a space wide enough for the intended wall; in this space was placed a layer of fuel, and over it a layer of stones; after one layer had been fused and cooled, the same process was repeated until the wall was raised to the necessary height.

As the Romans introduced the use of lime, vitrified walls, if ever used, must have been before or about the time of their invasion: and correspondent to this opinion, it may be noticed, that in the neighbourhood of these remains, the names of places usually refer to the Fions or Fingalian race. On the outside of the vitrified wall, it frequently happens that traces of a dry stone fence, built without lime, are discovered. These were probably intended for the preservation of cattle, as a stratum of dung is

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usually found below them. The vitrified part consists of a plum-pudding stone, united with lime and some iron; and its antiquity has been proved, in some cases, by thick strata of peat moss, collected by time, above the ruin.

The name Dundearuil, or something like it, being common to so many similar places, is most probably descriptive of their common purpose: and their history might be illustrated by Gaelic etymology, if the word did not appear to have undergone so many corruptions. I have already given the derivation of that in Glen Coe, from the heroine Darthula; near the fall of Foyers, on Loch Ness, is one, whose name a neighbouring gentleman derived from *Dun-ard-gille*, i. e. the lofty hill of the soldier: on the western coast is one called Dundornadil, for which tradition has created, as the founder, a princess Dornadilla. That which we now surveyed is called in the Statistical Account of the parish, Dundhairdghall, probably in allusion to its supposed purpose, the looking out against the approach of foreign invaders. In the instance of Loch na Gall, and Clach Varig, we have seen similar monuments of ancient invasion; and near Fort William itself is a bay, called, from the same circumstance, Cambus na Gall.

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Investigations of this kind are useful, as tending, when successful, to develope the early history of man; and even when unsuccessful, as contributing to remove many of the absurdities, with which local tradition is usually encumbered.

In appearance, these remains exhibit very little of the regularity of a fortification. They are so wholly overgrown with verdure, that their very site would scarcely be discovered by a person ignorant of its existence; the height of the walls is only from two to four feet; and their figure is an irregular oval, about 4 or 500 feet in compass, following the verge of the hill, whose top they completely surround. On one side they command a view of the estuary of Loch Eil, with the castle of Inverlochy: and in another direction, they look up into the recesses of Glen Nivis.

After passing Dundearuil, and turning to the left, the glen changes its rich verdant appearance, for wild pine-clad steeps, and overhanging crags, among which winds a small foot-path, travelled by the few horses belonging to the cottagers; but along which our ponies, though of Highland breed, could not easily scramble. We left them, therefore, half way, and proceeded, not without difficulty, on foot. At

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every step that we took, the objects seemed to assume a more majestic solemnity: vast forests of aged fir, untouched by the axe, skirted the mountain declivities; an untamed stream wound, at will, from side to side of the glen, now clear, and smiling in an open channel, anon furiously raging, and foaming, among the rocky fragments, which impeded its course; and the glen itself, though wider than most Highland vallies, was walled in, and almost darkened by the towering mountains, Scur-na-callum, Stroan Riaoch, Stroan Yarrach, Scur Vaom, each of which seemed to emulate Ben Nivis itself. In such solitudes, the mind is elevated above the common condition of humanity; we seem to identify ourselves with more permanent existences; "the rocks, and everlasting hills," dilate the heart by their magnitude and durability; and we are no longer sensible of the dreadful scourges which afflict mankind:

> "Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,
> Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
> Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar
> Before his fellow, Grief, who aye pursues
> His winged steps."

The river Nivis has been supposed to be so called from the coldness of its waters, and to have given

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name to the glen and mountain. It forms several cascades itself, and receives others from smaller torrents. The first, to which we came, is called Eass Buie, from the yellow tinge, which the moss has given to it. The second is Eass Thoully, from the holes and excavations, which it has wrought in the rocks. Gliding down the side of Ben Nivis, almost half a mile, in a straight line, is seen a torrent, whose vast length renders it rather singular than pleasing; but the most admirable fall, which this glen can boast, is called Stuil Baan, or the white spout. It is far up, among the mountains, which, overshadowing it, form an accompaniment far superior to the usual concomitants of waterfalls. Every thing here is gigantic; and the torrent itself, shooting down several hundred feet, magnifies the apparent quantity of its stream, by the width to which it spreads at the bottom. Among the cliffs, near this extraordinary spot, is a cavern, called Uaimh Shomharla*, one of those miserable retreats to which the adherents of Prince Charles were driven for refuge, after the unfortunate issue of their last attempt in his favour.

* Gaelic, the cave of Samuel.

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The parish of Kilmalie, in which Fort William and its neighbourhood is contained, may well be supposed to afford much picturesque scenery, when we learn that it is about sixty miles in length, and contains nearly 400,000 acres. One of its most venerable remains of antiquity is Inverlochy Castle, anciently a royal residence, where the fabulous (or at least doubtful) league between Achaius and Charlemagne is said to have been signed. Be this as it may, Inverlochy Castle was doubtless once a royal residence, and was built with great strength, much resembling Dunstaffanage, but larger. It is a quadrangle, with round towers at the angles, well fortified according to the tactics of those days. Bancho, Thane of Lochaber, dwelt here, and his name is given to a pleasant walk, at no great distance. The powerful family of Cumming also possessed it, and have left their name to the western tower. It lies close upon the river Lochy, from the opposite side of which it is seen to great advantage, backed by the immense mass of the mountain, with the wild, ridgy opening of Glen Nivis.

Crossing the ferry here, we went about three miles up the bank of the river, to Tor Castle, formerly a seat of the chief of the clan Cameron. Its

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remains are very slight; they are situated on the edge of a precipice, overhanging the water, which is confined, and interrupted by ledges of rock. This scene is rendered sublime by the neighbouring summits of Ben Nivis; but it has little of the beautiful. The country around it is mostly bare, and heathy; yet not wholly without picturesque circumstances. Out of the face of the rock, on which the ruins stand, grows an ancient ash; and a little way down the river is an island, crowned with venerable firs, the gloomy haunt of herons, and other birds of prey. In and about the castle wall, I observed many stones, which were run together by vitrification: whether accidentally, or by intention, it was not easy to discover.

Loch Eil extends about nine miles N. W. of Fort William; and three miles beyond its head, is the head of Loch Sheil. A canal uniting these two points would be of great service, and it is apprehended, would meet with little obstruction from the nature of the ground. From Mr. Campbell's house at Annat, the whole mass of Ben Nivis appears to great advantage, more insulated than such mountains usually are. A little more to the east is, perhaps, a more picturesque

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view of it, with the fort and town below, appearing like an ornament on the skirt of its robe.

It was at Annat, that I first heard the Gaelic airs sung with taste, and expression, by the young ladies of the family. In England we are little accustomed to distinguish between the Highland, and Lowland music, which we indiscriminately call Scotch, though nothing can be more marked than the difference of their character. Some of the former airs are said to be very ancient, and breathe a wildness and simplicity, peculiarly accordant with their supposed date and origin. I am not qualified to speak of them in the terms of musical science; but it appeared to me, that their most distinguishing features were a frequent ascending interval, of an octave, or more; a small number of notes often recurring; and those at one time much prolonged, and at another precipitately hurried: in fine, their expression was very strongly marked, though with little variety of passion: those which I particularly noticed were, *An Nighean Dubh*, *Achin Fohm*, and *Morag*.

Advancing northward from Fort William, the moors have a bleak, and bare appearance: and when you have left Ben Nivis behind, all the mountains appear diminutive. At three miles, pass *Lochan na*

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Marag, which is interpreted the small lake of the pudding; but as this seems to be no very applicable name, I should suppose it ought to be *Maraiche*, the sailor. Nothing remarkable occurs, until five miles beyond this, when you reach High Bridge. This lofty pile (for its arches are ninety-five feet in height) produces no correspondent effect of grandeur, being thrown across a bare, rocky hollow, in which flows the Speyan. Glen Speyan is verdant, but no way remarkable for beauty: it communicates, however, with Glen Röy, the place of the celebrated parallel roads, which our curiosity led us to explore. We, therefore, delivered our introductory letters to the Rev. Mr. Ross, minister of the extensive parish of Kilmanivaig, and were obligingly entertained, at his house, at Tirendrish, about three miles up Glen Speyan.

Glen Röy* is named from its iron-stained stream, which falls into the Speyan, about five miles above Tirendrish. The scenery here is wild, and not unvaried. After passing some woody eminences, you come in sight of the roads, which on each side of the glen, form three distinct lines, perfectly horizontal.

* Gaelic *ruaidh*, red.

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Their effect is the very opposite to picturesque; and only excites a sentiment of wonder, in regard to their purpose, and origin. They are placed about midway on the steep declivities, following the winding of the mountains, for seven or eight miles, and exactly corresponding on the opposite sides of the glen. Their dimensions are various, being from sixty to seventy feet in width, the upper interval about 100, and the lower about 180 feet. In some of the neighbouring glens, particularly in Glen Glöy, are roads of the same kind, but less perfect.

The origin of these roads is matter of great dispute. They evidently were not a Roman work; for the Romans pursued a contrary system, always crossing hills, and sometimes running far along their summits, to command a view of the hostile country. Some persons have supposed them to have been made by the kings of Scotland, in the eighth century, when Inverlochy was a royal residence; but the tradition of the country carries them up to the time of the Fions. In support of this popular belief, it is to be observed, that the neighbouring places bear the names of those heroes, and of their favourite amusement, hunting. The hills are named from Gaul, Diarmid, Tillan, and from Brann, the dog of Fingal.

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Near them also are *Dal-na-sealg*, the field of hunting; *Feanad*, the enclosure of the deer, &c. In the adjacent mosses, have been found pieces of brass weapons; and near the road, remains of large wooden stakes. Hence it is supposed, with some probability, that they were formed for hunting, at a time when the hills, now bare, were covered with wood; and when it was necessary to form avenues with paling, to confine the deer, before they could be driven to the hunting field.

Having satisfied our curiosity, by this sight, we returned to Tirendrish. This retired spot is only remarkable for a romantic little waterfall, in the adjoining wood, called Eass-ich-Gregor. The spot is picturesque; but the tale connected with it is shocking. After a battle between the clan Gregor and the Mac Donalds, in which the former were routed, five of the fugitives sought an asylum from the owner of Tirendrish, who, promising them protection, conducted them to the hollow of this rock. Soon afterward, the pursuers arriving, this treacherous host discovered the five unhappy men, who were slaughtered on the spot; but the breach of hospitality did not go unrevenged. The Mac Gregors hearing of it, came in a body to Tirendrish, set fire

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to the house, burnt the Laird within it, and recorded the murder of their brethren, by the name, which they affixed to the spot of its perpetration.

Returning to High Bridge, we crossed the road there, to the junction of the rivers Speyan and Lochy, and fording the latter at Garelochy, walked about half a mile up its banks, to Loch Lochy. The road runs along the east side; but we took the western, in order to visit Loch Arkeig. Our road wound beautifully by the water's edge, on a pebbly shore, overhung by natural birch, and hazel, about three or four miles, to the mouth of the river Arkeig. This wild stream runs through a wilder glen, whose steep rocks are clothed with pine, and marked by some considerable mountain torrents. Among these scenes a path winds, about two miles, to Achnacarry, the ancient residence of Cameron, of Loch Eil. The part which was taken by that chief in 1745, was ruinous to his family; he was himself proscribed, his seat burnt; and his property confiscated. To this day the traces of desolation mark every object in the neighbourhood of Achnacarry; but the government has pursued a liberal policy, in restoring this, among other confiscated estates, to the representative of its ancient possessors. Few places

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would allow of more characteristic improvement than this; or would be better suited to the residence of a Highland chieftain. At present, the only piece of art, which serves to vary the picturesqueness of the scene, is a very considerable saw-mill, seated on the rocky shores of the roaring stream, and overhung by gloomy wood, and terrific crags. Not far above this, is the mouth of the lake, to which we advanced, and skirted its edges, for some distance, by a track, which, climbing eminence after eminence, and again returning to the water's edge, presents a continual variation of scene, but with a general similarity of feature. The whole lake is well shut in by mountains, and at this end it is enriched with cottages, and extensive woods. Below the foot of the lake, is a ferry, which we crossed, and found on the further side, a most striking scene, formed by the fall of Eass Doo, on the water of Chiach. The wild rocks, interspersed with cottages, gave it a peculiar interest, and it was succeeded by a close woody pass between two mountains, which in Gaelic is poetically called the *Mile of Darkness*. This brought us back to the side of Loch Lochy, at Cluns, a farm occupied by Mr. D. Cameron.

It is not surprising, that a country like this should

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be marked by superstitions; but, in general, I found, that they were wearing fast away. Every peasant spoke of the belief in them, as originating in times of darkness, and contrasted it with the clear and accurate knowledge of the present day. Yet some part of this belief still exists. Among the peculiar superstitions of this country is the *River Horse*, a supernatural being, supposed to feed, in the shape of a horse, on the banks of Loch Lochy, and, when disturbed, to plunge into its waters. He is lord of the lake, and with his motion shakes the whole expanse. His power is not always used for good purposes: he sometimes overturns boats; sometimes entices mares from the pasture—in short, he is a complete Water-King! Akin to this, but not supernatural, is the *River Bull*, a harmless creature, who is supposed to emerge from the lake into the pasture of cows. The Highland herdsmen pretend, that they can distinguish the calves, which spring from this union.

I know not, whether these notions have any other than a local prevalence; but there are some such beliefs, which are common to the whole Highlands. These are traceable to different religions, the Druidical, the Scandinavian, and the Roman Catholic; and they may be illustrated by many proverbial ex-

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pressions, popular tales, songs, and singular customs connected with them. Some of them regard particular times, as Beltane, Hallow Een, *Sheachanna na bleanagh*, or the unlucky day, New Year's day, &c. Some relate to places, such as the ruins of old Catholic chapels, hills and glens dedicated to fairies, the stone at Stenhouse sacred to Odin. Some respect persons real or imaginary, as those possessed of the second-sight, witches, warlocks, conjurers, giants, fairies, brownies, *Boachan*, or hobgoblins, kelpies or water-sprites, mermaids, wood ladies, and wraiths. Finally, such notions are attached to things, real or fictitious, to elf-shots, elf-knots; *Druch*, or ominous meteors; Glamour, or visual deception, charms for love, or for diseases, accidental circumstances, and peculiar customs, at funerals, &c. &c. All these notions may, perhaps, have their counterparts, among the lower classes of society, in more populous and polished districts; but they must necessarily affect the mind most forcibly in these solitudes, amidst objects of such accordant sublimity; and in return, they must invest those objects with additional awe and terror. I shall hereafter take occasion to notice some instances of their local effect, in different places, which I visited.

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After scrambling eight or nine miles along a rocky path at the foot of steep, woody mountains, to the head of the lake, we rejoined the road, about five miles beyond Letter Findlay, a poor inn, which serves as a stage-house between Forts William and Augustus. Here it was impossible to avoid being struck with the situation on which we stood, in the middle of the great glen uniting the two seas, and little more than fifty feet above their level. From this slight eminence the waters run southward to Loch Lochy, and northward to Loch Oich, with scarcely a visible declivity. If Nature has any where suggested the interference of art, in the formation of an important canal, it is here. It would be absurd to attempt a forced introduction of manufactures, into those parts of the Highlands, which are not fitted for them; nor indeed is the general extension of the manufacturing system at all to be desired; but as a consequence of other improvements, their partial establishment is much to be wished; and no means are more likely to effect it, than the canal proposed. In the Transactions of that patriotic body, the Highland Society of Scotland, lately published, are some very important papers on this subject, illustrating both its practicability, and its advantages.

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The first point is obvious to the most casual spectator. The space, in a straight line, between the western sea, at Fort William, and the eastern, at Inverness, according to the most correct maps, is as follows:

	Miles.
River Lochy - - - -	7
Loch Lochy - - - -	12
Neck of Land - - -	1½
Loch Oich - - - -	4½
River Oich - - - -	5
Loch Ness - - - -	24
River Ness - - - -	8
	62

These sixty-two miles bear the appearance of having once been occupied by the sea, and since filled up by the alluvion of torrents. The interval, which consists of lakes, is forty miles and a half; the rest is filled with earth and rounded stones, except some rocks, on the rivers Lochy and Oich, of no great magnitude. The lakes Oich and Lochy are nearly on the same level. By hollowing the ground between them, which is swampy (turning aside the mountain streams), a head level of eighteen miles

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would be obtained, about forty-eight feet above the level of the sea; and for this, four locks on the east, and as many on the west would be sufficient. The roads, along these lakes, might easily be altered for dragging vessels, when necessary; but sailing would, in general, be practicable. The wind commonly blows in the direction of the glen, or within a few points of it; but these points are sufficient for the navigation; as is evident from the circumstance of a vessel constantly navigating Loch Ness to supply Fort Augustus with provisions. All the present lakes are navigable for large vessels, except a small part of Loch Oich, which may easily be made so: they abound also in harbours. A small sum would open the communication for herring-boats; but it would be more advisable to make the canal, from twelve to fifteen feet deep, for merchant-vessels. Some collateral cuts might probably be added, with advantage; particularly the one before mentioned, between Lochs Eil and Sheil.

An undertaking of this magnitude seems justly to claim the patronage of government, who would doubtless conduct it on a scale suited to the great public benefits, which it promises to produce. To the coasting and foreign trade, it would save a most

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dangerous and difficult navigation. To the fisheries, it would afford not only this advantage; but also an extension of their market. Above all, would be the augmentation of internal resources; in agriculture, a facility of obtaining manure, and a market for wood, corn, cattle, &c.: in manufactures, an entirely new source of wealth to proprietors, and an employment to labourers; and, finally, in minerals, a motive to new discoveries, and a market for their products.

I am aware, that questions of the above nature demand, for their full discussion, a much greater share of physical and political knowledge, than I possess; but in the present case, the leading facts are so obvious, as scarcely to admit of error, in the slight outline, which I have given. Nor do I think it more necessary, to apologize for the discordance of these with the general character of my other remarks. I have, it is true, occupied myself mostly with the observation of nature, and of those feelings, which the scene before me more immediately excited; yet would it be equally difficult, and injudicious, systematically to restrain the mind from the occasional exercise of speculation. Where the future, or the past, is forcibly suggested by the present; it be-

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comes a part of it, and must be equally noticed by the observer of nature.

To return to my journey. Taking the west bank of Loch Oich, we reached the old castle of Glengarry, near the mouth of the Garry river. It stands not far from Invergarry, a more modern house, belonging to —— Macdonald, Esq. of Glengarry. The castle, which was the ancient seat of this family, was burnt in 1745; yet still its remains are considerable, and strikingly picturesque. It overhangs Loch Oich, on a precipitous rock; a few trees and bushes, scattered about it, suffice to vary its outline: the opposite mountains are wooded, the lake small, and simple; and at the mouth of the Garry, not far distant, the modern house appears, surrounded with noble plantations.

Invergarry was one of the places believed, till very lately, to be frequented by a Brownie, an innocent little being, answering in every thing but size, to Milton's "drudging goblin," who

> ——"sweat,
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
> Which ten day-lab'rers could not end."

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The presence of the Brownie was believed to be fortunate. He forsook the house, on being scalded by one of the servants: and it was remarked, that for some time after his departure all the domestic business went wrong. So says the legend of Glengarry; and who will doubt it, when even the learned and reverend Olaus Wormius appeals to common experience for the existence of similar beings: "Qui se, adhuc *nostro seculo*, in effigie humana, accommodare solent ministeriis hominum, nocturnis horis laborando, &c.*." These sprites he believes to be the souls of men, who in their lifetime had been too prone to earthly pleasures; and he distinguishes them by the name of elves, a word, which, in Scotland, appears to be synonymous with fairies; but the brownie is always benevolent, the elf or fairy generally mischievous. The elf-shots are supposed to kill cattle, the elf-knots to entangle the hair: and the most fatal of all the supernatural delusions is the dance of

> "Fairy elves,
> Whose midnight revels, by a forest's side,
> Or fountain, some belated peasant sees."

A countryman of this neighbourhood is believed to have been once ensnared in this manner. Crossing

* Gent. Sept. Hist. ed. Lugd. Bat. 1645. l. iii. c. 10.

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the mountains, with a keg of whiskey, he was charmed by the fairy music; and induced to join in their dance. At this exercise he continued a whole year, which appeared to him to be only a few hours. When the spell ceased, he returned home, very pale and emaciated; but was always looked upon with some suspicion; for it is believed, that they who have once joined the fairies, generally resort to them again, and at last are enrolled in their society. Upon the whole, the Scottish fairy is described with more terrific attributes, than are to be found in the traces of a belief in such beings, in England. These popular notions are poetically described in one of the Tales of Wonder, by Mr. Leyden, and in the old ballad of Tam Linn, of which I possess a traditional fragment, beginning,

"Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A wee aboon her knee,
And she has shed her yellow hair
A wee aboon her bree,
And she's awa' to Carter-haugh
As fast as she can hie."

The scenery here is very favourable to the excursive flights of the imagination. The Garry*, a rough, roaring stream, overshadowed by trees, is crossed,

* Gaelic *garbh*, rough, frequently applied to rivers.

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near the house, by a picturesque wooden bridge, and leads up a wild glen terminated by the lofty Ben Di*. About a mile and a half, up the glen, is Faichom, a considerable farm, occupied by Mr. Gillespie, who entertained us there with great hospitality. This gentleman was one of the first adventurers in sheep-farming, on a great scale, in the Highlands. The land which he rents is thirty miles in length, and is occupied entirely by sheep. In this vast extent, formerly dwelt a numerous clan ready to take up arms at the will of their chief, Glengarry. Now there are only a few huts, inhabited by peaceable herdsmen.

Such a system, adopted over the far greater part of the Highlands, has produced a very striking change in the face of the country, as well as in the manners of the inhabitants. The rental of the proprietor is considerably increased. The estates are usually let at the rate of 100*l.* per annum for every 1000 sheep pastured; a sum much greater than they could produce by any other mode, in a country where agriculture has so many obstacles to encounter. Few families being supported on a sheep-farm, the popu-

* Gaelic *beann Dia,* mountain of God.

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lation of the Highlands is rendered very inconsiderable; but, on the other hand, a greater quantity of animal food is produced to the community, and the manufacturing towns receive an accession of numbers. Small spots, formerly tilled by the hand, in situations inaccessible to the plough, are now neglected and barren; but in return, the corn which is grown is raised on a better system, with less labour, and by the aid of more perfect tools; and the peasantry, instead of having months of alternate indolence, and labour, are regularly employed throughout the year. The sudden introduction of these changes was, perhaps, one of the worst circumstances respecting them: it was, in a great degree, owing to the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, and other feudal superiorities, in 1746; a measure which, though provoked by the political circumstances of the times, was, perhaps, extended too far in its operation.

In the picturesque appearance of the country, the change is no less remarkable. The character of solitude and stillness is cast over extensive tracts. The cottages, few in number, are, however, frequently improved in construction. The mountains themselves are affected by the pasturage of sheep; the grass being bitten close on the summits of the steeps,

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admits the rain, which gradually loosening the rocky fragments, prepares them for being rolled down by the floods, and forms those stony torrents which spread down the mountain-side, bearing with them the character of desolation, and often overspreading whole fields at their base.

About a mile above Faichom, the Garry issues from its lake, at a singular pass, among lofty rocks, clothed with natural and planted wood. Here it rushes down a furious cataract, the scenery around which is of the wildest nature, abounding in craggy eminences. From one of these we obtained a beautiful view of the lake itself, and the distant country beyond it. Loch Garry is about six miles long; near the hither end it is almost divided by a remarkable rocky peninsula, covered with birch, which seems to shut in the bason below; its head is surrounded by a wild, mountainous region, through which its stream flows, from Loch Quich: and at no great distance from the latter is Loch Hourn, a branch of the western sea. After viewing these scenes from different eminences, we returned to Faichom, and from thence, rejoining the great road, at Aberchallader, pursued our journey.

Aberchallader, the former residence of Captain

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Stewart, of Ballachulish, but now inhabited by Mr. Hall, is situated on a gentle eminence at the foot of Loch Oich. In front, the river winds through a wide valley. To the left, a beautiful picture is presented by the lake, the castle, and house of Invergarry, Ben Di, with the other noble mountains of Glengarry, and lastly, the summits of the *Great Glen*, melting away gradually in the distant perspective. From hence, the road runs straight, about five miles, to Fort Augustus; but the river makes a considerable bend round some rocky hills: one of these is Tor Dun; on whose summit are traces of a vitrified fort.

The rivers Oich and Tarf, coming down from their respective glens, on the south-west, and on the south-east, as they fall into Loch Ness, water a beautiful plain, on which stands Fort Augustus. It is a neater edifice than Fort William, and in point of picturesque effect much superior. The waters of Loch Ness wash its walls, and stretch their vast expanse far to the north-east, bounded on both sides by majestic mountains. A small village built near the fort, seems to claim protection from it; and the two rivers, embracing it on each side, add to its beauty; the Oich crossed by a handsome stone bridge, and

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the Tarf by one of wood. This latter river possesses on its banks much romantic scenery, well worthy to be explored: it must not be confounded with Loch Tarf, about five miles on the road to Inverness: though similar causes have occasioned a similarity of name*.

In the village is a very decent inn, from whence I went to the fort, and delivering my introductory letter to Colonel Brodie, the Governor, was shown by him whatever was worthy of remark. It does not appear to be a place of any considerable strength, and, indeed, was easily taken by the Pretender's party in 1745; but has, perhaps like the other forts, served the purpose of restraining the petty depredations, formerly so common in the Highlands.

Along the opposite sides of Loch Ness are two roads, almost equally good, and both possessing great claims on the traveller's notice. The western side has to boast of Glen Morison, the great mountain Meal Fourvouny, and the castle and glen of Urquhart; but the eastern side fully rivals it, by the celebrated Fall of Foyers. To those who have sufficient time, it would, perhaps, be advisable to make

* From the Gaelic *tarbh*, a bull.

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the complete tour of the lake: we were not enabled to do this; but by crossing, we contrived to visit some of the noblest scenes on both sides.

Ascending from the little imparadised spot, on which Fort Augustus stands, the eastern road painfully surmounts a lofty hill, from which it soon again descends into the delightfully sequestered vale of Glen Doe. Through this a murmuring stream hurries, among wild crags, and birch-covered eminences, to join Loch Ness; and a little peep of the lake is caught between the immense mountains. Again ascending, you reach the high grounds of Strath Errick; a vast, but dreary extent of country, cut off from Loch Ness, by an intervening range of hills. These bleak heathy tracts are only varied by some small lakes, among which may be noticed Loch Tarf, or Lochan Durive (before mentioned), with its bushy islands, and the lake of Knockie, in the shape of a horseshoe, surrounding a house of the same name. After crossing the Feachlin, whose waters, some miles below, form the Fall of Foyers, you come to the church of Boleskine, about eleven miles from Fort Augustus. Here we turned on the right, by a small stream, which at four or five miles

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distance, led us to Farraline, the residence of —— Fraser, Esq.

This gentleman, to whose kindness I had been indebted for many of my introductions in the Highlands, received my companion and myself with the hospitality characteristic of his country. He detained us several days, with the most polite attentions, and himself accompanied us to the remarkable scenes in his neighbourhood. Farraline is so called from the lake on which it is situated; the banks covered with fir plantations, form some relief to the uniform dreariness of the surrounding country, which, from its situation, is peculiarly liable to snow, and exhibits very little appearance of vegetation. Strath Errick was not unpopulous in former times; it was occupied by two considerable tribes of Frasers, that of Farraline, and that of Foyers; but the changes of modern manners have very much altered the state of this country; the resident proprietors are more independent, and great numbers have emigrated to Inverness, and other manufacturing places.

Among the spots which we visited, were a picturesque mill at Aberchalder, the fall of Eass Gall, the wild hill of Dun-ma-glas, &c. Nor far hence is a romantic pasture, called Killin, to which the in-

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habitants used to resort, to graze their cattle. It is totally shut in by high mountains, and secured by its rugged and dangerous access. Here secluded, as in the happy valley of Abyssinia, these simple cottagers were accustomed to pass the summer months, in the slight huts, called *shielings*, or shieldings, which were merely sufficient to *shield* them from the inclemency of the weather: and on the approach of winter they returned to the *mains*, or principal farms. This migratory life seems to be common to most mountainous countries; similar buildings are found in Wales, where they are called *Hafod-tai*, or summer-houses, and in the Swiss Alps, where they have the name of *Sennes*: at present only the place of the Highland shielings can be pointed out; their use has long since ceased.

The Fall of Foyers, the great wonder of this country, still remained to be visited, and we set off under the guidance of Mr. Fraser. The morning, which had been overcast, soon brightened; the sun, breaking out between light flying showers, animated the prospect; whilst the rain, which had fallen, served only to swell the cataract, and augment its sublimity. We passed by Gortuleg, the residence of another gentleman of the name of Fraser; and

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crossing the hills, went through Glen Lia, a scene of uncultivated wildness, where the rocks, though not lofty, shot up, as they do in many parts of Strath Errick, bare from their very base. Emerging from this, we found a most complete contrast formed by Dalbreak, a lovely vale, watered by the Feachlin. In the bottom, is a level plain of the richest verdure, through which the stream gently winds, overhung with birch and hazel: from its form, there can be little doubt, that it was once floated by a lake, until the waters forcing their way through the mountain side, formed the awful fall, which soon presented itself to our view.

On the left of the road, from Fort William, is a wall, beyond which is heard the roaring of waters. Entering near two rude pillars, you almost immediately behold the wonderful scene. The mountain, on whose declivity you are standing, seems to have been rent asunder. The bold rocks louring on each other, from the opposite sides, form a deep jagged chasm of several hundred feet: part of their ruins remain bare and shattered, as in the moment of the earthquake, which first separated them; part are covered with heath and fern, and shaded by ragged woods of fir, and native birch. Through

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the " shapeless breach" bursts a torrent, which, confined by the narrow channel above, shoots in one unbroken column, white as snow, into a deep cauldron, formed by the black rocks below. By the vast height, and the large body of the water, a quantity of spray is created, which forms a perpetual shower, glittering like dew on the verdure around, casting a transparent mist over the gloomy caverned rocks, and rising like the smoke of a furnace, into the air. This appearance, seen at a considerable distance, has occasioned the country people to give it the picturesque name of *Eass na Smudh*, by which, as I before mentioned, they also characterize the falls above Kinloch Leven. No spot, however, which I have seen, is at all comparable to this, in the strong and sudden impression which it produces. The falls of Clyde are, indeed, more beautiful, more varied, and have a larger quantity of water; but the openness of the view renders them much less sublime. There is something in the darkness and imprisonment of wild overhanging crags, inexpressibly awful; and in this instance their grandeur is heightened by the kindred impulses around, by the ceaseless toil of the struggling river, by the thundering sound of a thousand echoes, and, where the jutting

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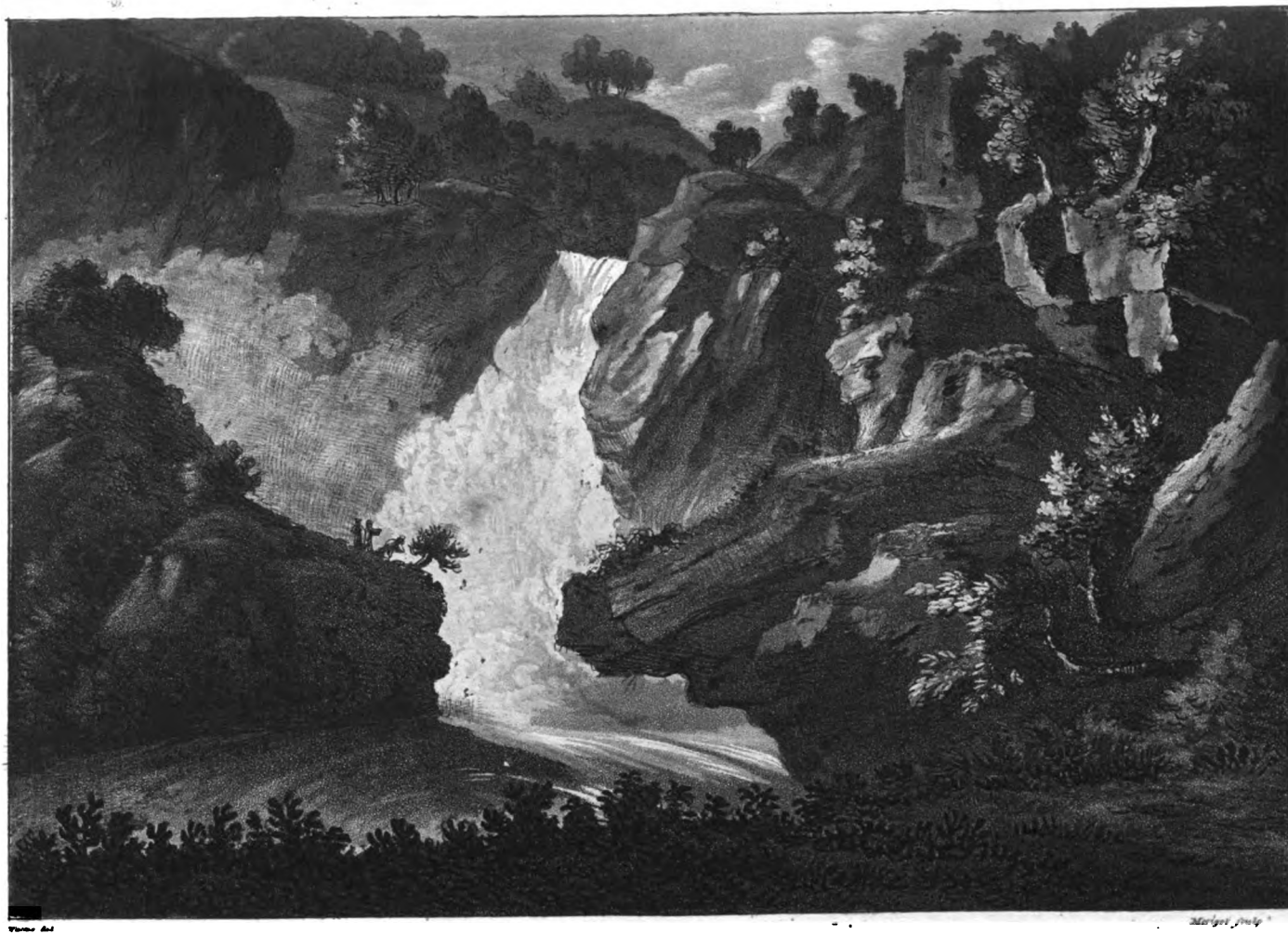

FALL OF FOYERS.

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barriers do not exclude the view, by the mighty summit of Meal Fourvouny, rising beyond the lake.

The greatest poet of our days has attempted to describe this fall in verse; but however accurate he may have been in description, he has wholly erred with respect to poetical effect. In Burns's lines on the Fall of Foyers, no one recognises that magic impulse, which at once touches the heart, in his pathetic pieces, or sets the table in a roar, by his effusions of humour. In fact, mere picture is not the province of the poet. External forms are only deserving his notice, as they may be connected with feeling, and serve for symbols in its communication. The sentiment must always be pre-eminent, the picture secondary; and very high-wrought description may be rendered subservient to very exquisite feeling: the fault lies not in describing; but in merely describing. These observations apply only to the poet; because we expect very different things in reading poetry and prose: the prose writer lays not so strong a claim to the excitement of feeling, and may, therefore, deal much more largely in description.

To return from this digression—It is difficult to obtain a good view of the fall, from the side next the

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road. With some caution you may descend to the Green Point, at the termination of a projecting rock immediately in front of it, about level with the middle of the descent. This is, perhaps, the best spot for viewing it on this side. I myself climbed down to the water's brink, but could not obtain a view of the fall from below, on account of the rocky projections which enclose it, as it were, in a cavern. I was told, however, that in dry seasons it is possible to get near to the very bottom of the fall: and at such a time, perhaps, it may be measured with some accuracy. The different accounts given of its height are exceedingly various: the nearest to the truth is probably that, which makes the fall itself about 200 feet, and the rocks overhanging it nearly 300 more. The quantity of water is also very variously represented. Those who visit it in dry seasons are frequently much disappointed; but the stream is so surrounded with mountains, that a few hours rain swells it very considerably; and I saw it under circumstances peculiarly favourable.

The side opposite to the road affords far the most complete prospect. I would even advise a stranger to cross thither, in the first instance, by the bridge above; and ascending the foot-path, which leads to

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the house of Foyers, to scramble along the heathy eminences, until he should find a proper point of view. It was thus, that Mr. Nattes obtained the sketch accompanying this description.

At some little distance above the great fall, is another, perhaps, more picturesque, and which any where else would be called sublime. It is seventy feet in height, confined between wild rocks, which project almost close together above, and whose union is perfected by a stone arch. Formerly the only passage was by a rude bridge, formed of a few sticks, fastened loosely together. The chasm is called *Corry Vachlich* *. In the adjoining rocks are several caverns, of which the most remarkable is called *Uaimh 'Abbar* †, or the giant's cave.

In exploring these scenes, we were assisted by the attentions of —— Fraser, Esq. the proprietor of the estate of Foyers, who accompanied us himself to the different spots, pointing out the prospects, and affording every information to our inquiries. The house of Foyers is situated on the declivity of the mountain, a little distance from the fall, and above the pool

* Gaelic, the unequal hollow.

† Gaelic *uaimh*, a cave; *fabhair*, a giant.

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called Linne Gorum*, which its waters form in their way to Loch Ness. In front lies the noble expanse of the lake, with the vast mountain opposite. All around are natural or planted woods, and on the steep bank northward stands the General's Hut, a solitary house, which serves as an inn, on the Inverness road.

Having passed a most agreeable evening, with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser; and again reviewed the delightful scenery of the Falls, in the morning; we crossed the lake, in a boat; and joining the road on the western side, pursued it four or five miles, along the shoulder of Meal Fourvouny. This cold, moorish mass (for such is the import of its Gaelic name), divides the glens of Morison and Urquhart. It is 3060 feet high, and is the first great land-mark seen by mariners, on entering the Murray Firth. Near its top is a lake, which was superstitiously believed to be unfathomable, until some gentlemen lately ascertained its depth.

We descended into the glen of Urquhart, about a mile from its opening; and were at once struck with its beauty. In the side of Loch Ness is formed a

* Gaelic *gorm*, blue.

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considerable bay, on whose southern point stand the ruins of a royal castle. The glen running up from this bay is broad, and (what is rather singular in the Highlands) is watered by two rivers, the Coiltie, and the Enneric. At no great distance are seen the hills, which divide these streams, covered with wood, and enriched with several handsome buildings. In the plain is a populous and thriving village, the neatness of which, together with the improved state of the roads, the bridges, the inn, &c. evinces the happiness of its inhabitants. The strongest proof of this is given, by their attachment to their native spot, which, it is said, no one has been known to quit for the last ninety years. The cause of so honourable a singularity is explained by the name which it usually bears in Gaelic, *Urchudin Thiarna Ghrant*, the Laird of Grant's Urquhart. No one, who knows that amiable family, will be at a loss to account for the happiness of their tenantry and dependants.

If this delightful vale is fortunate in its proprietor, it is no less so in natural beauty and advantages. Abounding in limestone, its lands have been much improved; their produce is various and abundant, including corn, potatoes, lint, hay, timber, black

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cattle, sheep, &c.; and were the proposed navigation in the Great Glen adopted, no place would be so speedily enriched as Glen Urquhart. The river Enneric flows from Loch Meikly, a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile long, in the braes of Urquhart, near which are several handsome residences. Corrimony, a little above the lake, is the seat of a gentleman of the name of Grant, well known for his skill in Gaelic literature. The name of this place is derived from Moni, a Danish prince, said to be killed in battle, whose grave is still shown here. On the Coiltie are also some scenes, which will be visited with pleasure; but none more than the fall of Divuch, a beautiful secluded spot, to which our Highland guide conducted us, by a picturesque walk of two miles, along the wild banks of the river. This fall is formed by a small rivulet; but it derives at once grandeur and loveliness, from its height, which is not less than ninety feet; from the multiplicity of its breaks; and from the thick wood, which overshades it. The evening, which drew on, as we reached this quiet scene, was well suited to its tranquillity: and the soft dying light of the sun, gilding the tips of the foliage, seemed to harmonize with the murmurs of the cascade, while

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" The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now low, unto the wind did call.
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

The castle of Urquhart, which we visited, has nothing very picturesque, except its situation. It is a considerable ruin, and relatively to the lake, is well placed, on a steep projection running boldly into the water. Its position is strong, and appears to have been very early occupied as an important post: first, by the great family of Cummin; then as a royal fort of the kings of Scotland; and, lastly, it was granted by James IV., in 1509, to the Laird of Grant. On the opposite point of the bay, are the vestiges of a religious house, belonging to the Knights Templars, of which little can now be discovered.

In Glen Urquhart, is a tolerably commodious inn, at Drumnadreochid, fifteen miles from Inverness, to which place there is an excellent carriage road, which we pursued. The continual winding along the foot of the mountains, affords great variety of views, now overhanging the lake, on a dizzy bare precipice, now wandering through woods of natural birch, on its margin. The mountains become more and more bleak, and unvaried, as you reach the northern extremity of the lake, which at Bona ferry is contracted

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by a considerable peninsula. Here stand some trifling remains, whether of a religious house, or of a fortification, it is not easy to determine: the country people call it Castle Spirit. On the opposite side are seen extensive fir plantations, most of which belong to A. Fraser Tytler, Esq. The lake again expands, but soon narrows to a river, as it flows past Dochfour, the seat of —— Baillie, Esq. six miles from Inverness. This beautiful place does not appear to advantage, from the road, until you have passed it, about a mile, when, looking back, you obtain a most noble view. The river, broad and rapid, is bordered with wood and cultivated land; the mountain ranges, folding before each other, conceal the lake from view, but evidently point out its place to the imagination: and on one of the finest declivities, in the bend of the vale, stands a handsome modern house, surrounded with plantations, and backed by a lofty crag—this is Dochfour. Among the woods which shelter it, are several delightful retired spots, shady banks, rocks, and torrents: one of these last forms, in wet weather, a very considerable cascade. This scenery, often, and deservedly, attracts the notice of the traveller, whose engagements preclude him from penetrating farther, from Inverness, into the High-

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lands. The whole vale is rich and beautiful; the mountain prospects grow on him as he advances; and from the heights of Dochfour, he is presented with all the variety and grandeur, which this country so peculiarly can boast.

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SECTION XIII.

THE MURRAY FIRTH.

On leaving the Highlands, to descend toward the sea-coast, the change of scenery produces a very remarkable effect upon the mind. The inhabitants of mountainous countries have been generally observed to be most strongly impressed with the *amor patriæ;* and the causes, which contribute to this feeling, are doubtless many, and various. Beside the simplicity of manners, usually concomitant upon such situations, the very circumstances of danger, the storms, the torrents, the mighty and tremendous operations of nature, instill a kind of awe, not unmingled with veneration; and this sentiment takes a more pleasing tinge, from the variety of beautiful appearances, which such countries assume. The shores of that great arm of the sea, called the Murray Firth, which I now coasted, presented an uniformity well calculated to heighten my regret for the admirable scenery, which I had left behind. The greater part of that long ex-

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tent is flat, and bare, and sandy, and in appearance much less productive than in reality. Here, indeed, is the great granary of the North; but the want of inclosures takes away from that appearance of comfort and plenty, which attends the cultivation of many parts of England. An agriculturist probably would speak very differently on such a subject; but a mere observer of rural appearances, loves the "hedge-row elms," the "hawthorns in the vale," and all the minuter objects in rustic scenery, which bespeak the happiness of the countryman, as well as the richness of the crop. The fact seems to be, that in every prospect which acts forcibly upon the mind, in producing agreeable sensation, there must be a certain variety of objects, associated with correspondent variety, either in the operations of nature, or in the works of human ingenuity.

Though the general character of this coast be such as I have described, yet the parts near Inverness have a much more interesting effect, from the mountains which rise on the sight within land, and the great estuaries which diversify the coast. The town of Inverness itself is neat, and pleasantly situated on a branch of the Murray Firth, which higher up assumes the name of the Beauley Firth. Anciently

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it was called Æstuarium Vararis; and this denomination affords another proof of the long prevalence of the Gaelic language in a part of the country, where, according to some writers, it has only been spoken, within a very few centuries. The river which spreads into this Firth is now called the Beauley, from the town, built on its banks; but higher up it bears the name of Farrer, from Strath Farrer, the glen out of which it flows. The near approach of Farrer to Varar, the ancient name, is a remarkable instance of permanence in the spoken languages of very distant periods of time.

Inverness itself may be considered as the capital of the north of Scotland; it contains above 5000 inhabitants; no town to the northward of it possesses any thing like that number, nor is any town southward comparable to it in magnitude, until you reach Aberdeen. In consequence of this, manufactures and commerce, of which we had for some time seen no traces, here presented themselves to us. At one extremity of the town is a considerable establishment for the spinning, dressing, and weaving of hemp and flax. Many coasting and some foreign vessels frequent the harbour, which admits those of 200 tons burden to its quay: those of 400 or 500 can

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anchor within a mile of the town. Education is conducted here on an extensive and liberal plan, by means of an academy calculated to afford initiatory knowledge to those, who are intended for the learned professions, and to all others a complete course of nstruction. Here, in fine, the legal business of the northern part of Scotland is transacted; and the circuit and other courts are held in the court-house, a convenient and handsome edifice.

For purposes of amusement also, Inverness is a point of union to the nobility and gentry of the surrounding counties. The *Northern Meeting* attracts those of Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, Inverness, and Murray: it serves to keep alive a friendly intercourse between families scattered at a vast distance, over a thinly-inhabited country: and during the week of their annual assemblage, these circumstances seem to increase the liveliness and good humour of the party. The traveller who has an opportunity of contemplating, and of participating the pleasures of such a meeting, may deem himself in no small degree fortunate. There is something amiable and interesting in those local attachments, which generally predominate, and which, whilst they strengthen the bonds of union among the inhabitants, render them doubly

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hospitable to a casual visitor. Such, at least, was the treatment, which I experienced, when I returned alone, in October 1799, to Inverness. The events of that year were, indeed, unfortunate. The gloom which hung over our expedition to Holland, was sensibly perceived. Doubt of the safety, or grief for the sufferings of their relatives, prevented several families from adding to the brilliancy of the meeting; and in consequence of an universally lamented accident, a lady of the highest rank, whose presence would have dispensed additional festivity, was restrained from attending, by her maternal feelings. These disadvantages seemed to stimulate the whole party to greater kindness and hospitality. I was the only stranger present; but I was received with that frank and cordial welcome, which bade me consider myself as a native; and which would have added, if any thing could add, to the affectionate remembrance, with which I shall ever think of the Highlands. In short, I felt the full force of that animated gratitude, which Burns, on a similar occasion, so happily expressed:

"When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come!
In Heav'n itself I ask no more
Than just a *Highland welcome*."

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By the aid of my kind friend, Captain Robinson, and of —— Inglis, Esq. Provost of Inverness, I soon examined whatever was curious in this town, and neighbourhood. I visited the harbour, the manufactory near it, and the remains of the fort built by Cromwell. It is said, perhaps with some justice, that the garrisons sent by him into Scotland, not only contributed to improve the country, by introducing many articles of domestic accommodation, but also by that purity of dialect, for which the inhabitants of this city have ever since been noticed. English is, indeed, spoken here with remarkable accuracy; but many of the lower classes also speak Gaelic, and this language is taught in the academy; so that Inverness may be considered, in this respect, as a barrier town, between the Highlands and Lowlands; beyond it, English is almost exclusively employed.

The town, which is built with considerable neatness, slopes toward the river Ness, from an eminence, on which once stood the Castle. This was the supposed scene of Duncan's murder. It should have been rendered sacred by Shakspeare's poetry; but its remains were removed, for the sake of the stone, by some person, who probably cared little about poetry,

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and felt no respect for the name of Shakspeare. On the other side, the town is connected with a suburb on the western bank of the Ness, by a stone bridge. In one of its buttresses is formed a dungeon, a cruel place of punishment for petty offences; but this pile has been disgraced by still greater cruelty. In 1746, a number of poor wretches, flying from the battle of Culloden, were taken, and conducted to this bridge, where they were beheaded, and their heads cast into the river.

Turning with horror from such a tale, we gladly notice the humanity of a more tranquil period, which is displayed in the erection of an infirmary on this side of the river: the building is already begun, and promises to be speedily completed. Not far hence, among the fir-crowned eminences, which border the Dochfour road, is one of singular form, called Tom-na-heurich. Its base is a parallelogram, in length 1984 feet, and in breadth 176; and its top, which sloping gradually, resembles the keel of a ship, is 250 feet high.

The hill of Craig Phadric, about a mile distant, is much more lofty, being 1150 feet above the level of the sea. It is remarkable, as I have before observed, for one of those remains, called Vitrified

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Forts. It commands a view of the Murray and Beauley Firths, the country of the Aird, Ross-shire, the lake and mountains of Loch Ness, and the sea-coast beyond Forres. The rock, of which it consists, is of the plum-pudding species, composed of round water-worn pieces of red granite, mixed with greyish quartz, and cemented with coarse red sand. The summit is a flat oblong, rounded at the corners, ninety yards by thirty, round which is a rampart, sloping on both sides. On the outside is another, but less regular rampart, peculiar to this ruin; most others of the same sort being surrounded, if at all, with dry stone. The ramparts appear to have been all in fusion at once; they were formed of the native rock, of which the granite parts have been most fused; the other substances have been calcined, but not vitrified. An inspection of this rock seems to corroborate the observations already made on a similar subject. The magnitude of the mass might induce a belief that it was volcanic, did not other appearances contradict such a supposition. It is, therefore, to be deemed artificial; but whether, with Mr. Williams, we look on it as built by the aid of fire, or with Mr. Tytler, as destroyed by it, we shall be

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equally inclined to refer its construction to a period, at least coeval with the Roman invasion of Britain.

I should not quit Inverness, without mentioning a singular kind of palladium, with which the fate of the town is supposed to be, in some way or other, connected. *Clach na Cutan* is the toast of prosperity, in all the festal entertainments of Inverness. It signifies the stone of the water-tubs, a relic brought from the river-side, where it had for ages served to support the tubs of the washers, and religiously preserved in the middle of the town.

The river Ness is supposed to be impregnated with sulphur; but this has been denied by naturalists; it is, however, certain, that its waters possess some strong impregnation, which makes them usually disagree with strangers, and that they are particularly prejudicial to horses. To this supposed sulphureous property, some persons attribute the circumstance, that the lake never freezes, which is more probably owing to its depth. We can scarcely forbear smiling, when we hear Dr. Johnson gravely arguing on the impossibility, that the depth of water should prevent its freezing; a subject on which his profound ignorance should at least have suggested to him the

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propriety of hesitation. The word Ness has been supposed to be taken from an adjacent *Ness*, or promontory: I should rather conceive that it was first applied to the lake, which probably was called, from the celebrated fall of Foyers, *Loch-an-eass*, the lake of the waterfall.

Near the mouth of this river, the Beauley Firth is crossed by Kessock ferry, about a mile from the town. The current is rapid, with several eddies; but it is passable at any time, except in storms. The boats are scarcely large enough to convey the carriages and horses, which are frequently obliged to pass. On the opposite side, the road, immediately ascending a high hill, commands an extensive view up the Firth, to Beauley, as well as back, to Inverness. The distant parts of Ross-shire are well diversified, and the prospect is terminated by Ben Wyvis, a vast mass, well deserving the name of terrible, which is said to be its Gaelic signification. Looking down upon the sandy, shelving eminences, which border the Firth, and river, on each side, it seems scarcely to admit of a doubt, that the sea, at no very distant period, retired from these mounds, originally accumulated by its waves. The soil appears to be mostly a loose sand, interspersed with rounded peb-

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bles: some of the hills have a plane, oblique surface, as regular as if formed by art; and this kind of shore, beginning here, is continued, with little variety, along great part of the Murray Firth. The road to Fort Rose passes by the head of a small bay, and thence running along the ridge of a hill, bounds a glen tolerably well planted, and interspersed with gentlemen's seats, resembling some views not uncommon in England. We were now in Ross-shire; and could not but remark a circumstance very creditable to the gentlemen of that county, the placing direction posts at almost every cross road. This, which is a matter of such utility to travellers, can hardly be expected, except in very populous and commercial countries, where the intercourse is frequent, and the necessity of accommodation striking. Here it appears to result rather from public spirit, than from any views of immediate profit; and the liberality of the motive renders the thing itself so much the more worthy of notice.

Descending to the sea-side at Avoch, a small fishing village, seven miles from Kessock, the road leads about two miles, along the shore, to Fort Rose. This name properly includes the small adjacent towns of Chanonry and Rosemarkie. The former of these is

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pleasantly situated, on an eminence, near a neck of land, opposite Fort George; which being built on a similar projection, leaves a narrow, but tolerably safe ferry. Rose, or Ross, is descriptive of the eastern peninsula, which gives name to this county: Markie is either taken from the parish church, which formed a *land-mark* to sailors, or from a *market* which was anciently holden here: and Chanonry was so called, from being the residence of the bishops and canons of the diocese of Ross. The town of Chanonry is neat, most of the houses having served for the habitations of the clergy. Of the bishop's palace, once a splendid and magnificent building, little now remains. The church, a part of the ancient cathedral, is situated in the midst of a square green, surrounded by houses. It is a pleasing, Gothic ruin; the walls entire, but roofless. The red colour of its stone is by no means advantageous, in point of picturesque effect; but the elegant proportions, and pointed arches of the windows prove its taste to have been exquisite. It was, perhaps, an aisle of the original building, having several arches filled up with stone, on the north; but its greatest ornament is a small octagonal tower, rising from the ground, about the middle of the south side, with a

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pointed top. Among the monuments (for it is still used as a place of burial), the most remarkable is one of the family of Mackenzie of Coul, executed in wood.

We proceed through the adjoining village of Rosemarkie, inhabited chiefly by weavers, as Chanonry is by shoemakers. Near this is a circular hill, level at the top, and apparently artificial, called the Court Hill: such small eminences are not uncommon in the Highlands, where they usually bear the name of *Tom Mhot*, the hill of meeting, and were probably, in ancient times, places dedicated to the administration of justice. The coast, from hence to Cromarty, is bold, rocky, and abounding in caverns. After pursuing it, a short way, the road ascends Scarf Craigs, and runs along the summit of the rocky hill, until it descends, on the north, among extensive fir plantations, to the Firth of Cromarty.

This remarkable estuary is no less deserving notice, as a picturesque, than as a singular object. Having waited on Mr. Ross, the factor of the estate, we were politely attended by him, both in the evening, and on the following morning, to view the admirable scenery, in this neighbourhood. The entrance of the Firth can only be seen to advantage, by going

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CROMARTY.

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a little way out, in a boat, when it appears to be formed by an abrupt breach between two rocky hills, called the Sutors of Cromarty, about a mile distant from each other. At this opening, the sea is so deep, and the shore so precipitous, that a man of war may sail, within a cable's length of it, in perfect safety. Within, it spreads into a wide bay, on each side, exhibiting the appearance of an inland sea, and runs far up the country, bordered by numerous gentlemen's seats, plantations, &c. In these roads, the whole navy of Great Britain might lie, without danger, sheltered from every wind that blows. The town and harbour of Cromarty, on the south side, is introduced, as if to perfect the scene, in a beautiful bay; it consists of neat new-built houses, is ornamented with a pier, and overlooked by the house and grounds of the proprietor, —— Ross, Esq. our companion in the early part of our journey.

On the 2d of October, when I arrived here, the country people were all busily employed on harvest-work, in the corn-fields, which slope down to the water's edge. On the following morning early, I accompanied my friends, in a boat, across the Firth; and to my great astonishment, on looking westward, beheld whole mountains, which on the preceding

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evening had been varied with the tints of summer, now clothed apparently, to the base, with snow, which made them seem to float, like clouds, in the distant horizon. The wintry mantle had but partially overspread Ben Wyvis, and the heights near the sea; but the inland summits of the Strath Glas mountains were wholly enveloped in one undistinguishing hue. The united grandeur and beauty of the contrast, produced by snowy mountains, and vallies "laughing with wavy corn," cannot be conceived by those, who have only contemplated Nature in her tamer moods. In Alpine wilds, such effects are exhibited, indeed, on a grander scale; but to the mere English traveller, the Scottish views of this kind present no less of the sublime, than of novelty.

On the north side of the Firth of Cromarty, is Castle Hill, so named from the traces of an ancient fortification still visible. We ascended this eminence, and obtained a most magnificent prospect. The sun had just risen, and shone directly on the opening to the main sea, between the bold and lofty Sutors. The town and bay of Cromarty appeared to great advantage, backed by the sloping corn-fields, and by the plantations, amid which they are seated. As a contrast to these, were seen the inland shores, adorned with

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the seats of Novar, Foulis, &c. and terminated by the soft and brilliant vision of cloud-like mountains. On the north, another country opened itself to view. The Firth of Dornoch answered to that of Cromarty, and beyond it was a long stretch of coast, in which the castle of Dunrobin was clearly distinguishable.

Cromarty has been derived, by Gaelic etymologists, from *crom-ard-tir*, the crooked high land, an appellation which its appearance well justifies. The Sutors, or Shooters, are supposed to be so called from their *shooting* so far into the sea; but they were more probably named from the prevalent occupation in the town, that of Sutors, i. e. shoemakers. The neighbourhood of Cromarty forms one large estate, which the late proprietor was at the greatest pains to improve. He planted 800 acres of land, chiefly with Scotch fir; he almost wholly rebuilt the town, encouraged its manufactures, obtained from the crown a grant of 5000*l.* to build the pier, and defrayed the additional expence himself. In short, the useful and the grand were alike his objects; the traces of his enterprising spirit are visible all around; and every where solicit, and deserve, the traveller's notice.

The lateness of the season alone precluded us

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from visiting some of the seats, on the northern coast of this Firth, to whose proprietors we had introductions. Thence our plan would have led us, by Dingwall, and Castle Braan (the seat of the Earl of Seaforth), to the falls and other beautiful scenery near Beauley. I should have been happy to have extended this route, by accepting the invitation of Mr. Macleod, of Geanies, to visit some picturesque spots in the less frequented parts of Ross-shire. From the difficulty of finding accommodations, few travellers have penetrated through this extensive county, from sea to sea; yet a great diversity of interesting objects, must be presented by the great fresh-water lake Maree, by the deep arm of the sea Loch Broom, with its fishing village Ullapool, and by the desolate region of Assynt, among whose mountains is said to be one, entirely formed of bare white marble, glittering in the sun, like those immense masses of ice, which block up the polar sea. Nor would it have given me less pleasure to have explored the northern part of Sutherland, and to have paid my respects to the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, who was passing the summer at Tongue, the family seat of Lord Reay. The engaging and polished manners of this lady, and her amiable daughters, would have formed

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a striking contrast to this wild secluded spot, which is almost cut off from human intercourse. Roads they have none; at least, none which either are, or can be passed by carriages: their nearest visitor, the Countess of Sutherland, is at Dunrobin Castle, about fifty miles distant: and when they travel, they are preceded by a body of peasants, who construct small huts for their accommodation by the way. Strangers must be cautious of trusting to the roads laid down in the best maps of these countries. From the town of Dornoch it would be advisable to take a guide, by whose aid much interesting scenery might be visited, in the road to Tongue. At the head of the Firth of Dornoch are the magnificent falls of the river Shin. Beyond this is Loch Shin, succeeded by the wilds of Dirrymoor forest, Loch Naver, Loch Loyal, with the wild peaks of Ben Loyal, and its neighbouring mountains.

The time of the year obliging me unwillingly to deny myself these distant excursions, I turned my steps toward Inverness, and thence proceeded eastward, along the Murray Firth. This country is in general unpleasing, but it affords some objects well worthy notice. On the Fort George road, five miles from Inverness, is Castle Stewart, a fine ruin, belong-

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ing to the Earl of Murray. The architecture is in the style of the old Scottish chateau, of which it affords no bad specimen; but the surrounding garden walls, and the features of the adjacent country, are little calculated to heighten its picturesque effect. The adjoining church-yard of Petty borders on the sea, and is remarkable for two circular hillocks, which were probably first erected as sepulchral monuments, but afterwards applied to the purpose of judicial assemblages. Their circumference at the bottom is 150 feet, at the top 120, and their height is forty-two. Near this place is a mill, whose singularity consists in its being worked by the sea water; which during the rising tide, fills a considerable reservoir, and runs out gradually, with the ebb, by means of flood-gates. Between this parish and Inverness, are several of those stone-circles, which are usually called Druidical. One of them, by the road side, is tolerably perfect, and consists of three rows.

Fort George is twelve miles from Inverness, and is placed at the extremity of a singular peninsula, connected with the main land by a long pebbly isthmus. It is esteemed the most complete fortification in Britain: and not being commanded by any part

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of the adjacent country, may bid defiance to assault. The air, coming on all sides from the sea, is sharp and clear: it renders the garrison, in general, healthy; but seems ill suited to weakly constitutions. The buildings are remarkably neat, and well disposed, in handsome squares, with a pleasant walk round the ramparts. The view is bleak and dreary, except in the direction of Inverness, which forms a noble distance, backed by its lofty mountains. Thus secluded from social intercourse, the continual sameness of a garrison life differs but little from that of the State Prisoners confined here. These men cannot be viewed without interest. Some of them appear to possess considerable talents, and polished manners, which can now serve only to sharpen the sensations arising from their state of exile, and from the general want of sympathy in their lot. To a liberal mind, nothing can be more grating, than the consciousness of being looked on without commiseration, in misfortune, or without a fellow-feeling of joy, in prosperity. In other respects, their confinement is rather strict than painful. They are in number twenty; and the wife of one of them, Mrs. R. O'Connor, voluntarily shares her husband's imprisonment. A range of apartments is allotted to

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them, and a space railed off, for their walking twice a day on the ramparts, ten at a time. They possess every accommodation, that is consistent with the necessary political precautions, and are treated with the utmost humanity by the governor. Such a policy is true, because it is generous. It ennobles the most just cause, and subdues the most ferocious enemy: and while it gratifies our feelings, it confirms our real security. I had an opportunity of seeing the interior of this fort to great advantage, by the attentions of the Hon. Colonel Stuart, the governor, and by passing a day with Lord Balgonie, and the fifth regiment of Scotch militia then in garrison.

On the Nairn road from Inverness, at the distance of four or five miles, is the field of Culloden, or Drumossie moor, the death-place of the cause of Stewart. It lies at some distance, on the right; but the spot of the battle is easily discoverable, by the little tufts of verdure, scattered here and there, about the black, moorish ground. These grassy patches, which might otherwise be considered as beauties, affect the mind with horror, when we reflect on their cause; for they are formed by the graves of the slain. In Burns's "Lovely Lass of Inverness,"

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lamenting her father and brethren, this circumstance is introduced with great poetic effect. The cruelties, which followed and disgraced this victory, are well known. They are believed, from the best authorities, to have been perpetrated without the knowledge of the commander in chief; but they still tarnish his laurel, and even seem to sully the purity of his cause. In the leader of armies, more evidently than in other men,

"Fame is the spur, which the clear spirit doth raise."

To him, therefore, it is more than to others important, that his fame should possess that brightness and permanence, which can only be insured by a dignified humanity.

The house of Culloden is a handsome modern building, belonging to a branch of the family of Forbes, which has possessed this estate nearly two centuries. Here Prince Charles lodged on the night preceding the fatal engagement; the proprietor, who remained loyal to the reigning monarch, was afterwards rewarded by government, for the loss and inconvenience, which he, in consequence, sustained. About three miles farther, stands Dalcross Castle, a desolate ruin: and at nearly the same distance be-

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yond this, is Kilravock Castle, the ancient seat of the family of Rose, who have held this estate above 500 years, without interruption. The present building is of considerable antiquity, the square tower having been erected in 1460, by patent, from the Earl of Ross. The river Nairn flowing by it, the old gardens, plantations, and natural wood, at a little distance, all together give it a venerable, and not unpleasing solemnity. The taste and literary attainments of Mrs. Rose, mother of the present proprietor, are highly esteemed in the circle of her friends; and their opinion receives no small confirmation, from the epistolary correspondence of Burns, which I was highly gratified in perusing, whilst I remained at Kilravock.

At Calder Castle, we again find some of those wild, but confined scenes, which the hollows of a river, or streamlet, often afford. The castle, from which the present Lord Cawdor takes his title, was built in 1454, and came into the possession of his Lordship's family, by marriage, in 1510. Its antiquities are matter of the more interest, as being connected with the immortal poetry of Shakspeare. Calder, a name common to streams in Scotland, is derived from the Gaelic language*. Its usual pro-

* *Caoil*, a wood; *dur*, water.

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nunciation is Cawdor; and hence that name is given by Shakspeare to one of the Thanes sacrificed to the rising greatness of Macbeth. In fact, history informs us, that this usurper cut off the Thane of Nairn, by whom is undoubtedly meant the Thane of Calder, he being heritable sheriff and constable of Nairn. The office of Thane implied jurisdiction, and was derived from the Teutonic *dienen*, to serve; it was succeeded by the title of Earl (from the Teutonic *ehre* and *all)*, first introduced by King Malcolm Canmore. The last Thane of Calder was William, who in 1476 had his thanedom erected into a free barony.

During the few days, which I passed here, the gloom inspired by the old Gothic building, was dispelled by the agreeable society of Lord and Lady Balgonie, the Hon. Mrs. and the Miss Mackays. To his Lordship's kindness I owe too much, not to feel a pleasure in acknowledging the many obligations which I received, both here, and at Balgonie Castle; nor am I less indebted to the taste, with which he directed and assisted my investigations.

Enough of curious and interesting is to be seen, both within, and without doors. The apartments are admirably suited to the wildness of the situation;

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the stone staircases, the large cold hall, the iron-grated doors, the aged tapestry, the pictures shaking in their frames, the

> " Long windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing :"

All these render Calder Castle a dangerous abode, for persons possessed of weak nerves, and strong imaginations. Add to this, that it contains some pieces of antiquity no less mysterious than venerable. In the lowest part of the building, the trunk of an hawthorn tree, firm, and sound, grows out of the solid rock, and seems to support the roof of the vault. The founder, it is said, was admonished, in a dream, to build his castle on one of three hawthorn trees, which grew near together; he chose this, and its decay, it is believed, would be a most fatal omen, both to the building, and to its proprietors. A still more valuable relic is preserved, in an upper room of the tower—the very bed in which Macbeth murdered the virtuous Duncan! It was brought hither on the destruction of Macbeth's castle, at Inverness, and is a square fabric of wood not inelegantly carved. A criticising antiquary might, perhaps, doubt whether it was of so early manufacture as the eleventh

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CALDER CASTLE.

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century, or, if he should swallow the pious fraud, it would be because, like Juvenal's turbot, "*Ipse capi voluit*," he wished to be taken in.

The external appearance of the Castle corresponds with these its internal wonders. It is built on a freestone rock, washed by the Calder on the west; and on the other sides is a dry ditch, with a draw-bridge, which is still occasionally raised, and let down. The tower is the most ancient remaining part. Within the court is a ruinous chapel, probably of equal date; but the habitable apartments are much more modern. The sheltered situation of the building precludes any good distant view of it; but abundance of wild scenery is to be found by tracing upward the Calder burn, which flows, to join the Nairn, from among high rocks, and woody banks. One singular crag is called Philip's Castle; and on another is built a mossy hermitage, which, when I saw it, had a most whimsical effect, the whole fabric being thrown, by the force of the wind, into an oblique position, and leaning far over its base. The hills around are the haunt of the red deer and roe; and at one or two delightful spots, are placed rude seats, commanding views of the tower, backed

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by the distant sea, beyond which is seen the opening of the Cromarty Firth.

The town of Nairn, which is at the mouth of the river so called, is about four miles from Calder Castle. It contains nothing remarkable, except its bridge, one of whose stone arches being broken down, it is patched with wood, and, however inconvenient, is certainly rendered the more picturesque. The road from Nairn to Forres is sandy and bare, and the whole country is uninteresting, except in respect of its monuments of antiquity. About two miles, on the right, is Inshoch Castle, formerly a seat of the Hays, of Park, from whom it came to the family of Brodie. On the left, projecting far into the sea, are the sand-hills of Culbin, which have overspread several hundred acres of valuable land, and are said to have been first produced, by pulling up the long grass, called *bent*, which growing in sand, consolidates it into a firm mass.

The path from Calder to Forres leads through a pleasanter country, diversified with cultivation and wood. In this track stands Brodie house, the ancient seat of the Brodie family, who have possessed it from the earliest records to the present time, and pro-

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bably took from it their name. It is remarkable for the vicinity of that gloomy moor, on which Macbeth is described to have first met those "bubbles of the earth," the weird sisters. This awful scene being present to the imagination, casts a double horror over the black barren soil, and the dark fir plantations, which border it, at no great distance. On joining the high road, and ascending an eminence, the vale of the Findhorn opened before us, relieving the tedious dreariness of this coast, with a more lively and varied picture, than we had seen, since we left Inverness. Over the river, a handsome bridge was building; and about a mile beyond, appeared the town of Forres, backed by some fine hills: the neighbouring country was well varied with seats, and extensive plantations, among which were those of Tarnaway Castle, the seat of the Earl of Murray. This ancient fabric is one of the noblest habitable specimens of Gothic grandeur, in the north of Scotland. It is a large, but irregular pile, standing on a green eminence, near the great forest, from which it takes its name, and which is supposed to have been dedicated to the druidical deity, Taranis, or the thunderer*. The hall, a magnificent apartment, eighty

* Gaelic *taranach*, thunder.

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of pomp, when the mitred abbot sate enthroned in state, whilst the white monks of St. Bernard, with their black cowls and scapularies, formed their striking and picturesque processions. Returning to the Elgin road, you see at some distance, on the right, the summit of Burgie Castle, belonging to —— Dunbar, Esq. of Grange. It is now in a neglected state, perhaps more favourable than absolute ruin, to picturesque effect. About a mile and a half to the west of this, is Aslisk Castle, a small edifice, scarcely deserving that title, perfectly ruinous, standing in a bare, exposed situation, and serving only to mark the dwelling of some once powerful chief, whose very name now moulders in oblivion.

Elgin, like all the towns which we had lately passed through, bears the stamp of ancient dignity; but has little of the spirit and vivacity of modern improvement. It possesses, however, the strongest claims on my affectionate remembrance, by being the occasional residence of the family of Grant. Sir James, the chief of that name, whose principal seat is Castle Grant, on the Spey, usually passes a part of the year at Grant Lodge, adjoining to Elgin. Here it was, that I experienced the hospitality of his worthy family, during the different visits, which I

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ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

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paid to that town. I contemplated with pleasure the attachment of the Grants to their chief. It bore all the amiable features of the old feudal, or rather clannish union, heightened and refined by an esteem for personal virtue.

The town is situated near the river Lossie, and has little to recommend it in appearance. The western extremity is formed by the Lady's Hill, probably so named from some ancient chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in early times the site of a fortification. On the east is that celebrated ruin, the cathedral, which for beauty of architecture is the chief boast of the north of Scotland. The two towers, at the west end of the church, are still standing, with the beautiful pointed arch of the window between them, which was filled with elegant tracery, until very lately, when it was wantonly pulled down by a party of idle recruits. Nothing remains of the whole building, except the walls; but these stand in noble detached fragments, varied with arches, pillars, and windows. The interior is encumbered with fragments of the great central tower, and other parts, which have from time to time fallen down; and from amidst this wild chaos, the beautiful relics rise with singular majesty and grace. On the north-east, is

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the chapter-house, an octagon of neat workmanship, but much inferior in beauty to some in England, particularly to that wonder of lightness and elegance attached to Salisbury cathedral. This church was built in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Like most similar foundations in Scotland, it is popularly called the Channory, from the canons belonging to it, who inhabited the surrounding houses. The bishop's house remains, but in a state of ruin; and on it are carved the arms and initials of Bishop Hepburn. On the south side of the town is a small Gothic ruin, called the Freres, which I suppose was originally the Messindew, or Domus Dei, established in the thirteenth century, by Andrew, Bishop of Murray, for charitable and pious purposes.

Having examined the town itself, under the direction of Sir James Grant, we made different excursions to the curiosities in the neighbourhood. We were first attracted by the Lake of Spynie, now consisting of fresh water, but anciently, as appears from record, an arm of the sea. It is a dull, uninteresting expanse; and on its shore stand the equally uninteresting ruins of the episcopal palace. The architecture is by no means splendid. The form of the windows is square, as is that of the general mass

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of the building. Above the gate are sculptured the arms and initials of Bishop Innes, who was consecrated in 1406. The walls are neither overspread with ivy, nor shaded by trees: and of the distant prospect, the greater part is a sandy ridge, covered with bent. Some of the adjoining lands, however, are very fertile in barley, which the rich clays of the county of Murray produce in abundance. On the opposite side of the lake, about two miles distant, stand the remains of the Castle of Duffus, formerly a place of great strength. North of this, on the coast, are the coves of Causea, a succession of excavations in the limestone rock, extending a considerable way along the sea-side, and formed into apartments of above 100 yards in length, and sixty in height. Two miles to the westward of these, is the point called the Burgh, or Brough, by some supposed a Roman fortress; but more probably Danish. After the battle of Forres, in 1008, the Danes are thought to have fortified this rock, as a place of arms, a retreat for their wives and children, or a protection to the harbour where their transports lay.

In a south-westerly direction from Elgin, lies a retired vale, in which are the beautiful ruins of Pluscardine. This was a priory founded by King Alex-

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ander II. in 1230; and enriched by the donations of successive monarchs and great men. Mr. Gilpin has justly observed, in a late publication, that the situations of original monastic foundations were generally accidental: but those of derivative ones intentional, and consequently advantageous. So it was with Pluscardine. The priory was formed, as was usual in such cases, by monks detached from a parent society: they were of the order called *Monachi Vallis Caulium*, brought into Scotland by Bishop Malvoisin, who showed no less taste than judgment, in selecting this spot for their establishment. The vale, three or four miles in length, was wholly subject to them: it was bounded by lofty hills, which excluding all the noise and bustle of worldly affairs, left their minds open to the impulses of religion: while its rich arable land, extensive woods, and numerous herds of deer, supplied them plenteously with the good things of this life. Giraldus Cambrensis, a writer of the twelfth century, has described a similar situation, in terms so applicable to this, that I cannot forbear quoting them: "Stat in valle profundissima—ab omni populari strepitu, in solitudine quadam, longè remotus, super fluvium per vallis ima labentem situs—Hic claustrales in

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PLUSCARDINE ABBEY.

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claustro sedentes, cum respirandi gratia fortè suspiciunt, ad quascunque partes trans alta tectorum culmina, montium vertices quasi cœlum tangentes, ipsasque plerumque feras (quarum hic copia est), in summo pascentes, tanquam in ultimo visas horizonte prospiciunt *."

The sides of the hills are at present denuded of wood; but around the ruin itself are several fine trees; a few small cottages are interspersed among them, and one or two appear on the adjoining heights; whilst, below, the small river, which waters the vale, is crossed by a simple stone bridge. On approaching the building, by an arch in the surrounding wall, I was struck with the beautiful composition, which it presented, through a screen of foliage. The state of dilapidation is such as contributes most powerfully to the picturesque: the general uniformity is broken, without annihilating

* The Abbey of Lanthony "stands in a very deep vale, far removed, by its loneliness, from all sound of popular tumult, and built on the banks of a stream, which glides silently through these quiet retreats—Here the cloistered monks, looking beyond their cloister, in the intervals of religious exercise, to whatever side they turn their eyes, behold above the summits of the building, lofty mountain tops which kiss the clouds, and browsing deer, like specks, in the verge of the distant horizon."—*Itinerarium Cambriæ, lib. i. c.* 3.

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the distinctness of feature. The architecture, though not florid, is sufficiently ornamented; the stone is stained with the richest hues; and the small shrubs and weeds, which hang about it, are of the wildest and most luxuriant growth. What adds to its effect is, that the plan and style of architecture appear to have been often changed. The windows are mostly pointed, but with different kinds of arches; and I remarked one door, whose arch was circular. The main part of the edifice was founded, as I have before stated, in 1230; but the vestry was built by one of the latter priors, named Dunbar, whose arms are carved there. Some other sculptures are to be found, and some coarse fresco paintings of the Evangelists, in tolerable preservation. The establishment appears to have been rich, and well provided. Adjoining to the church, on the south side, are the oratory, and refectory, beneath which are the dormitory and the kitchen: there are also remains of a fine cloister, a chapter-house, a large dwelling-house for the prior, with gardens, fish-ponds, and all other appendages, whether for splendour, or accommodation.

I passed a day, in examining minutely these various objects, while my companion was sketching

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their exterior. Aided by the Rev. Mr. Macpherson, the minister of this parish, I discovered many fragments of monumental stones, and other curious relics, all which I piled together by themselves, for the instruction or amusement of future travellers. The situation of this gentleman is not common in Scotland. He has one of the few charges, which are dependant on superior benefices, and which are paid as ill, as those poor curacies, which are the disgrace of the English church. I persuade myself, that the respectable character, the benevolence, and the learning of Mr. Macpherson, have, ere this, recommended him to a situation, in which his good qualities may be more effectually exercised, and more justly rewarded.

After having surveyed all the interesting scenes in Elgin, and its neighbourhood, we left that town. Eleven miles of sandy road, varied only with fir plantations, brought us to the Spey, the boundary of our coasting expedition, along that great branch of the sea, improperly called the Murray Firth. We had turned aside, on the right, near the village of Langbride, to see Loch-na-bo, a small fresh-water lake, frequented by numerous herds of deer; but which, surrounded by fir, presents nothing valuable

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to the painter. On our road, also, we were amused by a hunting telegraph, invented by his Grace the Duke of Gordon, and almost indispensable, in pursuing the deer, through the vast plantations, which cover this country. Nothing else occurred, worthy of remark, until we reached the Spey, which is crossed by a boat, to the town of Fochabers, close to which is Gordon Castle.

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SECTION XIV.

THE BANKS OF THE SPEY.

I NOW come to the point, where, quitting the coast, I returned southward, through the Highlands. From Fochabers there are two much-frequented roads, that along the sea-side, by Cullen, Banff, Fraserburgh, and Peterhead; and that which, crossing the country, by Keith, Huntly, and Old Rain, rejoins the east coast, at Aberdeen. As my object was to visit the middle Highlands, I preferred to both these, the route, which traces upward the course of the river Spey. I review this part of my journey, with no common pleasure. It recalls to my mind, obligations not less gratifying to acknowledge, than to remember. It affords me an opportunity of expressing my grateful attachment to the name of Gordon, and my deep sense of the kindnesses, which I experienced at Gordon Castle, at Glen Fiddich, and at Kinrara.

Gordon Castle is a superb structure, 568 feet in

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length, surrounded with plantations, in the English style. It was built by the present Duke, who might have found, on his extensive estates, many more striking situations; but he was determined, in his preference of this spot, by its being the site of the family seat, founded by George Earl of Huntly, about the year 1500. The Spey, which is so named from the violence of its floods, was accustomed to shift its channel, and inundate a great part of the plain, on which the ancient castle was built. In the tumultuous state of those times, such a situation was not unfit for defence; and its bleak exposure was expressed by its name, *Bog-nu-gaoith*, or the windy morass. It was, however, as a writer of the seventeenth century informs us, "a faire palace, with fine orchards;" its gardens were well laid out, according to the taste of the times, and watered with a pond, and jet d'eau.

Here I cannot avoid observing those alternate prevalences of variety and uniformity, which seem to characterize the taste of different eras. In gardening, we first passed from the variety of natural forests and shrubberies, to the uniformity of the old avenues, mounts, terraces, arbours, knots, and alleys decorated with fountains, statues, birdcages, &c.

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About the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this taste had grown into what may be called a florid style; and there appears to have been a turn for conceits in their gardeners, similar to that of their orators and poets. Lord Bacon, in his forty-sixth Essay, has very minutely described this kind of ornamented garden; and in other writers similar descriptions may be found. Thus Spencer, in his Faerie Queen, book ii. canto 12, speaks of the fountain, in the Bower of Bliss:

> "Most goodly it with curious ymageree
> Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boys—
> And all the margent, round about, was set
> With shady laurell trees."

In the garden of Adonis, too, he places a mount, and an arbour (book iii. canto 6.):

> "Right in the middest of that paradise,
> There stood a stately mount, on whose round top,
> A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise—
> And in the thickest covert of that shade,
> There was a pleasant arber——"

When the uniformity of these old gardens became disgusting, by its excess, it was natural in men of genius to resort to an opposite principle. The variety of nature again became their model. Milton,

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in his description of Paradise, chalked out a new line, which subsequent artists applied to local scenes. For a while, this taste obtained general approbation; but the more it was subjected to rule, the more it lost the charm of variety; until at last, the new landscape gardeners became as uniform, and their productions even more insipid, than those of the old architectural gardeners. The general error of reasoning on such subjects, consists in the pushing principles to an extreme. When the avenue was exploded, the sweep was universally adopted: we merely changed square forms into round; and we did not consider, that one sort of scene requires an accompaniment vastly different from another. Mr. Price, in his late Essays on the Picturesque, has, with great judgment, developed the source of many of these errors. He has led us, from the uniformity of the landscape gardeners, to the variety of the landscape painters: and it may be observed, that the objections, hitherto made against his system, are grounded on the mistaken idea of his pushing too far that principle of variety.

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to conjecture whether the effect of the decorations about old Gordon Castle, was superior to that of the pre-

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sent; but it is probable that the latter accord much better with the modern pile. The centre of the edifice is formed by the old tower; the wings, which spread on both sides, to so vast a length, are adapted to it in taste; and the interior is laid out with a regard to modern ideas of domestic accommodation. In the hall are some busts and statues, and in the other apartments are a few pictures; but the most valuable collection is the library. Within the grounds is the site of the old town of Fochabers, of which the only house now remaining is converted into a dairy, and near it stand the *jugs*, the ancient instrument of judicial punishment. The present town is small, and new built: in the centre is a square, ornamented with a handsome church, built by the Duke of Gordon.

The time, which we passed here, including the excursions in the neighbouring parts of the country, was considerable. Whilst I went with the Duke to his hunting lodge, in Glen Fiddich, Mr. Nattes extended his tour, along the coast, to Cullen and Banff; and thence returned inland, by Rothiemay, Huntly, and Keith, to Fochabers. This short expedition afforded much employment for his pencil. The Bin hill of Cullen is a singular conical moun-

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tain, which nearly corresponds, in form and situation, with the Pap of Caithness, at a great distance, on the opposite coast of the Murray Firth. Cullen House, situated on a rocky eminence, is a striking and picturesque pile. At Portsoy are quarries of a handsome variegated marble, which bears the name of that place. Near this is Boynd Castle: and five miles farther, the town of Banff, adjoining to which is Duff House, the family residence of the Earl of Fife. This splendid seat is a modern building, and contains one of the best collections of pictures in Scotland, formed by the taste of the present Earl. The Deveron, which flows through the park, is crossed, in sight of the house, by a handsome stone bridge: and its banks present some fine rocky scenery, a few miles higher up, at Alva. On this river also, about fifteen miles from Banff, is Rothiemay, another seat of the Earl of Fife, and six miles higher, at its junction with the Bogie, stands the town of Huntly. Close to this is Huntly Castle, a noble monument of the splendour and magnificence of the Gordon family. The front is ornamented with rich Gothic sculpture, in good preservation, among which are the names and arms of George and Henrietta, first Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly,

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in 1602. About that time it was called Strathbogie Castle, and noted as "the speciall residence of the Marquesse of Huntley."

Returning to Fochabers, I thence pursued the course of the Spey. This river, near its mouth, can boast little picturesque beauty. The country, on both sides, is flat; the banks are formed of a red sandy stone, and the traces of frequent inundation give it a desolate appearance. From the rapidity of the stream, the ferry is not always easy to cross; but the building a bridge would be a matter of no less difficulty than expence. On the western bank, about four miles up, is Orton, the residence of the Hon. Arthur Duff, where I passed a very agreeable day. Here the country becomes a little more varied with hills, on some of which Mr. Duff has formed extensive plantations. Five or six miles higher, on this side of the river, is the village of Rothes, in a pleasant plain, at the opening of a glen, which stretches, in a north-westerly direction, toward Elgin. The houses are mostly new; and the proprietor appears to have been at considerable pains, in encouraging the industry of the tenants. Of the ancient castle little now remains. It was seated on a green mount, surrounded by a foss; and from the

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thickness of the wall, must have been very strongly built. The lower Craig Elachie borders on this parish, as the upper, at thirty miles distance, does on the country of Badenoch. *Craig Elachie*, or the rock of alarm, was the spot, to which, in days of yore, the clan Grant resorted, on the alarm of any hostile invasion of their territory. It is still the armorial motto of their chief, and is represented in his crest, surmounted by beacon fires, with which it formerly gleamed.

The country, bounded by these rocks, is termed Strathspey, and has given name to an elegant class of tunes, adapted to the performance of the Scotch reel. This lively dance is too well known, to render any description of it necessary; but it suggests some observations on the peculiar customs of the Highlands, which may not be unworthy notice. At first view, it appears somewhat contradictory, that the Scottish nation, who are remarkable, when compared with their southern neighbours, for the general gravity of their behaviour, and even for austerity in their moral character, should be no less distinguished for the prevalence of so lively an amusement as dancing, and for their peculiar activity in its performance. It is probable, that these, and similar circumstances,

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in national character, might always be explained by history, if historians had thought it worth while to note the operating causes of every change in manners. Thus a judicious friend of mine once pointed out the value of the old German chronicles, to some of their literati, who did not dream that any use could be made of records like the following: "In this year was composed the popular ballad, beginning so and so;"—"About this time lived the famous Harper, who introduced such or such a measure." Perhaps the same causes, which produced in the Highlanders their fondness for the song and the tale, also cherished their partiality to the dance. It appears here in its most natural state, as the expression rather of liveliness, than of grace; yet the same steps, the same figures, and tunes, are capable of being united with the most refined elegance, as we see in those polished assemblies, which combine the taste of the South, with the favourite amusement of the North.

The recent changes in the Highland modes of living, have operated much toward the restraint of this amusement; but it still forms a very general branch of education. Young boys are seen dancing, with great agility, the *Shantrews*, the *Hornpipe*, or the *Reel*; and in the execution of the *Fling*, there

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is a life and spirit, which few but the native Highlanders can attain. On festival seasons, and holidays, the piper, or his modern substitute, the fiddler, still collects around him a jovial ring, whose exertions are continued for several hours, with unremitting vigour and sprightliness. But the most animated occasion used to be furnished by the Penny Weddings, a custom now almost obsolete. The guests, who assembled, in great numbers, from the surrounding country, usually brought some present for the wedding feast; and a collection was made among them, for the profit of the piper. The first dance was performed by the young married couple; and from the *mauvaise honte*, which they usually exhibited, it was called the *Shame o't Reel.* Afterward, every one who contributed, had a right to a dance, in turn; and when the whole was once gone through, such of them, as chose, danced the *Come-again Reel.* The amiable nobleman, who communicated to me these particulars, has described a similar scene with great liveliness and humour, in the well-known ballad, "There's cauld Kail in Aberdeen." This genuine portraiture of rustic life was the production of a youthful muse; but it received the

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highest of all praise, in the approbation bestowed on it by the poet of Nature, Burns.

On the eastern side of the Spey, the road, ascending from the town of Fochabers, commands an extensive view, northward, of the town, the castle, the sea, and the distant mountains of Sutherland and Caithness. The prospect before you is less inviting. You deviate from the river, over bleak hills, only varied by fir plantations. In this sandy soil, the overflowing of the brooks is often highly prejudicial. This was the case, with a small burn, called Auldearg, which in crossing the road, had torn it up so much, as to render it nearly impassable; and lower down, near the river, it had worn the banks into a great variety of wild romantic forms. The same sort of country continues, as you pass by Auchluncart (the residence of P. Stewart, Esq.), and the new church of Boharm, both on the right. Three miles further, on the left, is the old church of Boharm, with the manse, pleasantly situated, and commanding a prospect of the opening of Glen Fiddich. The scenery now begins to assume a more Highland air: at some distance, in front, is the summit of Belrinnes, the sovereign of the mountains hereabout; and on the left is Beneagan, or the hill of clefts,

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Crossing a shoulder of this latter, we descended through its fir plantations, to Arndilly, the seat of —— Macdowal Grant, Esq. To this gentleman we paid more than one visit, and found abundant entertainment in the picturesque beauties of a spot, which he has already done much to improve, and which yet offers great facilities for the display of taste. Arndilly, or Arntullie, was probably named from the aller trees, which grew spontaneously about it. These have been augmented by plantations of fir, &c.; and the house is now screened, on the north, by bending mountains clothed with wood. At its base, the Spey forms a considerable sweep; and the mansion, placed on a commanding eminence, looks southward, over the winding course of the river, the lower Craig Elachie, &c.

A little below Arndilly, the Fiddich falls into the Spey. Turning from the road to explore this glen, it soon affords some pleasing scenery. The banks are high, and planted with fir, and other wood. Among them are seen some remains of the Castle of Gualdwall, supposed to have been built by William Moray, Lord of Boharm, in 1210; but at present too insignificant to merit much notice. Kininvey, the family seat of —— Leslie, Esq. is seated a little

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higher up, at a bend of the river, commanding an agreeable prospect of the vale. The house itself is of considerable antiquity, and appears to have been more extensive than at present: it is still, however, a comfortable residence, and afforded me a hospitable reception, on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie.

Within sight of this, is Balvenie, a handsome modern seat, belonging to the Earl of Fife, but placed in a damp, unwholesome situation. Immediately above it, are the ruins of the old castle, which, in 1446, gave title to John Douglas, Lord Balvenie: they are considerable in extent, tolerably well preserved, and command a fine view from their situation; but they have little immediately around them to add to their dignity. The name *Bal-manie* is said to commemorate the fall of Magnus, a Danish general, and this is in some measure corroborated by a circular mount, planted with firs, a monument of some ancient battle. At the Milltown, near the Castle, I experienced the hospitable attentions of Captain Cameron, who having passed the early part of his life in the Dutch service, has been attracted to this retired spot, by that love of the *natale solum*, which so generally animates a Scottish breast.

The village of Mortlich, about five miles from

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the mouth of the glen, is remarkable for the beauty of its situation, at the junction of the Dullan and Fiddich, but more so for its traces of ancient celebrity. The church, though now so small, was once the seat of a bishopric, founded in commemoration of the important victory, in 1010, by which the Danes were finally expelled from Scotland. The river Dullan, about a mile above the village, is confined by some singular rocks, one of which, from its form, obtains the name of the Giant's Chair, and not far from this is a spreading cascade, called the Lady's Apron. We walked to view these spots, which have no great sublimity of feature. The scene, nevertheless, is curious. Here, it is said, Malcolm II. aided by the nature of the rocks, dammed up the water to a great height, and suddenly discharging it upon the Danish army, encamped in the plain below, swept away some, divided the others, and attacking them in this state of confusion, was completely successful. Near the church-yard stands a rude obelisk, similar to that at Forres, but much smaller, and the sculpture on it almost wholly effaced by time. It is not improbable, that this may have been the record of so important an event, and may have given name to the parish and bishopric,

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which were anciently called Murthlac, either from *Mór Clach*, the great stone; or (in reference to their situation), from *Mór lag*, the great hollow.

The Dullan, so called from *Tuil*, a flood, takes its rise in the hills of Glen Rinnes, between which and Glen Livat, was fought, in 1594, the battle named from the latter, when the Earls of Huntly and Errol, defeated the royal forces under Argyle. In the Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh, is an ancient MS. poem on this battle, a transcript of which was shown to me by my learned friend Mr. Leyden, whose annotations would be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquarian literature. The Fiddich, or *Fiodidh*, i. e. woody, deserves that name from the ancient woods, which have extended far along its banks. On this river, about five miles above Mortlich, stands the castle of Achindune, a place which must have been impregnable, in the days of its first construction. It overhangs the river, on a steep mount, whose fabrication is evidently artificial, at least in part; for as, on the one hand, we cannot believe that Art has worked on so great a scale, without some aid from Nature; so, on the other, we cannot imagine that Nature, unassisted by Art, has conducted her operations with such evident regularity.

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It was very anciently a fortified station; for here lay the royal army, under Malcolm II. previous to the battle of Mortlich, and here the Earl of Huntly was stationed, before that of Glen Livat. This place is also alluded to in the old martial ballad, beginning:

> "When I came in by Achindune,
> A little wee bit frae the toun."

Continuing up the glen, we came to one of the level roads, cut by the Duke, in the manner of those in Glen Röy, and leading on each side to his Grace's hunting lodge. This is a simple pile, not unappropriate to its situation, or use. It does not afford accommodation for a numerous retinue; but is barely calculated for a very small party, to enjoy the sports of the field, or to explore the wild mountain scenery, far from public roads, or a cultivated neighbourhood. The sides of the steep narrow glen, almost meeting, inclose this secluded dwelling between their woody screens; but the ancient oaks are much destroyed by the red deer, which abound here. Numerous herds of those animals are discovered even from the lodge windows: I counted at one time between two and three hundred, from a neighbouring hill, which re-echoed with the roaring of the bucks, and the

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rattling of horns in their furious contests. The shooting huts, which are scattered here and there, are of the simplest construction, and give additional wildness to the scene.

Such a retirement, within a few hours ride of a more public residence, enables its possessor to combine, with great effect, the advantages of society and solitude. Every morning, the Duke received accounts from Gordon Castle; and I was not a little surprised to see them brought by a Highlander, who walked above twenty miles, before breakfast. It was, indeed, a period particularly interesting. The gallant Marquis of Huntly was suffering, in a foreign land, the consequences of a dangerous wound received in the unfortunate affair of the 2d of October. I was a witness to the paternal feelings of the Duke, and to the general anxiety of the whole country, and though a personal stranger to the Marquis, I could not but sympathize with affections so strong, and so universal.

A few facts will show how well grounded was the esteem, in which this brave young nobleman was held. Disregarding the temptations to ease and inactivity, which his high rank afforded, he had anxiously sought an opportunity of serving his country,

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in a station no less dangerous than honourable. He commanded a regiment, to which his attachment was no less than theirs to him; and never was a commander more beloved. At the head of 600 brave men, he went into a battle, where their valour attracted the admiration even of the enemy; he exposed himself to the hottest of the fire, and, though more than once repulsed, returned obstinately to the charge. The unfortunate issue is too well known. The Marquis himself was wounded, and the regiment lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, fourteen of its officers, and nearly 300 of its men. In the midst of his torture, he was mindful of his friends at home. He dispatched several different letters, signed by himself, though he could with difficulty hold a pen. Of his own suffering he spoke little, but of his regiment he said, with just, and patriotic exultation, "They behaved as Highlanders should do." Their attachment to their commander was no less forcibly testified. A friend of mine, who was present, declared, that he never heard a cry so expressive of horror and revenge, as was set up by the whole regiment, when they saw the Marquis fall: and one of the soldiers, who brought him in wounded, hung over him in an agony of despair, exclaiming that he

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would rather have perished himself, with twenty of his comrades, than have beheld so mournful a sight.

The return of the Marquis to his native country excited a sensation of joy, neither less general, nor less strong. All ranks of people crowded to behold him at Gordon Castle; they celebrated his arrival, with every expression of transport; and their fond attachment to his name and family was redoubled by his personal bravery and sufferings. Such scenes as these are the noblest testimony of an exalted character. Great talents, or brilliant events, may command admiration; but the gratification of the mind is then only complete, when love is added. This sentiment cannot be purchased, nor can it be mistaken. In the present instance, I write only from observation, but from an observation which cannot easily err. I read the character of the Marquis, in the undisguised, and undistorted feelings of a whole country. It is scarcely necessary to add, that those great personages, who had the best means of estimating his services, were most sensible of their value. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales testified his sentiments, by the appropriate present of a Highland mull, set in gold, decorated with valuable Scotch pebbles, and

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inscribed with a handsome compliment to the Marquis, in the Gaelic language.

I shall easily be pardoned by a real lover of nature, for a digression, which I could not well avoid, when speaking of the local scenery, with which these recollections were associated. If any apology be due, it is to the Marquis of Huntly himself, for the very inadequate manner, in which I have delineated the impressions of my mind, on so interesting a subject.

From Glen Fiddich, I accompanied the Duke of Gordon, and Sir George Abercrombie, on various short excursions, among the hills. The scenery was wild and uncultivated, but it possessed little variety. From the top of the Dune, a hill in front of the lodge, the windings of the Fiddich present a good effect. A few miles to the west, is a hollow, called Alaster More's Pantry, it having served as a storehouse to a noted outlaw so named. This Gaelic appellation was given to him on account of his size, and signifies, as a countryman explained it to my companion, "muckle Sandy," or, in Fluellin's phrase, Alexander the big. In a farther part of our ramble, we passed the Glacks of Balloch, noted in the well-known song, "Roy's Wife of Aultivallich."

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Aultivallich, or the Ruffian's Brook, lies on the Deveron. Roy's wife, whose name was Eppy Stewart, is still remembered in this part of the country; I met with an old man, who described her to me, and said, he was in Roy's house, when a boy, during the rebellion of 1745. The word glack, a common Scotticism for a hilly pass, answers to the Latin *furcæ*, being derived from the Gaelic *galloch*, a fork; hence the swallow is picturesquely denominated *galloch an gaoight*, the fork of the wind; and hence too the earwig is vulgarly termed in Scotland, gollocher.

Cultivation and human society seem usually to have begun near the mouths of great rivers, and proceeded gradually toward the springs, which feed them. Hence, we found an extent of dreary and desolate country, in those parts, where the streams seemed doubtfully wandering different ways; those with an easterly direction joining the Deveron, and those with a westerly one, the Spey. The cottages were few in number, and wretched, and the misery of the inhabitants was augmented by the excessive poorness of the crop, a great part of which they were cutting down green, to serve as fodder, having no sun to ripen it. In the year 1782, when a similar evil be-

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fell the country, it was greatly alleviated by the exertions of the opulent proprietors. The liberal and judicious measures of relief, adopted at that time by the Duke of Gordon, are not yet forgotten. They mark those feelings, which have ever attached him to his tenantry, and which are the surest pledge of a return on their part. I observed with pleasure the personal regard, which they expressed for him, and I was not surprised at it, when I beheld him enter a miserable hut, among these moors, inquire with familiar kindness into the family affairs, and at parting put into the hand of the old *gude wife* some money, to relieve her necessities; this brought tears into her eyes—"Blessings on him!" said she, "he was aye gude till me and mine."

Upon quitting Glen Fiddich, and proceeding from its mouth up the Spey, we found the road bleak, and uninviting. Belrinnes lifted his snow-covered summit on our left; on our right was the river, and beyond it the houses of Easter and Wester Elchies, the former old, the latter modern. Nothing picturesque attracted our notice, until we reached the village of Aberlour, seated on a small brook, whose bridge, with the church, and cottages, on its banks, formed a very pleasing composition. This was suc-

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ceeded by cold, dreary hills, until we descended upon Inveraven, where the view assumes features at once beautiful and majestic. The Avon, a very considerable river, here joins the Spey. Such situations are usually favourable to landscape. The various course of the rivers, the verdure produced by the rich mould, which they bring down, the different direction of the mountains, all conspire to produce a variety, which in the present instance was enriched by several picturesque objects, the church and manse of Inveravon, the plantations creeping up the opposite hills, and the rich woods of Ballindalach about a mile distant.

Ballindalach, the seat of General Grant, is an old but considerable edifice, seated, as its name is said to imply, in a level plain, near the discharge of the Avon. Here we were hospitably entertained, and found much amusement in tracing the wooded winding banks, through which paths have been led, with great judgment. We had a proof, that the impetuous floods which give name to the Spey, also characterize its tributary streams. Shortly previous to our arrival, the Avon had poured from its mountain sources so tremendous a torrent, that in a few hours it broke down the stone bridge, covered the whole meadow with sand, made some breaches in the garden

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wall, and rushed into the lower part of the house itself. The mischief was great, and the danger serious; but the picturesque effect was highly improved. The broken bridge, and dashing river, formed an admirable fore-ground, to the old mansion, whose spiry summits peeped, at some distance, from the midst of its venerable plantations.

Following the course of the Spey, through a country mostly bare, but with two or three beautiful hollows, we reached the village of Cromdale, about nine miles from Ballindalach. Here we crossed the river by a ferry-boat, and came, at about two miles, to Castle Grant. This ancient pile has long been the chief seat of the family of Grant, who are believed to have come from Strath Errick to Strathspey, about the year 1400, at which time they were distinguished by the title of this estate, *Freuchie*, i. e. heathy. Long before this, they were among the most noble names of the north, and different antiquaries have assigned to them different origins, which it would be neither easy nor important to reconcile. It is a more agreeable, as well as a more useful task, to notice those virtues, by which they are at present so eminently distinguished. "Every object of distress, within their reach," says the au-

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thor of the Statistical Account of this parish, "experiences their charity." Under their influence, the village of Grantown has been entirely created; and they contribute largely to every useful institution, particularly to the parochial school.

The best view of Castle Grant is from some distance, on the opposite side of the Spey. The vast, gloomy mass of fir wood, by which it is surrounded, precludes every impression of the beautiful: there is a solemn dignity in its character; but even this is much destroyed, on a near approach, by the uninteresting modern front, which has been applied to the old building. The interior retains a venerable air, and is well furnished, possessing several pictures of merit.

The village of Grantown is about a mile and a half distant. Two or three miles, in a different direction, is the Castle of Lochindorb, an object rather of curiosity, than of picturesque beauty. It is an extensive ruin, built on an island, which has the appearance of being artificial, in the middle of a lake. Such situations were not unfrequently chosen, when the arts of attack were less complicated, than at present; and they appear to have been capable of a long and vigorous resistance.

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Passing through Grantown, and keeping the west bank of the Spey, the landscape continues for the most part tame and uninteresting, until you reach Avimore, a distance of fourteen miles. Here a new scene of grandeur presents itself. The inn, a solitary house, whose exterior is better than its interior, forms a very striking object: it is backed by Craig Elachie, the northernmost of a long range of mountains, which now begins to open. But the view becomes far more sublime, after passing Avimore, and winding through woods of natural birch, by the river's side, when you ascend an eminence, which commands the plain of Alvie, and the course of the Spey, bounded by the lofty and distant mountains beyond Pitmain. I contemplated this noble scene, with a double pleasure: it resembled, in magnitude of feature, those landscapes, which I had so much admired, in an earlier part of my tour; and it differed from them, in the length and openness of the vale, which seem to impress on it an inland character, very distinct from the stupendous scenery of the western coast.

After pausing long, to admire the snowy piles in the horizon, tinged by the setting sun, I descended to the river side, and with some difficulty, found a

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boat, to ferry me across to Rothemurchus, the seat of —— Grant, Esq. This gentleman is no less known for his taste and amiable manners, than for the eminent talents which he has shown at the Scotch bar. I passed a day or two under his roof, with much pleasure, which was increased by finding, that Mrs. Grant was a relation of my intimate friend, the tutor of Corpus Christi College. The old house of Rothemurchus was close upon the Spey, and was called the Deane, probably from a hillock near it, which appears to have been anciently fortified. Mr. Grant was at this time busily engaged in enlarging and improving it; and the new mansion, when completed, will be one of the handsomest in this part of the country. The estate is bounded by the Spey, on one side; and on the other, by the lofty mountain of Cairn Gorum, 4060 feet in height. The pebbles named from this mountain are well known. They are found also in other spots; but here they have been discovered in the greatest quantity, and of the finest lustre. The largest, of which I have ever heard, is in the possession of Lady Grant, of Grant, and weighs sixteen pounds eleven ounces. Mrs. Grant, of Rothemurchus, possesses one of thirteen ounces and a half; it is, in its native state, of a yel-

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lowish grey colour, transparent, and hexagonal, with a pyramidal top; but those of such a magnitude are difficult to be met with, especially of late, since they have been purchased by lapidaries at very high prices.

The skirts of a large mountain are usually productive of grand scenery. It is the case here. Running along the northern side, is the great forest of Glenmore, belonging to the Duke of Gordon, which with the part belonging to the other proprietors, forms a continued fir wood, fourteen miles in length; and near the river is much birch, and other natural wood. The timber is floated down the Spey, by damming up the water so as to produce an artificial flood. Being thus brought to the river's mouth, it is wrought by saw-mills, &c. or embarked for distant markets. Among the declivities, which form the base of the mountain, are several secluded spots, singularly wild and romantic. Here is Loch Gaun, a small lake, wholly surrounded by firs, above which peep craggy summits of bare rock. Loch-an-eilan is somewhat larger, being about a mile broad: it takes its name from an island apparently artificial, on which are the ruins of a castle. Such buildings can have little of the picturesque, but what is afforded by their

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architectural form. They cannot be overshadowed by a lofty canopy of trees, or raised on a bold jutting rock; and whatever variety of outline their tops may afford, their bases, being close to the water, cannot possibly possess any variety. They were, however, very strongly fortified, and became the last refuge of the barons, in times of danger. Tradition inform us, that this insulated fortress was the object of a bloody contest between the Shaws and the Cummings, in the fourteenth century: and the thickness of the walls testifies the violence of the assaults, which they sustained. In viewing them, we were accompanied by an intelligent old countryman, whose whole life had been spent among these wilds. He seemed to be the fairest authority, to which I could apply, for the genuine feeling of the native Highlanders, concerning Ossian. To this subject, therefore, I directed the discourse, and was confirmed by what he said, and still more by his looks and manner, in my former opinion respecting their authenticity. The recollection of their general outline seemed to recur to his mind, like a dream of his youth; he lamented the change of general manners, which had almost extinguished oral tradition; and dwelt on those beauties in the poems, which had

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formerly excited his enthusiasm, and which, though vaguely recollected, were recollected with delight.

From Rothemurchus to Kinrara, a distance of about two miles, is a walk as simply beautiful, as any part of the Highlands can be, where the objects are on so grand a scale. The Spey flowing under a long wall of mountain crags and fir plantations, embraces in its sweep a verdant plain which is close shut in, on the opposite side, by the hill of Tor Alvie. Thus is formed a lovely retirement, where taste itself would have wished to plant its favourite abode. In this very spot, on a knoll commanding the small plain, and itself sheltered by the loftier hill, stands the cottage of her Grace, the Dutchess of Gordon. Around it are the birch woods, which creep gently up the sides of the hill. The house was a mere Highland farm, no better than the others of this country. Her Grace has taken it, as it stood, its thatched roof, its out-houses, its barn and byre, and with the addition only of a single room, and with some alteration of arrangement in the others, has converted it into a summer residence. Those, whose notions of enjoyment are built only upon a city life, and who know the spirit and animation, which the Dutchess of Gordon infuses into the circles of

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KINRARA.

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fashion, will probably be astonished at her being able to derive enjoyment from so different a source. They will not believe, that a mind habituated to all the polish and splendour of courts, can find gratification in the simple pleasures of nature, or that "ball-rooms and hot theatres" can give place to the calm and cool air, the soft and tranquil shade of a Highland cottage. The combination of tastes so different, and apparently opposite, is owing only to superior mental activity; and the ultimate prevalence of natural simplicity, over all the elaborate refinements of art, proves an innate delicacy of discrimination. I esteem myself fortunate, not only in having visited this lovely spot; but in having remarked the effect, which its beauties produced on so polished a mind. Had I needed any proof, that Nature is the primary standard of true taste, this would have afforded conviction. Fashion and system have, indeed, a secondary influence; and circumstances often oblige us to sacrifice to them more than is their due; but we feel a real satisfaction, whenever we are enabled to give ourselves up to the guidance of pure, unvitiated feeling.

A residence in Badenoch, one of the wildest of the Highland districts, necessarily cuts off many of

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the accommodations of polished life. The want of coals was supplied by a large peat-stack; and no baker being at hand, our bread was brought either from Inverness, thirty-five miles distant, or from Perth, which is eighty, by the daily carriages on that road. Add to this, that the house itself was by no means well built, and the construction of the chimneys in particular was so faulty, as to fill the rooms frequently with smoke. The task of improvement was therefore one great occupation. Her Grace has planned the establishment of a village, at a little distance, whose bakers, butchers, &c. may serve all the adjacent country.

For the cottage itself, should it become, as it well deserves, a place of frequent residence, some architectural embellishment would be necessary. The Dutchess has, therefore, received several designs for this purpose; but her taste is too correct to adopt any, whose simplicity does not accord with the surrounding scenery. To the westward of the knoll on which the cottage stands, is a small plain rendered marshy by a brook, which flows through it; the draining and ornamenting this spot, with a due regard to its natural capabilities, will form no unpleasing exercise for a lover of the picturesque. With a

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similar view, her Grace has planned a garden, in a hollow of the hill, which at the same time serves to shelter its productions, to screen it from sight, and to produce the effect of a pleasing surprise on its discovery. The neighbouring declivities are clothed with woods, among which she has opened several walks and drives. In directing their formation, and often in pruning the trees with her own hand, she finds her morning employment no less healthful than entertaining. The nature of the soil is very favourable to these out-of-door occupations; for though heavy and continued rains are not unfrequent, the turf becomes dry, within half an hour after their cessation.

From what I have said, it will easily be imagined, that there was little room for tedium, or ennui; notwithstanding the neighbourhood afforded very few visitors, and her Grace had no other companions, but her grand-daughter, Miss Lenox, and her friend Mrs. Rose, of Inverness. In the evenings our time was passed with authors most interesting in such a situation—with Ossian, the painter of Highland scenery—with Burns, the still more animated painter of Scottish feelings: nor should I forget Mr. Price's Essay on the Picturesque, which served as a text-

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book to all our discussions on local improvement. The most amiable light, in which the Dutchess appeared, was that of a benefactress to the surrounding country. She visited individually the separate cottages of the peasants; at one time she prevailed on a great number to have their children inoculated under her inspection; and she was ever ready to give her personal advice and assistance to those, who applied for it. The affability of her manners, still more than the extent of her benevolence, rendered her name universally beloved. This is the true secret of securing personal attachment, and may, perhaps, afford no useless example to those, who, after much ostentatious charity, complain of ingratitude in the poor, whom they have relieved.

While her Grace was thus occupied, we wandered with delight, from prospect to prospect, among these grand and varied scenes. They began, indeed, to lose much of their beauty, and to put on dreariness, and the symptoms of approaching winter; for it was

> "That time of year—
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon the boughs—."

The autumn was far spent, and the wind storms, which came off the tops of the mountains, frequently

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brought passing showers of snow. The views, however, were yet interesting. As we ascended the hill on the north-west, and looked back toward the cottage, it formed a pleasing picture. The upward course of the Spey was seen flowing from Loch Inch, and winding through the plain of Kinrara, at the foot of a vast barrier of steep fir-covered mountains. The craggy summits opposite the cottage were expressed by their names, such as *Craig Fiochlach*, the teeth rock, &c. and beyond these appeared a still loftier range, whose highest point, shooting "far into the clear blue sky," is the celebrated Cairn Gorum*. The hill on which we now were, is called Tor Alvie, an insulated mass, which separates Kinrara from the large moor, in which are placed the kirk and loch of Alvie. This moor appears to have been formerly a lake, its level being very exact, though much higher than that of Kinrara. It is bounded on the north-west by a long mountainous ridge called Craig Alvie, at whose northern extremity is Craig Elachie; and at its southern, Craigoo. The road runs through it from Avimore to Pitmain. Near the former of

* Gaelic *gorm*, blue, or rather, as applied to hills, bright green; hence Tulloch Gorum in Strathspey (giving name to a well-known tune), signifies the small green hill.

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these places is a pleasing little lake, and a druidical circle; near the latter is Ruthven Castle, a ruined fortress. The view from Tor Alvie, to the north-east, includes the plain country beyond Avimore, the windings of the Spey, and the hill of Kincardine, between which and Cairn Gorum, is the great forest of Glenmore.

It was not without regret that I quitted Kinrara, after nine days stay. The snow already covered the mountains, which I had to cross: they were some of the loftiest in Scotland, and being quite trackless, could not be explored without a guide. From these considerations, added to the danger arising from the lateness of the season, I was glad to accept the offer of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, minister of Kingusie, to sleep at his house at Dell, near the opening of Glen Fishie, previously to my walking up that glen, in the morning. About three miles above Kinrara, is the boat of Inch, a ferry at the mouth of Loch Inch. This lake, which is about a mile in length, is formed by the Spey, spreading out its waters, in the plain, through which it runs. The breadth of the valley precludes any great boldness of scenery in the banks themselves: but the towering mountains form a noble and interesting distance. The old parish

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church being situated on a spot occasionally insulated, gave it the name of Inch, i. e. *innis*, the island.

Crossing at the ferry, I passed by Inverishie, the residence of —— Macpherson, Esq. and in my way to Mr. Anderson's, at the head of the lake, observed, on the opposite side of the valley, Kincraig, the seat of Mac Intosh of Mac Intosh, and Belville, built by the translator of Ossian. The latter is a large and splendid pile, little suited to the wild and unpopulous country in which it is placed. It is a striking proof of the strong local attachment so universal in the Highlanders, and so contradictory to the common-place sarcasm against Scottish adventurers. Mr. Macpherson was a native of Badenoch, and occupied the humble station of a village schoolmaster there. He was first brought into public notice by his translation of the poems of Ossian: and afterwards made his way to opulence in the East Indies; but no spot possessed so much attraction for him as his natal soil; and if we cannot praise the taste of his edifice, we may at least sympathize in the feeling which directed its situation.

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SECTION XV.

THE MIDDLE HIGHLAND ROAD.

THE road which is distinguished as that of the Middle Highlands, leads from Aviemore, by Pitmain, Dalwhinnie, Dalnacardoch, and Blair in Athol, to Edinburgh. As there is nothing peculiarly interesting in the earlier stages, and as I was anxious to see the noble scenery at the head of the Dee, and to join a most agreeable party of friends at Invercauld, I determined to cross the mountains in that direction, and returning to the great road at Blair, to include in my tour the most striking objects on both roads. It was six in the morning when I left Dell, by moonlight; for it was now the middle of November. A sturdy old Highlander was my guide, whom, however, I afterwards found to be but little qualified for his office; for he informed me, that it was thirty years since he had travelled that road. The weather, though cold, was not unfavourable. The greatest danger that is to be apprehended, on such an expe-

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dition, is a fog, which if it overtake you in the midst of the hills, renders it no less difficult to return, than to go on. It is, therefore, always advisable to trace upward the stream of a glen, and after passing its sources, to descend by the brooks, which flow in a different direction.

After crossing a few slight eminences, among which were scattered some poor hamlets, we entered the deep glen of the Fishie, bounded by lofty mountains, whose sides, for a long distance, were clothed with fir. The last trace of human habitation was a green, turf-built hut, belonging to the shepherd of the glen. At the door (for I could not enter on account of the smoke), I sate, to take some refreshment: and could not but be struck with the mountains, which, at no great distance to the eastward, seem to bar all further access. Their forms were fantastic; and their snowy tops, tinged with crimson by the rising sun, gave life and beauty to the silent prospect. On advancing, we found the glen wind to the left, scarcely affording room to creep along the base of the rocks, which confined the stream. The mountain masses, though apparently the haunt only of the eagle, or the roe, had each a peculiar name, many of which evidently related to

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a state of manners and cultivation very different from the present—thus *Stroan-na-Barin*, *Craig-na-Cailloch*, and *Craig-na-Gaur*, are the promontory of the queen, the rock of the old woman, and that of the goats; but it is long since goats have occupied any great part in the system of Highland agriculture: the term *Cailloch* is very commonly applied to the nuns, who have been still longer abolished; and history can scarcely inform us what queen it was, who left her name to these now deserted wilds.

After reaching the heights, we crossed a dreary moor, surrounded by the tops of some of the highest mountains in Scotland, from Cairn Gorum, on the left, to Scarsoch, on the right. In this moor are the streams of the Fishie and the Giouly, flowing different ways: by descending the latter, we soon reached the glen of the Dee. This river, receiving several tributary brooks, becomes of considerable importance, and is bordered by the fir plantations of Mar Lodge, a hunting seat of the Earl of Fife's. The vale now opened with great majesty, presenting a noble assemblage of mountain forms, which added to the windings of the river, formed a succession of the most delightful landscapes, as we passed Mar Lodge, the castle town of Braemar, and at length

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reached Invercauld, the seat of —— Farquharson, Esq. after a continued walk of twelve hours.

No place, that I have seen in Scotland, is more characteristically adapted to the residence of a Highland chieftain, than Invercauld, and few are more judiciously preserved in an appropriate state of decoration. The house is a large and irregular building, more suitable to such a situation, than if its architecture were formally scientific. It stands on a rising ground, not far removed from the bank of the Dee, which glides silently, and majestically, through the valley. All around are vast birch woods, and firs, which Mr. Farquharson has planted in incredible numbers. The mountain, which rises behind the house, is Craig Leik: those which stretch in front, like a gigantic amphitheatre, are perhaps among the loftiest in Britain; for their height has never been ascertained. The large mass, to the northward of east, is topped by the peak of Loch-na-Gar: below these is the opening of Balloch Buy, an immense fir wood, among whose shades the Fall of Garwal glitters to the sun. Stretching round to the south are the wild cliffs and precipices of Craig Cluny, Scailloch-na-Moustard, and Craig Caonich; westward, about a mile and a half distant, are the castle

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and town of Braemar, backed by Craig Clerich; and further up, the vale is shut in by the vast mountain screens folding before each other, whilst above them peer the summits of Ben-y-Bourd, Ben Vrotachan, &c.

Nor was the interior of Invercauld less agreeable, than its exterior was striking. Here, beside rejoining the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld; Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, of Monaltry; and Dr. and Mrs. Farquharson, of Cluny: and the social pleasure of this small party rendered the want of intercourse with a populous vicinity scarcely perceptible. Our leisure was partly occupied with the examination of a well-selected cabinet of natural curiosities, the most remarkable of which was a large crystal of the Cairn Gorum kind, nearly two feet long, and found within Mr. Farquharson's domain on Ben-y-Bourd. These beautiful minerals are produced, in some abundance, on all the surrounding mountains, each of which is remarkable for a different gem. The brown kind and the topaz are the most common; amethysts are said to be confined to Loch-na-Gar, and emeralds, the most precious of all, to Ben-y-Bourd.

Few proprietors have done more, or with more

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judgment, toward the improvement of their estates, both in appearance and in product, than Mr. Farquharson. Of the ancient royal forest of Mar he keeps a great proportion in its natural state, as does the Earl of Fife; and on both properties the deer are cherished with great care. There are many natural woods, but the extent of plantation is still greater, Mr. Farquharson himself, in the course of a long possession, having planted no less than sixteen millions of fir, and two millions of larch. The latter is newly introduced into the practice of Scotch plantation, and answers for every purpose, except fuel, much better than the fir. Firs, however, appear tolerably congenial to this soil, and there still remain some very ancient ones, above 100 feet in straight height. They were much more numerous; but having been injudiciously thinned, the wind forced its way into the plantation, and in one night laid most of these veterans low. Much has been said in dispraise of the Scotch fir. I think the natural beauty of the individual tree has been greatly undervalued; but surely when planted on so broad a scale, their effect is peculiarly adapted to augment the grandeur and majesty of these vast hollows. At Invercauld, as in Glenmore, the mountains seem to be divided

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by a dark sea of firs, whose uniformity of hue and appearance affords inexpressible solemnity to the scene, and carries back the mind to those primeval ages, when the axe had not yet invaded the boundless regions of the forest.

But the moat remarkable of Mr. Farquharson's improvements are the roads, which he has carried, in a variety of directions, through his estate, for purposes both of utility, and of pleasure. They are in all considerably more than twenty miles; they are excellently constructed, and their level so well kept, that you reach, by a regular progress, the very tops of the mountains, ere you are well aware of having ascended. Before any of the roads, public or private, were formed, Invercauld was much more completely separated from social intercourse, than at present. Among many instances of this, perhaps more humourous than accurate, I heard the following:—Some time previous to the year forty-five, a number of Invercauld's tenants were observed by a neighbouring proprietor marching in a long procession, and apparently heavily laden. Upon investigation, it was found, that they had been to Aberdeen, and on their return, had each brought a large piece of coal, as a present to the laird. Of the local attach-

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ment of the very lowest classes Mr. Farquharson himself related to me the following instance. He had recommended a young herdsman to a gentleman in the south of Scotland, who gave him very good wages; but walking out a short time afterward, he was surprised to see Donald returned, and sauntering idly about the fields. He immediately inquired the cause, and Donald answered, that "he did not like the south country, it was sae cauld—he could not find a tree, or a hill, to keep him warm." The fondness of a Highlandman for whiskey is proverbial; but perhaps it was never more forcibly expressed, than by a man of this neighbourhood, who said "he was aye wae, when the taste was out of his mouth."

A new road has lately been made, at a considerable expence, nearly the whole way along the bank of the Dee, to Aberdeen, which, from the nature of the country, must afford much fine scenery. This is particularly the case at the pass of Ballater, near Monaltry, about five miles below Invercauld. My excursions did not lead me so far as this; but I crossed the bridge of Dee, and paid a visit to Dr. Farquharson at Cluny, with whom and Mr. Farquharson of Monaltry, I found much pleasure, in riding through

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the fir-woods, visiting the Fall of the Garwal, and contemplating the rocky points of Stroan-na-Brock, and the Charter Chest. The latter is so named, from a scarcely accessible cave, in which the family charters were long concealed, during the civil contests of this country. About two miles above the house of Cluny, on the same side of the water, stand the castle and castle town of Braemar, the latter being merely a few huts gathered together under the shelter of the fortress. The castle was originally a patrimonial inheritance of the chief of the Farquharsons, who having exchanged it with the Earl of Mar, it was forfeited by the attainder of that nobleman, and repurchased into the family of Farquharson. They have since leased it to government; and it now forms one of those petty garrisons, originally intended to keep in order the tumultuous parts of the Highlands. This place was anciently called *Cean-dreochat*, or bridge-head, from a bridge thrown across the water of Cluny. Many charters of Malcolm Canmore are dated here, and the remains of his royal residence are still visible.

The weather was bright, and pleasant; though every night added to the snow of the mountains, whose peaks, at sunrise and sunset, were tinted

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with the most lively hues of rose colour and crimson. The wild animals began to feel the approach of winter: the deer descended towards the vallies; even the timid roe approached the house, and crossed the paths without apprehension; and one morning, as I walked out to take a sketch, I caught in my hand a poor hare, which was too much chilled to escape. Among the plantations many trees already exhibited

> "——those naked shoots,
> Barren as lances, among which the wind
> Makes wintry music."

And I was more than once reminded most forcibly of that beautifully descriptive passage, in the Task:

> "The redbreast warbles still; but is content
> With slender notes and more than half suppress
> Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
> From spray to spray, where'er he rests, he shakes
> From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
> That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
> Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
> Charms more than silence,"

At this time, Mrs. and the Miss Mackays set off, to proceed directly southward, by the Spittle of Glenshee. They were preceded by several countrymen with spades, to cut away the snow; a precaution

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which they afterwards told me they found very serviceable. Notwithstanding the clearness of the day, we were under some anxiety for the event of their journey, and were not a little pleased at the arrival of the messenger from Glenshee, with the account of their having reached that place in safety. I was, however, much more surprised in the month of January, on meeting the Earl of Fife, at Edinburgh, to find that his Lordship had travelled from Banff, by this road, at so late a season.

To that nobleman I am much obliged, for his polite attention to my accommodation at Mar Lodge. He had written a letter to his steward, to prepare a bed for me there, a kindness which, but for the vicinity of Invercauld, I should with pleasure have accepted. I did not, however, omit visiting the interesting scenes, which it affords. Approaching from Invercauld, the first object which strikes you, is the bridge of Coich, an impetuous stream, which forms a cataract, among wild broken rocks, as it hastens to join the Dee. About a mile to the westward, stands Mar Lodge, a small pile, but rendered considerable in appearance, by the extension of false wings, connecting it with the offices. It is seated on a flat, very little above the level of the river, and

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backed by a steep mountain, planted nearly to the top with firs. In its front is a spacious lawn, surrounded with a variety of trees, birch, aller, willow, &c. The Dee is here crossed by a long wooden bridge, with stone arches. About a mile higher up, is another bridge, at the Linn of Dee, where that river forms a fall, after being confined, for above sixty yards, between two rocks, a very few feet distant from each other. Crossing the river, I ascended Craig Neagh, a rocky eminence, where (as in many other commanding spots) Lord Fife has build a rude prospect-house. Here you obtain the best view of Mar Lodge, with the long bridge, and the upper part of the glen, terminated by the summits of Cairn Toul, Glashan Mor, and Ben-y-Vrotan. Some of these prospect-houses are decorated with spires, and other ornaments, rather unsuitable to the magnificence of the natural objects, by which they are surrounded. They serve, indeed, to diversify the landscape; but where variety is only to be attained by the sacrifice of sublimity, a correct taste will deem the purchase too great. One of the most pleasing scenes, belonging to Mar Lodge, is a small hollow, on this side of the river, called Corry Mulzie. Wandering some time between lofty, over-

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archin; rocks, which inclose the course of a brook, you at length reach its fall. The hanging wood, the shrubs and weeds, the natural, or apparently natural steps in the rock, the rude seat from which you view it, and the arch which supports the road above, all together render this a most picturesque retreat. Not far hence I observed a Catholic chapel, to which great numbers of the neighbouring peasantry were resorting. Nor could a stranger fail to notice the neat cottages, which Lord Fife has built for his tenants: thus endeavouring to effect a salutary change in their habits of life, by the introduction of cleanliness, and domestic accommodations.

Having resolved to cross to Blair in Athol, I was supplied with a guide at Mar Lodge, and set off from thence early in the morning. This road is marked in the maps, as one which might easily be travelled by a stranger; but it is, in fact, very much the reverse, a great part of it lying over mountains entirely pathless. Having ascended part of the Giouly, we turned to the left, up another small stream, called the Beinac, until it brought us to the heights. Here we were unfortunately enveloped in mist, and I began to be in some apprehension of missing my way, until my guide discovered a small

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stream flowing southward into the Tilt. When we had once reached Glen Tilt, it was impossible to deviate. Its sides are precipitous, and scarcely afford room for a horse-path, along the stream. The whole way is dreary, and uncultivated: nor does any object occur deserving notice (except a romantic fall on the Tarf, near its junction with the Tilt), until you reach the Forest Lodge, belonging to his Grace the Duke of Athol. The form and situation of this building only fit it for a hunting box, and the scenery around is uninteresting. As you descend the glen, it assumes a more cultivated appearance. About two miles from the lodge, several cottages present themselves, surrounded with birch wood. Here is a bridge, picturesquely situated: the rocky banks are prominent, the mountains steep and lofty, and marked with silver stripes, by the streams, which run down their sides. After some miles of similar country, you emerge from this deep glen, and come at once upon the rich plain of Athol. My walk this day was about twenty-six miles.

Blair, which usually signifies a field of battle, is in its primary sense only a plain: and Athol, which gives name to a very extensive district, is said to be descriptive of its wealth and fertility. Here is placed

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the ancient family seat of the Duke of Athol, which having undergone many changes of form, has been at length reduced from the dignity of its former military character, to that of a mere country retirement. There is nothing very admirable, either in the interior of the house, or in the ornaments of the garden around it; nor is this a matter of great importance to the Duke, since he possesses a place so much richer in picturesque beauty, at Dunkeld, a distance of only twenty miles. The banks of the Tilt, however, which form the boundary between the Duke's estate, and that of —— Robertson, Esq. of Lude, supply some scenes sufficiently known by the criticism of Mr. Gilpin. The Fendar, a small stream, which forms the celebrated falls here, though very generally admired, is justly liable to the censure passed on it by that gentleman. No person can dispute the beauty of the cascades, considered by themselves, as picturesque objects; but their accompaniments, and the direction in which they fall into the Tilt, take off all grandeur of effect.

The course of the Fendar lies chiefly through the grounds of Lude, and the best views of the cascades are on that side of the Tilt. On paying my respects to Mr. Robertson, I was politely accompanied by

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his son, Colonel Robertson, to those points of view, as well as to others in the grounds of Lude, of whose effect the badness of the weather would not permit me to judge. I have, however, since been enabled to form a more correct opinion of their beauty, from the drawings of Mr. Nattes, who having quitted me at Kinrara, had come round by Pitmain, and passed some time with Mr. Robertson. The house of Lude is old, and no way remarkable; but its elevated situation gives it a fine command of the plain of Athol, and of the grand mountains, topped by the summit of Schihallion. About four miles westward from Blair, is Strowan, or the place of streams*, abounding in picturesque scenery, and remarkable for giving title to the poet Robertson, the chief of the considerable clan so named. Here the Garry is joined by the Erochty; and the mill, the church, and the cascades form a combination of interesting objects. A little lower, the Garry is also joined by the Bruar, whose romantic falls so much animated the imagination of Burns, as to produce his beautiful petition to the Duke of Athol, that their banks might be planted. His Grace, by readily granting

* Gaelic *sruthain*, streams.

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this request, has done no less honour to his own taste, than to the poet's wishes; and has greatly added to the beauty of the scene. There are two falls, of which the lower, rushing under a natural arch of the rock, is the more singular; the upper is the more magnificent; and both are well worthy the notice of the traveller.

The country of Athol, in general, is not unproductive of materials for antiquarian research. On and near the banks of the Tilt, are the remains of several cairns, fortresses, and other monuments of "the olden time." The Athol men were always remarkable for their military ardour; nor is that character yet obliterated. Many of them are good performers on the great Highland bagpipe, an instrument whose history leads me to some general observations on Scottish music, which may form no unpardonable digression.—The *Harp* was formerly in general use among the peasantry. It is supposed by Ritson to have been chiefly confined to the Highlands; though James I. is mentioned as a masterly performer on it, and it is enumerated among the Lowland instruments by Silvester Giraldus. The *Stock-and-Horn* is a pipe fixed into a horn. It seems improperly confounded by Ritson with the corn-pipe,

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which is nothing more than a blade of green corn, framed by shepherd boys into a pipe, as described by Chaucer, Shakspeare, &c. The *Trump*, or Jew's harp, is of great antiquity in Scotland. Lochaber is celebrated for it, as is the isle of St. Kilda: at the former of those places I myself heard a young man perform, with great dexterity, on two at once, not without some musical effect. This instrument is mentioned in Wedderburn's *Complaint*; if it be not rather that, which in old English is called by the same name, and of which the trumpet is only a diminutive. The *Violin* is now deservedly becoming popular; and as played by the Gows, it must be owned to give all the spirit of the Scotch dancing tunes. But the instrument generally considered as peculiar to Scotland, and in favour of which there is a strong national partiality on the part of that people, is the *Bagpipe*. There are two kinds (beside the Irish pipes); the Highland, which is played by the mouth, and the Lowland, with which the bellows are used. The latter kind is also supposed to be of Irish origin: the former is exceedingly ancient, not only in Scotland, but all over Europe. To this day, it is used by the Calabrian shepherds. It appears on Greek and Roman bas-reliefs, and is

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seen among the curious Saxon sculptures, which ornament Adderbury church in Oxfordshire. It is asserted, I know not on what authority, to have been brought into Scotland by the Danes, but is not improbably as old as the Roman times. In the "Briefe Description," 1633, it is said of the inhabitants of the Hebrides, that "in place of a drum, they use a bagpipe;" but this does not appear either to have been confined to the islanders, or to have been dedicated solely to war. It is mentioned in the early poem of *Peblis to the Pley*, about 1430. This was probably the Highland pipe; nor was the other introduced at all into Scotland before the seventeenth century, and then probably from England. In a MS. poem of that time, a shepherd is described "with a pair of fine bagpipes upon a green hill;" and at a later period, the pride which the pipers took in that instrument, decorating it with ribands, marching backward and forward, in great state, and seeming inspired by the sounds, which they produced, was well described, in the Elegy on Habbie Simpson:

> "Who on his pipe bore bonny flags;
> He made his cheeks as red as crimson,
> And bobbit when he blew the bags."

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The effect which the bagpipes produce on the Scottish military, is no less striking, than that of the celebrated Ranz des Vaches, on the Swiss. It is to be accounted for chiefly from the associated recollection of their native soil; but the nature of the sounds themselves is in no small degree conducive to enthusiasm. In music, no distinction is so marked, to an uncultivated ear, as that of tone: and the powerful tones of the bagpipe, together with its sudden and rough transitions, render it peculiarly consonant with the turbulent feelings of warfare. I own, that I am friendly to those distinctive marks of national character. I cannot but regret, that so few of the Highland gentry now retain that ancient appendage of their state, the piper; and that this music is no longer used, as formerly, to alleviate the toil, and cheer the intervals of rustic labour. For the same reason (rather than on grounds of musical taste), I am pleased with the institution of the annual prize for players on the Highland pipes. This custom was first established among the dealers in cattle, who came to the *Tryst*, or meeting, at Falkirk; nor was the idea of those gentlemen injudicious, who advised them to transfer their contest to the race-week at Edinburgh, where it is now held in the theatre. I do not, how-

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ever, think this by any means sufficient. A temporary stimulus will never keep alive a national feeling: and the real friends of ancient Scottish melody should endeavour to revive its practice, in those parts of the country, where it is gradually falling into disuse *.

Among the other peculiarities of this part of the country, I should be inexcusable, were I to omit noticing the Athol brose, a composition of whisky, honey, and eggs, which is here considered as an indispensable dainty in the feast, and as no unimportant addition to the materia medica.

On leaving the house of Lude, I crossed the Garry, opposite Shierglas, the residence of —— Stewart, Esq. Here this river is broad, and open, confined only by

——" flaggy banks, that spread
Their willowy locks abroad; and all the day,
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play."

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* Further information respecting the Scottish instrumental music may be obtained from the following authors:

Ritson's Scottish Songs. Essay, p. cxi.
Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1772, p. 347.
Mac Donald's Collection of Highland Airs.
Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, p. 75.
Tytler's Dissertation on Scottish Music.
Encyclopædia Britannica: art. BAGPIPE.

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I was shortly to behold it under a more solemn aspect. Meanwhile, ascending the hill of Fincastle, I was enveloped in mist, until I reached its summit, when an extraordinary scene gradually developed itself. The clouds, rolling silently away, left the sun shining, in solitary splendour, above a mighty sea of mist, out of whose tranquil expanse arose the clear blue top of Schihallion, 3500 feet in height, at the distance of ten miles south-west. About six miles east of Schihallion, is Ferragon, 2500 feet high; and among the highest mountains northward, are Ben-y-Gloe, 3700 feet; and Ben Derig, 3500. These, and some other points, seemed to arise out of the mist, as it was dispelled by a light breeze; but on descending from the height, I was once more enveloped in gloom, and the imaginary islands, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," were wholly taken away from my view. From the state of the weather, I lost almost all the beauty of Loch Tumel (the object of my deviation from the public road), and having seen only enough to regret, that I could not see more, I was obliged to follow the course of its stream, toward its junction with the Garry. A walk of four miles leads from the lake, through the romantic scenery of Bonskuid, an estate which Sir

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James Murray Pulteney has taken on lease, with the intention, as is said, of building a house there. A spot could not easily be selected with more taste. The rough projecting eminences are clothed with natural wood, and crowned with frowning cliffs, in a variety of wild forms. Loftier mountains bound the prospect on all sides; and the bold rocky river, after winding a long and romantic course, precipitates itself down the magnificent Fall of Tumel. Walks are already cut through the plantations, which conduct you, with very good effect, to this fall. The body of water is immense, and the roar tremendous; but the height is not very considerable; and, what is of more consequence, in a picturesque point of view, the accompanying rocks do not overhang it, so as to contrast, by their gloom, its white foaming torrent. I have, indeed, always observed, that a waterfall loses half its apparent magnitude, and all its sublimity, when it is thrown open to the light. Bright sunshine, and an expanded vale, suit the smooth gliding stream; but darkness, and a narrow inclosure, seem to augment the violent effort of nature in these her convulsive throes.

On crossing the bridge of Garry, I found myself once more on the Blair road, in the celebrated pass of

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Killicrankie, which Mr. Gilpin has well termed the Caledonian Thermopylæ. Whatever had been its features, we could not have looked without emotion on the spot,

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expir'd."

And the rude stone, erected to commemorate his death, must have given importance to the simplest landscape: but here every thing is in unison. Far below, rolls the black stream of the Garry, illumined only by its own foam. Half way up, the bridge, a light, yet solid pile, is thrown from bank to bank: still higher, the naked rocks "tower like a wall," or else, thick with matted wood, "they reach far o'er the secret water:" above all, rise the lofty mountain screens, which sometimes seem to close this formidable pass, and sometimes admit a glimpse of the distant summit of Ben-y-Gloe.

A mile below the bridge of Garry, that river mixes its waters with the Tumel, and near the junction is formed the lovely little plain of Faskalie. It is a triangular piece of ground, surrounded with wood, watered by these streams, and within sight of the fall of Tumel. On all sides are hills of every variety of form and size, with their glens

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opening in different directions. In short, the various features of Highland scenery are here drawn together, on a small scale indeed, but in extreme richness and profusion. The house has little beauty in its exterior; but it is comfortable and convenient within. I passed a day with its owner, —— Butter, Esq. to whose civilities I am much indebted, and lament that my time would not allow a longer investigation of the surrounding country, especially as it is much and deservedly a favourite with the Scottish artists. The plate here given is from a very accurate drawing, in the possession of my friend Mr. Thomson, executed by Mr. Wilson, now in Rome.

On leaving Faskalie, the next morning, I pursued my road to Dunkeld, following the banks of the river. No tract of equal extent in Scotland is superior to that between Blair and Dunkeld. In richness it rivals the celebrated Trough of Clyde, and perhaps excels it in variety. The hills on each side are lofty; but after leaving Faskalie, they soon spread wider, leaving a cultivated expanse, beautifully interspersed with woods, cottages, villas, &c. Through this picturesque vale the Tumel continues to wind, until it joins the Tay at Logierait, and though appa-

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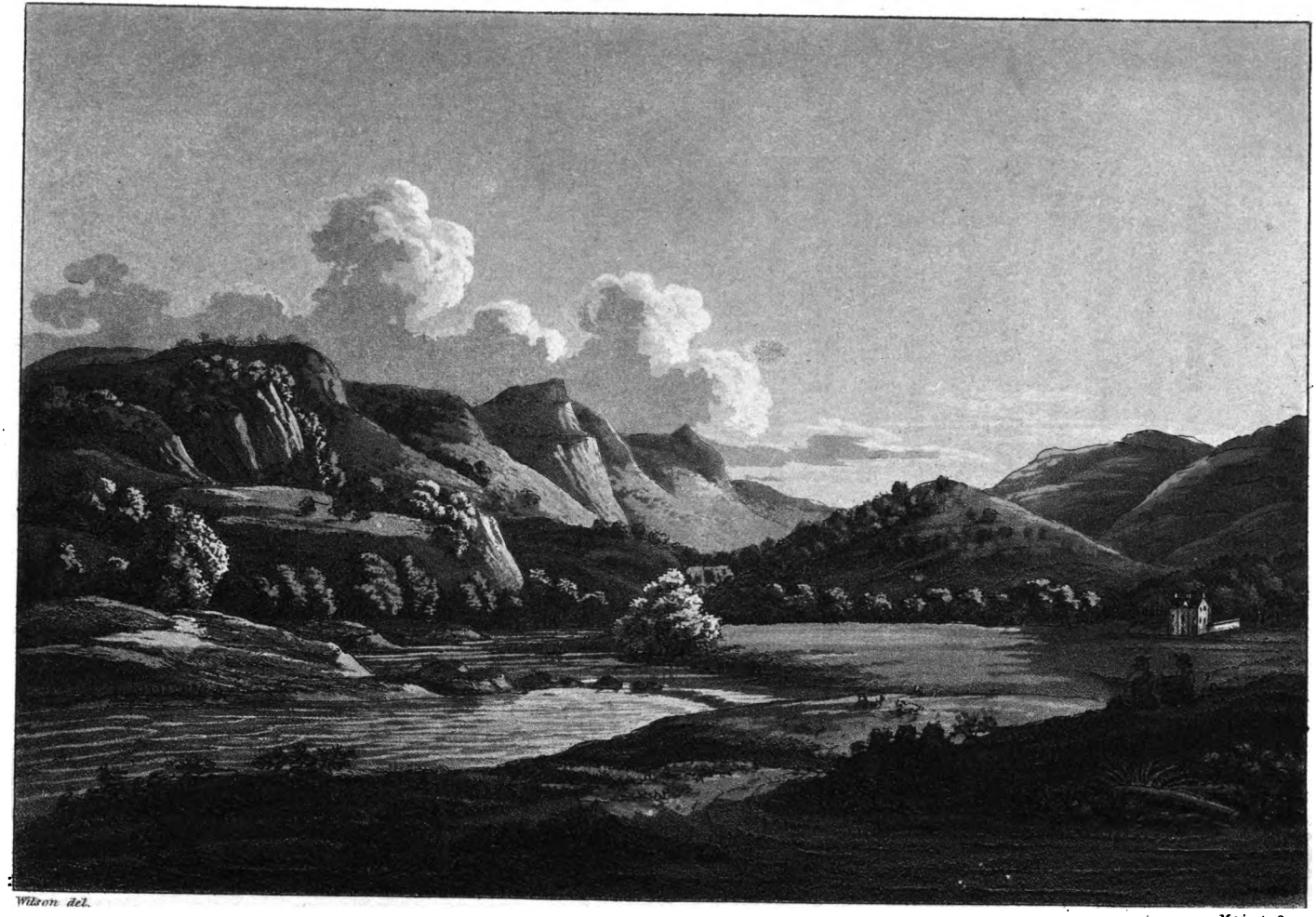

Wilson del. *Merigot ft.*

FASKALIE.

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rently the larger river, loses its name in that of its associate. As you approach Dunkeld, the vale again contracts into a narrow pass, and the road is admirably varied, sometimes ascending the woody banks, and sometimes descending to the edge of the water. The weather afforded me little opportunity to judge of the beauties of this deservedly celebrated place; but I am enabled to describe it more accurately, by the communications of my friend, Mr. J. Walker, whose taste, no less than his local knowledge, renders his assistance peculiarly valuable.

Dunkeld is situated on a singularly sheltered and romantic spot, immediately within the eastern ridge of the Grampians, where they open, to give a passage to the Tay. The mountains here, which form the line of separation between the Highlands and Lowlands, arrange themselves into a sort of double rampart, with a space of about two miles between them. The Tay, flowing with a copious and powerful stream from the north-west, bursts through the inner ridge, by an outlet just sufficient for its waters, and which it seems to have forced for itself. Its course being changed by this obstruction, it proceeds due east, with a retarded and majestic current, across the narrow valley, and forces a similar passage

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through the outer ridge. On each bank is a beautiful semicircular piece of flat ground, fenced on the north, by a gentle swell, which continues unbroken between the two great ridges, and on the south by a similar swell, which is parted from the great ridge on the west, by the deep and rocky bed of the river Bran. The Bran comes roaring from the hills in a north-east direction, but losing its rapidity, when it reaches the plain ground, winds beautifully through green meadows, fringed with wood, till it joins the Tay. Opposite to the point of junction, is the town of Dunkeld, extending in a single street, along the north bank of the river. The houses are of stone, covered with dark blue slates. Those next the Tay have gardens sloping down to the water's edge. The opposite side of the street is formed, for about seventy or eighty yards, by the ruins of the old cathedral, which give an air of venerable desolation to this quarter of the town. The north side of the cathedral is taken into the grounds of the Duke of Athol, and forms part of their inclosure. On this side, the ruins are shaded by a narrow plantation of large and lofty pines, through whose sombrous boughs the pointed arches, and massy columns are viewed with double effect. On the opposite side

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of a small drest lawn, or rather flower-garden, is the Duke's house, an elegant and commodious villa, but making no claim to grandeur, either in size or situation. The gay and lively appearance of the house and grounds, forms a striking contrast with the solemn and sepulchral gloom of the huge roofless cathedral. The offices make a compact square immediately adjoining to the house. Behind these is a kitchen-garden, in one corner of which a natural hill has been cut, by the false taste of former times, into various angular and equilateral shapes, and some pieces of artillery have been mounted on a terrace, that runs round its summit. Another garden has also been laid out, in form of a crescent, on an acclivity of the bank, which screens the valley to the north. Its aspect is genial and warm; but the soil is less favourable. The pleasure-grounds, through which strangers are conducted, are of great extent, embracing all that part of the valley, which lies to the west of the town, and the whole inner ridge of hills, on both sides of the river. These are of a bold and singular outline, often faced with perpendicular rocks, and covered to the top with plantations of larch and fir. So liberal have been the improvements of the present proprietor, that the whole ho-

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rizon seen from Dunkeld is now a wood. The naked and unsightly mountain of Birnam, on the south-east, is the only exception. It is somewhat singular, that a spot so celebrated, and celebrated only as a forest, should now be destitute of a single tree. This would not be the case, were it the property of the Duke of Athol, who, I was told, had offered to plant it, at his own expence. From the lawn, round the house, various well-dressed walks branch off, in different directions, through the grounds, and wind with an easy ascent to the summit of the hills. Of these, a noble terrace of velvet turf, on the north bank of the river, is most eminently beautiful. It is overhung on one side by a lofty bank of wood, and, on the other, next the river, a gravel walk runs parallel with it, through an elegant shrubbery, intermixed with trees of a venerable growth. Seats and alcoves of various forms are disposed, in well-chosen situations, and without much appearance of study or art. By this walk we are conducted to the ferry, the view from which is uncommonly striking. The river seems about 200 feet in width, and its current deep, smooth, and slow. The eye follows it upwards to the angle, where, as I have already mentioned, its direction is changed; and as the hills, at

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this angle, on both sides of the river, by folding over each other, seem to form one unbroken mass, it has the appearance of issuing from the woods, with which their sides are covered. The banks, as it proceeds, are richly picturesque, and over these the cliffs of Craigie Barns tower, with tremendous grandeur. The walk continues, from the south side of the ferry, to the banks of the Bran. The contrast between the Tay, and this river, is very strong. The former is deep, broad, and smooth; the latter, turbulent and impetuous, and its bed composed of rocks, or large loose stones. At the village of Inver, which stands between the Tay and the Bran, a mill, a woody island, and a bridge of two arches over the latter river, form a very picturesque landscape. Proceeding up the banks of the Bran, we reach an extensive inclosure, laid out as a garden, with walks, that wind through the shrubbery and wood. One of these leads to a small building, where the guide introduces us into a circular vestibule, and suddenly throws open, with a pully, the door of an elegant inner apartment, the farther end of which is one large bow window. Through this window, a noble cataract, so close, that it wets the glass with its spray, and a stretch of the river, for 200 or 300 yards,

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tumbling through a rocky bed, in one continued *rapid*, burst at once on the eye! The window was formerly composed of different coloured panes, but this childish device has been corrected. The Bran continues struggling among rocks, as we quit the inclosure, and a little above it reach the Rumbling Bridge. This is a single arch, thrown across the mouth of an hideous chasm, where the rocks almost unite at top, and through which the river, after being precipitated from an height nearly level with the bridge, runs at the depth of eighty or ninety feet. The immense masses of shapeless rock (one of which lies quite across the chasm, and conceals the lower part of the fall), the disorder in which they are grouped, the roaring of the water, and the gloom of the narrow fissure, through which it flows, form, all together, a sublime and terrific scene. In returning from the Rumbling Bridge, we may choose various paths; and indeed a stranger might employ several days, with pleasure, in following the different walks, among the hills. Though these are mostly embosomed in wood, we come every five or ten minutes to some interesting spot. We are either led under lofty projecting precipices, or to some commanding eminence, or opening of the trees, which offers the full pro-

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spect or partial glimpses of the valley below. Two scenes, in the course of the walk, cannot fail to arrest the particular notice of a stranger. One is in the gully, or ravine, which divides the two summits of Craigie Barns. Here vast fragments of mishapen rock, which seem to have been rent from the cliffs, that shoot to an awful height on the hill above, are thrown together, in a rude and stupendous confusion. Spots of heath, brush-wood, and wild plants, are interspersed, to which a few laurels and flowering shrubs have been added, and a clear rivulet forms various waterfalls, as it tinkles through the crevices. At the lower part of this singular mass, an irregular cave, formed by one of the large blocks lying across several others, has been converted, with a little aid from art, into a grotto or hermitage, one fissure serving for a window, and another for a vent. When here, a stranger should not omit to follow the path, that leads along the bottom of the cliffs, which, with the screams of kites and other ravenous birds flying perpetually across them, are wild and terrific. The other scene I recommended to notice, is a lake, at the foot of the same mountain. It is nearly of an oval form, and so closely and completely sheltered by the hill, which rises from its

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margin on one side, and on the rest, by the thick woods in which it is embosomed, that its surface is almost always smooth as glass. On the bank next the mountain, are scattered a few cottages, whose white walls make a fine contrast with the dark green woods. From the opposite bank, the view of this scene is highly picturesque. The still and tranquil lake, the mountain rising over it, covered with wood and grey precipices of rock, the white cottages, and the picture repeated in the water, form a peaceful and pleasing landscape. On the whole, Dunkeld seems a choice spot for the painter. The sublimity of the mountains, the extent of the woods, the noble size of one river, the wild romantic appearance of the other, the large Gothic ruins, and the genial and sheltered beauty of the low grounds, when taken separately, may, perhaps, be equalled, but I have never elsewhere seen them so admirably combined.

Before I quit a district, which serves as a boundary to the Gaelic language, I think it right to say something of that language itself.—The Gaelic, or Erse, has been considered by some critics, as the barbarous language of a barbarous people, and, therefore, magisterially consigned to neglect. How

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far it may in fact answer to this description, I am not competent to say. Those who are most versed in it, speak with admiration of " its energy and power, the ease with which it is compounded, the boldness of its figures, its majesty in addressing the Deity, and its tenderness in expressing the finest feelings of the human heart*." And it is very possible, that the speech of a people, whom the pride of commercial Europe calls barbarous, may express feelings the most forcible, by the most appropriate sounds. The policy of cultivating such a language depends on an intricate combination of facts—on its authors, its traditionary, or proverbial remains, its extent and influence—on the habits and prejudices in its favour —on its connexion with other dialects, &c. The last consideration appears to me particularly deserving the notice of those gentlemen, who, together with their strange abhorrence of every thing, which they choose to call Celtic, profess as ridiculous an attachment to every thing, which they honour with the name of Gothic. A comparative grammar of all languages, or even of the European alone, would be a most valuable work. Nothing, or next to nothing,

* Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 612.

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has yet been done toward it; but should it ever be effected, the connexion, at least of the radicals, in the Celtic and Gothic classes will be found so very intimate, and their comparison will throw so much light on both, that, without it, the investigation would be indeed slight and inaccurate. The terms Celtic and Gothic are unfortunately chosen as the watch-words of either party; for there is almost as little evidence, that the Goths spoke a Teutonic dialect, as there is, that the speech of the ancient Celtæ at all resembled that of the modern Gäels. We could pardon these Quixotes of pedantry, did they not mix with their hostility toward inoffensive vocables, a deeper malignity against large classes of their fellow men. Will it be believed, when such disputes shall have long slept in the paradise of fools, with

> "All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
> Th' abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt"—

will it be believed, that an author should have stated, as self-evident propositions, that mankind consist of races specifically distinct—that some of these races are utterly incapable of amelioration—that the Celts still existing, are "a medial race between men and beasts"—and that methods should be

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adopted "to get rid of the breed?" It is still more extraordinary, that this author (Mr. Pinkerton) should be followed, and imitated, by men no ways deficient, either in learning, or common sense.

That the history and antiquities of Scotland would receive much illustration from a study of the Gaelic language, cannot be doubted, when we consider the length of time, and extent of country, over which it has spread. I have instanced its antiquity, in the *Varar*, and *Lacus Lelamonius*; and most of the other Roman names confirm this observation. Almost within living memory, the Gaelic has ceased to be the spoken language of Fife, Ayrshire, and other parts of the south; and names of places derived from it are to be found far within the border of England.

After quitting Dunkeld, the Tay takes a large sweep, at the elbow of which it is joined by the Isla. The road to Perth forms the string of this bow, avoiding the numerous seats, which grace the neighbourhood of the river. Among these, on the eastern bank, about seven miles from Perth, is Stobhall, an ancient family seat of Lord Perth's; and not far from this, Dunsinnan, a still more remarkable piece of antiquity. Sir John Sinclair, in the twentieth volume of the Statistical Account, has collected the

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local traditions respecting Macbeth's castle, at this latter place, and the neighbouring spot signalized by his death. From their coincidence with the dramatic work, he infers a probability that Shakspeare, in his capacity of actor, travelled to Scotland in 1599, and collected on the spot, materials for the exercise of his imagination. Every attempt to illustrate the slightest circumstance, concerning such a mind, deserves our gratitude; but in this instance, conjecture seems to have gone its full length, if not to have overstepped the modesty of nature. The probability of Shakspeare's ever having been in Scotland is very remote. It should seem, by his uniformly accenting the name of this spot Dunsinane, that he could not possibly have taken it from the mouths of the country people, who as uniformly accent it Dunsinnan. He also describes Birnam as much nearer than the true distance, which is not less than twelve miles, in a straight line. Only its summit is visible; and had the wood really "begun to move," its motion could not have been perceived. Every one knows, with what ease local tradition is so modified, as to suit public history; and it is probable, that what Sir John heard in 1772, was a superstructure raised upon the drama itself. Amid the blaze of Shakspeare's

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BIRNAM WOOD.

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genius, small praise is lost; but it is, perhaps, more honourable to his intellectual energies, to suppose that so much minute information was collected from books, or from conversation, than from an actual acquaintance with the place.

The hill of Birnam itself, though little more than a naked crag, is rendered interesting, by bearing the traces of the poet. I need scarcely add, how much the force of all such sensations is augmented by accidental circumstances—by the strong lights and shades of a tempest, the flash of the lightning, the roar of the wind, and all the attendant circumstances of horror. A poetical painter, if he be fortunate enough to meet with such an effect in nature, will seize the fleeting charm, by sketching it on the spot. Such was the origin of the drawing by Mr. Williams, from which the annexed plate is taken.

The greater part of the Dunkeld road is over dull, uninteresting moors, until you reach the bleach-grounds and cotton-mills, which bespeak the neighbourhood of a great city. These moors, however, are to a Scotchman classical ground. Five or six miles from Perth, was fought the celebrated battle of Luncarty, in 976, which immortalized the founder of the noble family of Hay. No greater encomium

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can be past on the exploit of this valiant peasant, than that it seems to have suggested to Shakspeare his spirited description of the repulse of the Romans, by Bellarius and his foster sons.

Fifteen miles from Dunkeld, is Perth, the sixth city for population in Scotland, containing nearly 20,000 inhabitants. The description of this place I reserve for my second tour, which afforded me more time, and better opportunity for observation. For a similar reason, I postpone the account of Strath Earne, and of the visits which I paid to Drummond Castle, the seat of Lord Perth; and to Monzie, that of General A. Campbell. At Pitcairn, about three miles from Perth, I rejoined my companion Mr. Nattes, who, as well as myself, was induced to stay a few days here, with our friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. J. Walker. The village of Pitcairn is but lately built, and serves chiefly for the residence of the workmen employed in various manufactures. In its immediate neighbourhood is a large bleach-field, which was obligingly shown to me by the proprietor, with the different processes for the use of the oxygenated muriatic acid, the employment of steam in drying the cottons, &c. On the road from hence to Perth, stands the ancient castle of

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Hunting Tower, the scene of the conspiracy called the *Raid of Ruthven*. It was originally the chief seat of the noble family of Ruthven; but after the forfeiture of the last Earl of Gowrie, was conferred by James VI. on the family of Tullibardine. The Duke of Athol, its present proprietor, relinquishing all idea of residing here, has let it, for the accommodation of the neighbouring manufacturers; and it is now occupied by the families of their workmen. It is, consequently, in sufficient preservation, to exhibit all the picturesque features of the building to advantage; but it wants both the dignified accompaniments, which we expect around a large castle in its perfect state, and the wildness and solemnity which mark its decay.

The time of the year (for it was now the beginning of December), rendered it impossible to make any interesting observations on the picturesque scenery in our road to Edinburgh. The snow lay on all the high grounds; but it did not present the same majesty of appearance, with which I had been so forcibly struck, near the sources of the Spey and of the Dee. Fifeshire cannot be considered as a mountainous district. After passing the range of hills, which divide it from Perthshire, and the river

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Tay, only one other range occurs, the loftiest of which are the Lomonds; and these, though sufficiently elevated, to be conspicuous at a great distance, are by no means comparable to the vast Highland mountains.

About five miles on the Kinross road, that to Strathmiglo strikes off, through the glen of Abernethy. After crossing these hills, you descend on an extensive vale, in which is the small town of Strathmiglo, and three miles beyond it, that of Falkland, once a royal residence. The palace, though inhabited by King James VI. of Scotland, and probably much later, is now in a dismantled and ruinous state, but exhibits much grandeur of outline, and forms a striking object, from a considerable distance. Two or three miles further is the New Inn; a little beyond which, a road leading through the neat village of Markinch, conducts you to the plantations of Balgonie, and a wooden bridge across the Leven brings you to the castle itself. Here I was again received by Lord and Lady Balgonie, with the same hospitality, which I had experienced in the north; and after passing a short time with them, pursued my journey along the coast to

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Kinghorn, where I crossed by the passage-boat to Leith. The whole of this track, as I had an opportunity of seeing it at a more favourable season, I shall describe in the account of my next excursion.

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SECTION XVI.

STIRLING AND FIFE.

ON returning to Edinburgh, I parted with Mr. Nattes, whose engagements called him to London, whilst the lateness of the season, and the wish to see more of a country so interesting, induced me to winter in Scotland. A short residence in the northern metropolis affords an Englishman matter of much and pleasing speculation, whether he regards the different businesses of the inhabitants, their amusements, their appearance, their peculiar customs, or their general manners. Far from decreasing, since the Union, Edinburgh has gradually extended itself to double its former size, and together with Leith, which may be regarded as one of its suburbs, contains above 80,000 inhabitants. The only source of wealth or splendour, which it has lost, is the Court, and even that was in some measure restored, by the residence of the French nobility attached to Monsieur; but the chief supports of its present

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greatness are commerce, the university, and the law.

The external commerce of Edinburgh is carried on at the port of Leith: and persons of the mercantile profession chiefly residing there, have given to these two places a much greater distinction of character than might be expected from their proximity. Enough, however, of internal trade and manufacture is carried on in Edinburgh, particularly in the Old Town, to give it the air of business: the New Town, as I have before remarked, needs animation in this respect. The university is too celebrated to require any minute description. It has long retained a very high character for science, more especially in the medical department; in consequence of which, the annual resort of students is very considerable. Hence arises a great influx of wealth; and a still greater accession of liberal and polished society; and as the intercourse both of the professors and of their pupils with the other inhabitants, is less restricted than at the English universities, the residence of a stranger is rendered proportionably pleasanter. The mixture of character is further increased, by the number of foreigners, who resort hither, and by the families, who come for the education of their chil-

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dren, in the school dependent on the university, and in the inferior seminaries. The law furnishes a still more prolific source of emolument, and a still greater addition to society. Not only does it attract men of the first talents to the profession itself, and require their constant residence here; but from every other part of the country, persons interested in the depending processes, are obliged frequently to visit the metropolis. In this point of view, we may also consider the meeting of the General Assembly, which in ecclesiastcal matters forms a judicial, as well as a deliberative body. Consisting of deputies, both churchmen and laity, from the whole of Scotland, it comprises a most splendid assemblage of talent, in the display of which, it is said to be scarcely inferior to the two Houses of Parliament. Of this meeting I speak but from report, as it is only held in May; but its constitution and arrangement sufficiently prove, how great an effect it must produce on general manners.

These various occupations imply no less a variety of amusements: and almost every thing, which in London feeds the appetite for pleasure so profusely, is here found in moderation. It cannot be pretended, that public exhibitions are to be met with, so splendid

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in their effect, or so accurate in their detail; but there is a desirable medium in such things, and perhaps, London (according to Mr. Burke's just remark on our theatres) is as much above that splendour, which true taste would approve, as Edinburgh may be thought below it. Here, however, all the different kinds of entertainment are occasionally presented—concerts, balls, plays, &c. &c. The arts are cultivated with great success. Painting occupies a very high rank: and the general taste of Edinburgh, in this respect, may be said to be superior to London. Among the artists of deserved eminence, with whom I was particularly acquainted, were Mr. Raeburn in portrait, and Messrs. Nasmyth, Williams, and Wilson, in landscape. The facilities of study too are here very great. Mr. Nasmyth devotes much of his time to the instruction of a numerous class of pupils, from the most respectable families; and Mr. Graham is at the head of a public institution, for the national encouragement of painting. Music is at a lower ebb. Since the profusion of modern times lavishes such vast sums on performers, it is impossible, that such a country as Scotland should vie, in this art, with its opulent neighbour. Edinburgh, however, is not without musical entertainments, or professors

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of respectability, and it is occasionally visited by the best performers from London, both vocal and instrumental. The native Scotch airs are very generally sung, with pathos, and simplicity. Their admirers are much indebted to Mr. G. Thomson for his valuable publication, which, preserving all the character of the original music, has heightened its effect by the accompanying taste of a Haydn, a Pleyel, and a Kozeluch.

Poetry is not an art, to whose highest cultivation cities are generally favourable. Society, and the faces of men supply it, indeed, with the richest materials of imagination and feeling; but solitude, silence, and self-feeding meditation, are requisite to perfect its energies. These may be found, perhaps, in cities; but they are most naturally sought "under the shade of melancholy boughs," "in woods where secret waters are," where the poet

> ——"murmurs near the running brooks,
> A music sweeter than their own."

To say, therefore, that the highest poetical taste and genius are rare at Edinburgh, is saying nothing. They are proportionably rarer in London. But there is a very general relish for its beauties, a very

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general prosecution of its studies. Together with every other branch of literature, it is held in the most honourable estimation; and no where are its successful cultivators more admired. At the present time, Edinburgh is peculiarly fortunate in her candidates for poetical fame. The names of many of them are already inscribed on no perishable record; and others are daily rising toward the most distinguished eminence. In particularizing my own friends, I shall feel fully justified, when I mention the intended editor of the MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, and the author of the PLEASURES OF HOPE.

The prevalence of general literature is by no means favourable to the production of extraordinary genius. There are doubtless individual exceptions, such as are those poets whom I have named; but it cannot be expected, that society at large should cherish the habits of abstract judgment, and the exercise of particular invention, with the same degree of success. In a fair estimate of the state of the arts at Edinburgh, I must acknowledge that the standard of poetical taste, even among literary men, appears to me to be somewhat incorrect, and incorrect from an over-great desire of correctness. I cannot adduce a

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stronger instance than that of the poet Burns, who, writing in his own dialect, and using the words which were entwined into, and spontaneously poured forth by his feelings, produced works, which will never die. Among the many evils, which he derived from his residence in Edinburgh, it was not the least, that he was prevailed on, by his literary advisers there, to disuse his native tongue, and to vitiate his genuine feelings, by weak and fruitless attempts at copying the models, which they esteemed classical. Much of the happiness of society depends on that general taste, whose rules are applicable to the great majority of instances, and only erroneous when applied to the eccentricities of a genius so extraordinary. This faculty is of the utmost utility; it mixes most readily with the various pursuits of mankind; and contributes to polish the mind, and to soften the manners. In this point of view, we must look with the highest respect on the labours of a Blair, and of a Kaimes: we only do them injustice, when we expect a more important result.

From amusements of a higher order, we may descend to the games of chance or dexterity, which occupy a certain portion of time, in every class of society. The horse-races at Leith are usually well

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attended, and present a spectacle no less singular than brilliant; as the running is entirely on the smooth sand, left dry by the receding tide. The actual gambling, at this, and similar places of entertainment, is confined to a very few young men of fashion, by whose temporary residence Edinburgh is very little benefited. Some of these gentlemen, during my stay, distinguished themselves as the patrons of another amusement, equally elegant and humane. Under their auspices, cock-fighting was carried on with great spirit; the pit was the daily resort of a select and judicious party: and if I am not misinformed, even some females were induced to give it their countenance and approbation. In justice to the majority of the inhabitants, and to Scotland in general, I must confess, that I never knew any other instance of a diversion so cruel and pusillanimous. As a contrast to this, I am happy to mention a different species of gaming, set on foot by the ladies in Scotland, during the sufferings of the poor, from the inclemency of the season. They directed their ingenuity to the formation of various ornaments, which at once afforded emulation, and exercised taste. These they distributed, as prizes, in a lottery, the tickets of which were disposed of among their

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friends, and their produce formed a fund for benevolent distribution. Among the patronesses of this amusement, were Lady Balgonie, Lady Ruthven, and their friends, who formed a lottery for the poor at Melvill, and proposed another for that meritorious institution, the Asylum of the Blind, in Edinburgh. The lower ranks of people do not appear to be remarkably addicted to diversions; they practise, however, all those which are common to them with the other parts of Scotland, such as the golf, curling, &c.

Personal appearance is affected by the differences of occupation, dress, food, air, cleanliness, &c. In the higher ranks, little difference is discernible, between the natives of Scotland, and those of England; but in the lower, the line is somewhat more strongly marked. I have already spoken of the women: the chief peculiarity of the men is in sometimes wearing the Scotch bonnet; for the other parts of Highland vesture are almost unknown here. Both sexes occasionally present picturesque and uncommon forms, the women carrying water-stoups, or large bundles of linen, the men with long baskets at their backs. I have also remarked a few water-carriers, loaded with small casks, whose figures

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appear very singular to an English eye, in the present day; though, as appears from Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, they were formerly not unusual in London.

In the great points of food and air, Edinburgh appears as fortunate, as a large city can be. I have heard, indeed, from a medical man, that the sharp winds are often fatal to very young children; but those who survive are rendered remarkably healthy, and the whole city is preserved from epidemic disorders. The general supply of food may be inferred from the remarkable circumstance, that in 1781, there came into the Firth of Forth, fourteen sail of the line, above fifty West Indiamen, and 500 Baltic traders: these vessels remained here several weeks, were regularly furnished with the best provisions, and yet their consumption did not cause the least rise, even in the price of vegetables. The fish-market is so well supplied, that a turbot, which would fetch thirty shillings in London, has been known to be sold here for eighteen-pence. The chief food of the poor is herrings, oatmeal, and potatoes: wheaten bread, however, is very much used. The hotels and higher eating-houses are dear; but there are in the Old Town many respectable

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places, where the charge of a dinner is very moderate. Cleanliness is a matter of much importance to the general health and accommodation of the city. In this respect there has been of late a very favourable change; but something still remains to be done toward the improvement of the general modes of living. One circumstance, which operates very materially against it, is the division of houses into different *flats* or stories, each occupied by a separate family: the stairs, and other common parts of the building are subject to much filthiness, and the want of neatness in these gives to the whole a neglected and disgusting air.

Peculiar customs gradually die away, as a nation advances in civilization and refinement; but it is not unpleasant to trace the records of former occurrences in some of these remaining evidences. Of this kind is the *Hugmenay*, a sort of Saturnalian festival, celebrating the conclusion of the old, and commencement of the new year. The meaning of the word is difficult of explanation. It is probably a corruption of some phrase, similar in sound, among the superstitions of the Romish church, such as ὑγια μηνη, *hoc mane*, *hoc manet*, &c. After midnight, when the year is fully ended, many persons (chiefly

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of the lower orders) run through the streets, with good-humoured festivity, seldom doing any other mischief than stopping those they meet, kissing the women, and offering each other *hot-pint*, a beverage composed of ale and whiskey. To refuse the cup, or to neglect wishing any one a happy new year, is regarded as an affront. Some few families, who retain the Jacobite ideas, regale on this night with posset, in memory of the birth of the Pretender.

From what has been already said, it may easily be inferred, that much diversity is displayed at Edinburgh, in the general system of manners, which results from so many complicated causes. Over all is spread that gravity, which characterizes Scotland, when compared with England, and which is particularly visible in every thing respecting religious habits and opinions. The mixed effect of the law and of the university conduces much to the prevalence of literature. Commerce adds her influence: and the great resort of independent families from the country increases the contrast. The traces of ancient events are not wholly obliterated. Some circumstances mark the former dignity of a royal city: and the connexion with France is observable in a few minutiæ of cookery, dress, the names of places,

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the use of peculiar words, and (as some pretend to discover) even in the accent. The introduction of English manners, however, is most strongly marked. Where nations, so intimately connected, cement their union by gradual assimilation, the consequences must be highly advantageous, on both sides; but there are some persons, who carry their affectation of every thing English to a ridiculous excess. These are still less pardonable, than those who most obstinately adhere to the obsolete customs of their ancestors. The former, by their unsuccessful attempts, acquire only the awkwardness of a foreign air: the latter exhibit strong traces of genuine character, and native virtue.

Such were the most obvious remarks, which occurred to me, during a residence of the winter months at Edinburgh. As soon as the spring began to appear, I became impatient to renew my excursions; and being so fortunate as to find a companion, in Mr. Keith Milnes, I set off, to make the circuit of Fife and Stirlingshire. In describing this tract, I shall not exactly follow my first route, a subsequent visit having enabled me to include several places, which render the circuit more perfect. The present section, therefore, will comprehend the

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road to Stirling, south of the Forth; the northern coast, from thence to Weems Castle; and the return to Stirling inland. The greater part of this I saw to much advantage, from the loveliness of the season; for

——" proud-pied April, drest in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of life in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leapt with him."

The Stirling road, crossing the river Leith near Murrayfield, passes along the south side of Corstorphine Hill, and through the vale bounded by the Pentlands, with little variety of scene. On crossing the Amon river, near Kirkliston, you enter West Lothian, or Linlithgowshire. The town of Linlithgow itself, seventeen miles from Edinburgh, was once a royal residence. It is now poor and old; but its approach is rendered strikingly picturesque, by the spiry summits of the ancient church, and palace, which appear rising from plantations, among some slight eminences. On the north of the town, is a lake, little seen on this road; but which adds much to the effect of the view from the other side. In an open space, in the middle of the town, stands the Tolbooth, in front of which is a curious foun-

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tain, decorated with figures, and supplied with water. On an adjoining reservoir I observed the inscription, "Sainte Michael is kinde to strangers." The interior of the church and palace affords little worthy notice. On the left side of the street leading to Stirling, a few paces from the palace, is the house, from which the regent Murray was shot. It long retained its ancient form, but is now rendered less distinguishable, by a plain modern front. A mile above Linlithgow bridge the remains of Manuel Nunnery, built in 1146 by Malcolm II. are yet visible.

On crossing the Avon, you enter Stirlingshire. The first object deserving notice is General Maxwell's seat, four miles from Linlithgow; soon after passing which, you obtain some good distant views of the Forth, the Ochils, &c. Falkirk, twenty-four miles from Edinburgh, is a considerable town, with some manufactures: and here is held the annual *Tryst*, or meeting, for the sale of small cattle, which are brought down, in great droves, from the Highlands. In the church-yard is said to be the tombstone of Sir J. Graham, the brave companion of Wallace, who was slain, valiantly fighting for his country, in the battle of Falkirk, A. D. 1298.

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The field of battle is called to this day Graham's Muir; it is situated on a height west, of Madiston, and south of Callandar wood. The Wallace stone is here pointed out as the spot, where that hero stood alone during the contest; but it more probably marks the station which he occupied with his forces. Two previous encampments of the English army under Edward I. are also to be traced, the one at Kirkliston, and the other at Burrow muir, a little to the east of Linlithgow.

The banks of the Carron are remarkable for the historical events connected with them, rather than for their picturesque beauty. Here the arts of peace and war have left records alike indelible. That mighty undertaking, the Forth and Clyde canal, begins here; and here are established those ſtupendous founderies, named the Carron works. The prudential reserve, which is necessary in a time of war, renders it difficult for a stranger to gain admission to them. Had I staid long in this part of the country, the influence of some of the neighbouring gentlemen would probably have procured me an opportunity of contemplating the magnificent effects of light and shade, which the interior displays; as it was, I

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could only guess at them, from the lurid light, with which the atmosphere is illuminated, in the darkest nights. Around the whole country, to a considerable distance, it is an object of no less admiration than surprise; shooting its dim gleam far up into the air, and indicating the dryness or humidity of the weather, according as it rises in a columnar form, or spreads into a broad bright mass.

In ancient times, this river received no small importance, from being the boundary of the Roman empire. Within a little distance from it, ran the wall, built by Urbicus, A. D. 140, and named after the Emperor Antoninus. Buchanan calls it the Wall of Severus, and Bede supposes it to have been raised in the fifth century; but subsequent discoveries have fully established its date and purpose. By the country people it has long been denominated Graham's Dyke, either from the tradition, that a hero, named Grim, or Graham, was the first who broke through it; or in compliment to Sir John, the Graham (above mentioned), whose castle is still shown, near the source of the Carron. Many of the Roman *præsidia* and *turres* are traceable in this neighbourhood, particularly Castle Cary, Rough Castle, and Camelon. The latter of these was probably the winter quarters

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of Agricola, previous to his sixth campaign; and the road, called Camelon Causeway, appears to have been made by him, on that occasion. Not far from hence are the noted *Duni Pacis*, or hills of peace, if such be indeed their etymology; nor does it seem improbable, that the inhabitants would adopt as the specific denomination of the place, a term taken from the language of the Romans, with whom a peace is said to have been there concluded.

In continuing to advance toward Stirling, every step is on classical ground. The tower of Airth, now part of the house of Airth, was one of the English fortresses surprised by Wallace. The Torwood was the chief resort of that celebrated patriot. Here he beat the English forces, under Lord Surry: and an aged oak, which but lately was among the few remaining traces of the ancient forest, bore the name of the Wallace tree. If tradition and poetic testimony be true, it was from him, that Bruce received the first impulse toward the deliverance of his country. The bridge of Larbert, below Dunipace, is particularized as the scene of the nocturnal conference between those illustrious characters, which may be said to have given birth to the memorable battle of Bannockburn, in 1314. A trifling stream-

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let, so called from the *bannocks* of barley-meal (the *panis cineritius* of the ancients), gave name to the glorious event, by which Scotland was delivered from the yoke of her invaders. It stretched in front of Bruce's army, on that day; and to the present time serves to mark the position, which they occupied. A little to the left of the road, just before you reach St. Ninian's, the whole scene may be accurately traced from historical relation; Bruce's army, which had rendezvoused in the Torwood, formed in order of battle on the declivity of Nether Touchadam, having on their right Gillies Hill, and on their left Milton Bog. The place where the Scottish standard was displayed is said to be marked by the *Bore-stone*, on an eminence called Brock's Brae. The battle of Sauchie-burn, so fatal to James III. was fought nearly on the same spot as the preceding. The mill, to which the unfortunate monarch fled, and where he was assassinated, stood near St. Ninian's. This village, whose name is vulgarly corrupted into St. Ringan's, appears tolerably populous; and, indeed, from hence to Stirling, habitations are very thickly scattered.

Here begin the extensive and beautiful views, which render the vicinity of Stirling so deservedly

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famous. They cannot be well understood, without a short, topographical description of the country.—The rivers Allan, Teith, and Forth, flow in different directions, through a broad open tract, bounded from north to west by an amphitheatre of the loftiest mountains. They unite their streams at a point, where the vale is narrowed by the near approach of the Ochils and the Campseys. In the mouth of this pass, rise three small, but precipitous, and rocky hills, on the middle one of which Stirling is seated. To the east, the vale again widening, forms that rich, clayey flat, called, in its different divisions, the Carse of Stirling, Falkirk, &c.; and through this, the united streams, assuming the name of the Forth, wind their mazy way to the sea.

Stirling, or, as it was anciently called, Striveling, must have borne a most striking resemblance to Edinburgh, before the improvements of the latter city. Each was built on the ridge of an insulated hill, sloping eastward to the plain, and terminated abruptly, at the opposite end, by a castle built on the precipitous rock. Each also was occasionally the seat of government, and the residence of royalty. The present town of Stirling retains several memorials of its courtly inhabitants: the most remarkable

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of which are Argyle's Lodging, and Mar's Work. The former is now used as a private house; the latter remains as a ruin, terminating the view of the Broad Street. It was begun to be built by Erskine, Earl of Mar, and Regent of Scotland, in 1570; that date, with I. 6. and the royal arms of Scotland, being placed over the middle of the gateway. We must conclude that the architect was but little versed in poetry, from the rude rhymes still visible, below the Erskine arms, on each buttress. On the right, is the following distich,

I pray al lvikaris on this lvging,
With gentil e to gif thair juging.

And on the left,

The moir I stand on oppin hitht,
My favltis moir subject ar to sitht.

These buildings are stationed as supporters to the church and the royal castle. You enter the latter by an outer gate, and after passing through a work, erected in the reign of Queen Anne, reach the original entrance. This was formerly adorned with four circular towers, having conical tops, as appears from its representation in old paintings. At present only two of the four remain, with traces of the

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others. The tops are all destroyed, and the height of the remaining towers is greatly reduced. Within this second gate are two courts, containing James V.'s palace, the Parliament-house, the Chapel, &c. The military purposes, to which the building is now applied, have caused a lamentable violation of taste, in the destruction of the Gothic ornaments. Such changes as were absolutely necessary to the accommodation of the soldiery should not, perhaps, be regretted; but the architectural regularity of a barrack is not of sufficient consequence to justify what has been done here. The forms of windows and doors have been unnecessarily changed, battlements and pinnacles removed, and, in pursuance of a general *smoothing* system, every projection has been carefully scraped off, and every hollow, niche, &c. as carefully filled up. Still the marks of these alterations must remain, and look like "the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks." In the interior the same desolation prevails. The hall of the Parliament, which was 120 feet long, and suitably ornamented, is now stripped to the bare walls. The chapel is converted into a receptacle for military stores; and among its neglected and broken relics, I remarked the models of the four chief

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fortresses in Scotland, and the singular boat, which was exhibited by James VI. at the baptism of his son Prince Henry.

From the flag-staff at the second gate, is one of the grandest panorama views, that any country can exhibit. Its features may be imagined, from the topographical description above given, to be of the noblest kind. It only remains to particularize a few of the objects. These form two great divisions; the western view, consisting wholly of Highland scenery, and the eastern, looking down the links of Forth. The former is included between the western shoulder of the Ochills, on the north, and Touch Moor, on the south. The horizon, bounded by the Grampians, from twenty to thirty miles distant, presents, among others, the remarkable summits of Ben-y-Chonzie, Ben Vourlich, Stuic-a-Chroin, Stobbenyon, Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, and Ben Lomond. From their bases, stretch a number of smaller eminences, overspread with wood, intersected by the course of streams, and enriched with many seats, hamlets, and villages. The most distinguishable are Airthrey, Kippinross, Keir, Blair Drummond, Craig Forth, Gartmore, &c. The eastern view exhibits no less beauty than the western; but in a

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style so exceedingly different, that each enhances by contrast the value of the other. The vale, though narrowed, has still considerable breadth, and extends as far as the eye can reach; so that in a clear day the castle of Edinburgh itself may easily be seen. The intervening space, bounded by hills of moderate height, is woody, cultivated, and populous. The towns of Alloa, Clackmannan, and Falkirk, are particularly conspicuous; but the most striking object is the river, whose intricate meanders convert a straight line of six miles, into a winding course of twenty. Among the other points observable in this view, may be noticed the Abbey Craig, the hill of Dummyat, Castle Campbell, the Bishop Hill, the Saline Hills, Shaw Park, Cambuskenneth Abbey, Dunmore Park, the Torwood, the village of St. Ninian's, the top of Tintoch, in Lanerkshire, and the hills of Cockshot and Gillies.

In criticising scenes of this sort, we should be particularly on our guard against that narrowness of system, which is so fatal to the natural impulses of admiration. Is it to such a cause, or to a want of favourable opportunity for seeing these enchanting prospects, that we must attribute Mr. Gilpin's frigid praise of them? The whole of the western view he

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passes over as " barren and uninteresting;" but allows the eastern to be " grand and amusing." To an untaught person, grandeur would rather appear to be the characteristic of the former, and beauty of the latter: and I know not whether the grand be not here stronger in degree, than the beautiful. In what part of Britain, can be found so vast and open a circuit, bounded by mountains so lofty and varied? What sublimity is impressed on the mind, while contemplating this wide extent, under the various effects of storm and sunshine; when the vapours of the morning retire slowly up the glens, or when the approach of evening tinges their skirts with gold! Again, on the eastern side, Mr. Gilpin complains of that confusion of land and water, which is only unfit for the pencil, because the pencil is unable to convey its rich and brilliant effect. To make painting the standard of those pleasures which landscape can afford, is, however, to set Art above Nature, the handmaid above her mistress. Much as has been done by human operation, and greatly as we must reverence ingenious artists, and acute observers, we should never forget, that Nature herself is the ultimate source of study; and that what she indelibly impresses on all minds must in taste be

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ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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STIRLING CASTLE.

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as accurate, as in morals it is virtuous. From the variety and contrast of different objects, presented by the whole of this panorama, no one would wish its view to be interrupted in reality. The artificial limits of a picture require a narrower scope; and a judicious eye may easily select portions capable of forming most admirable sketches. The one, which appeared to me to convey the most characteristic idea of the situation of the castle, was taken from a rock near the ground formerly appropriated to tournaments; and included the castle, seated on its lofty rock, the insulated hill of Craig Forth, in the plain below, the varied country beyond, and some of the loftiest mountains in the distance.

The Abbey Craig, which cannot but attract observation, from its singularity, is further remarkable for the splendid victory obtained by Wallace, in 1297, over the English forces commanded by Hugh Cressingham, and John Earl of Surry. About a mile above the present bridge of Stirling, was a wooden bridge, by cutting down which, Wallace effected his success. Of this stratagem, Blind Harry has formed an interesting episode, combined with many strange improbabilities.

I cannot conclude the mention of this town,

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without expressing the great obligations I have to the Rev. Mr. Somerville, from whom, on the three different times that I was here, I received the most friendly attentions, and the most accurate information. One of my visits having been paid during the sitting of the Circuit Court, I had an opportunity of observing the proceedings of that tribunal; and I experienced from Lord Cullen, who presided, that politeness and condescension for which my acknowledgments are justly due.

Crossing a ferry at the lower part of the town, I walked to view the remains of Cambuskenneth Abbey, of which there is little more than a square tower now standing. It was anciently one of the richest foundations in Scotland, being endowed by David I. in 1147, and probably named from King Kenneth II. who in the ninth century defeated the Picts here. As the tide flows up to Stirling bridge, Mr. Gilpin has styled the Forth, "a sedgy, impure stream."—It deserves those appellations at low water; but at its height, it has an air of inconceivable exuberance, seeming, like another Nile, to carry fertility from side to side of the plain. The road by Tillybody to Alloa, lying near the river, is too flat to afford much striking scenery. The town of Alloa

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itself is small, but apparently flourishing, its port being frequented by shipping of 500 tons burthen; for the river here swells to a sea-like breadth.

Close to the town, stands Alloa Tower, the seat of —— Erskine, Esq. of Marr. The two days, which I passed with this gentleman, were full of entertainment. He was no less desirous, than he was capable, of directing my attention to the objects of importance in his neighbourhood; and his own residence afforded matter for much interesting observation. The building was of high antiquity. The square tower from which it took its denomination, was known to have been standing in the early part of the fourteenth, and probably was erected in the thirteenth century. To this, modern additions had from time to time been made, rendering it at once extensive and convenient. It was with real regret, that I some months afterwards heard of the unfortunate accident, by which the whole of this pile, except the tower, was burnt to the ground, with many of its most valuable curiosities. Among them, we have to lament, as a public loss, the destruction of a picture of Queen Mary, which, both from its style and history, bore the most indubitable marks of authenticity. It was presented to the Earl of Marr by a religious

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house in Antwerp, to which it had been left by a lady of rank, one of the personal attendants of Mary, who, after the death of her royal mistress, retired to end her days in Flanders. The painter was no mean artist; and the piece, though hard, was highly finished. The features were probably drawn with accuracy; but what little character they possessed was unpleasant, and might better have suited the cold and artful Elizabeth, than the tender, animated Mary. It appeared, however, to have been painted, at an age, when she had been long written "in sour misfortune's book;" and had, perhaps, lost that warmth of feeling, which was at once the bane of her happiness, and the charm of her manners. A very good miniature copy of this portrait was made by Mr. Bogle, of Edinburgh; but I have not learnt whether it escaped the flames. I am equally uncertain respecting the fate of some other relics of that age, the rich ewer, the cradle, and the arm-chair, used by the Countess of Marr, during her attendance on the infant James. It was a fortunate circumstance, that Mr. Erskine's papers were preserved, especially those containing his long and elaborate agricultural researches. He has dedicated much time to this important pursuit; and his influence

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and example have contributed toward its advancement, throughout the surrounding country. One of the most important results has been the institution of annual ploughing-matches, at which from 50 to 100 ploughs generally assist. Since their establishment, the dexterity of the ploughmen has been evidently increased: a spirit of honest emulation has been excited among them: the honorary medals given as prizes are carefully preserved; and though they are of considerable intrinsic value, no instance of their being sold, by those who gained them, has ever occurred.

On riding out with Mr. Erskine, I was much pleased to observe the marks of general improvement, over the whole face of the country. Within the last thirty years, it is calculated, that the small county of Clackmannan has expended above 150,000*l.* in building alone. During twenty years of that period, the estate of Alloa has been in a progressive state of amelioration. The farm is arranged on the best principles; and the farm-house, which is so situated as to overlook the whole, is at the same time so built as to ornament the prospect. New and extensive plantations have been made, and the former woods rendered more valuable by under-draining them,

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upon the most approved principles. The coal-works belonging to Mr. Erskine, are the most extensive on this side of the Firth. They are also the most westerly. Coal is generally found below freestone, here, with some iron. A vein of this freestone has been traced across the Firth; and on this vein Alloa is built.

Two miles from Alloa, is Clackmannan, a miserable village, which, however, assumes the dignity of a county town. It is seated on a hill, whose summit is crowned by the tower of Clackmannan, once the seat of the chief of the Bruces. This venerable pile, which is going fast to decay, forms, from its situation, a picturesque object, and commands a view no less admirable. From the top of the castle, to which I climbed with difficulty, the prospect appears most extensive; but it forms a more pleasing picture, from an adjoining row of trees, on the declivity called King's Seat Hill. Here, a short time ago, lived the old Lady of Clackmannan, no less remarkable for her wit and good humour, than for her œconomy, and her Jacobitism. On a very slender income, she maintained much of the state, and all the respectability of her ancestors. She preserved the sword of King Robert Bruce, with which she

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assumed the right of conferring knighthood; but when asked, whether she was of that monarch's family, she answered with much dignity, "King Robert was of my family."

The country, as you advance, affords little of the picturesque, except where, looking back, you obtain distant views of the neighbourhood of Stirling. Like most coal countries, its soil is bare and sandy; and even the shores of the Firth, being flat, possess little beauty. Passing the ruins of Tulliallan, and the village of Kincardine, you reach Culross, once the seat of a considerable ecclesiastical establishment. The remains of the monastery, still adjoining to the church, are worth notice; the vaulted refectory is entire, and the arches appear mostly pointed, though the west door of the church is Saxon. This church is said to have been built by Malcolm Mac Duff, Thane of Fife. This mighty family had extended their power very widely over the district called Fife, or, in the Pictish language (which appears to have agreed with the Gaelic), Ross, i. e. the peninsula. The most westerly of Mac Duff's castles was at this place, whose name (Culross) signifies the back of the peninsula. No remains of this edifice now exist; but here is a more modern, yet

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deserted seat, belonging to Lord Dundonald, which commands a pleasant view of the Firth.

The coast assumes a pleasing appearance, as you advance to Torryburn, a small town, named from the brook and estate of Torry. From hence, taking the inland road toward Dunfermline, I reached Keavil, a seat belonging to Dr. Robertson Barclay, but the present residence of Captain Robertson. On my different visits to this place (for I visited it twice), I passed many days, whose remembrance will not easily be obliterated from my mind; but I will not attempt to express my personal sentiments of esteem, nor my personal feelings of obligation. Suffice it to say, that, after experiencing every politeness beneath this hospitable roof, I made several agreeable excursions in the neighbourhood. Keavil itself has much the air of an English place. The house is small, but comfortable, and is seated in a flat lawn, sprinkled with fine trees, through whose branches are seen, at the distance of two miles, the summits of Dunfermline. Close to it is Pitfirren, the seat of the ancient family of Halket, who have possessed it for some centuries. There is said to have been a charter in 1437 between the Abbot of Dunfermline and David Halket, "de perambulatione terrarum de

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Petfarane." Two miles from this, toward the Firth, is Broomhall, the seat of the Earl of Elgin, who is building an elegant modern mansion, which, when complete, will add much to the beauty of the scene. The grounds lie mostly on the top of a steep declivity, commanding a pleasing prospect of the Firth, with the villages of Limekilns and Rosythe below, and on the opposite side a striking view of Hopeton House. Rosythe Castle, now in ruins, was anciently a seat of the Stuarts of Durisdeer, descended from James, uncle of King Robert II.

Tracing the coast eastward, we find it scooped and indented into numerous bays and promontories. The first and most remarkable projection is that of Queensferry, which, as well as the adjoining bay of St. Margaret, takes its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III. On each side of the passage is a small town, or rather village, built in consequence of the ferry; that on the north is seated on a peninsula of lofty basaltic rocks, which, contrary to their usual tendency, front the east. Here was formerly a chapel endowed by King Robert I. and served by the monks of Dunfermline. In this part of the Firth are scattered several islands which contribute much to beautify the scene. Inch Garvey, half way across, is a

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bare rock, surmounted by a fortress of no very apparent utility, as its garrison consists only of two invalids. This ancient building is not unpicturesque in form; but its effect is spoiled by a glaring coat of new whitewash.

Inverkeithing, in the bay to the east of this peninsula, is a royal burgh, and, as we may suppose, anciently of some importance, since it was the residence of King David I.: its present appearance, however, is but mean. Dun-y-birsal, the seat of the Earl of Murray, forms the further point of this bay. The house, which was formerly a residence of the Abbot of Inch Colm, has since been greatly enlarged; and the park stretches down to the edge of the Firth, of which it commands many beautiful views. The high road is not within sight of this place; but leading over an eminence within land, passes by Fordell, the seat of Sir R. Henderson; in a field near which is a *Standing Stone*, resembling one of those monuments usually called Danish. The church of Dalgety, which was anciently dependant on the abbey of Inch Colm, is situated nearer the sea; and adjoining to it are the remains of a seat, of the same name, which was the favourite residence of the Chancellor Seaton, created Earl of Dunfermline, in 1605. The

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inland views, in this part of the country, are greatly in want of wood, which, as it is only to be found in a few parks, and pleasure-grounds, is much prized by the inhabitants. Hence the Earl of Murray's improvements at Dun-y-birsal, though dictated by real taste, were little admired; as his Lordship was under the necessity of cutting down several trees, to open the different prospects. Within a mile of the shore, lies the island of Inch Colm, apparently divided into two parts; on the intermediate neck of land stands the abbey, founded by King Alexander I. A. D. 1123, and dedicated to St. Colm or Columbus. The building is still very entire; and a monument on the island is said to have been erected in memory of the Danes, under Knute, brother of Sueno, who were vanquished at Kinghorn, by Bancho, Thane of Lochaber.

The village of Aberdour, built on the small stream Dour, gives name to the seat of the Earl of Morton. The grounds around this are beautiful, and in no small degree enriched by the ruins of the former castle, which stood in a much better situation, than the present. It formerly belonged to the Wiponts, a very ancient Fifeshire family: in 1126 it came to the Mortimers; and from them to the Douglases,

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descendants of William, Lord of Nithisdale. As you advance, the town of Bruntisland presents itself on a peninsula, with a neat harbour, crowded with shipping. This town, which was formerly called Wester Kinghorn, was disjoined from the barony of Kinghorn by King James VI. and erected into a royal burgh. Its castle, built by Durie, of Durie, is still remaining. It was to the east of this place, that King Alexander III. was thrown over a rock in hunting; and by his death occasioned those civil commotions, which so long disturbed the peace of Scotland. Kinghorn is the next of those towns which are so plentifully scattered along this coast. It was made a royal burgh by David I. and retains some traces of its antiquity in the remains of St. Leonard's tower, and of a royal castle. It is, however, rendered more interesting to the lover of nature by the beautiful view, which it commands, of Leith Roads; by some strikingly picturesque mills within the town; and above all, by the basaltic causeway, formed of truncated columns, more perfect than any which I have seen, except those at Staffa.

The road now taking a northerly direction, leads by the ruins of Seafield Tower, an ancient seat of the Moutrays, to Kirkcaldie, a port and royal burgh,

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which, with its suburbs, called the Linktown and the Pans, forms an extent of buildings, two miles in length. Some etymologists derive the name of this town from the Culdees, or *Cule Dia*, servants of God, the first teachers of Christianity. At its eastern extremity is the ruinous castle of Ravenscraig, anciently called Ravensheuch, and noted as "the Lord Sinclair's speciall residence." Dysart is also a port, and royal burgh; a little beyond which, is a picturesque ruin, of no great magnitude; but remarkable for its singular situation, under a beetling cliff. It appears to have been a religious house, built on the very brink of the sea, and only protected from the waves by a wall, flanked with two circular towers. The villages of Easter and Wester Wemyss, which succeed, both possess harbours. They seem to have been originally dependant on the castle of Wemyss, which lies between them, belonging to General Wemyss. The castle itself has an ancient appearance, though some parts of it are modern; and the whole mass bears a striking character of dignity, not a little enhanced by its situation, on the verge of the sea, and commanding a fine view of the opening of the Firth. The adjoining rocks abound with caves, which are in

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appearance rather singular, than picturesque; but they are most remarkable, as having given name to the noble family of Wemyss*, and as furnishing an additional proof of the early prevalence of the Gaelic language in the Lowlands.

This was the farthest point of my excursion along the coast: after which, directing my course northward, I revisited Balgonie Castle, and once more experienced the hospitality and politeness of its noble inhabitants. This castle, which is built on the southern bank of the Leven river, gives a title to the eldest son of the Earl of Leven and Melvill. It was anciently a possession of the Sibbalds, one of whom, Sir John Sibbald, of Balgonie, appears as witness to a charter granted by Robert Duke of Albany, in 1206. In the reign of Charles I. it was purchased by General Leslie, afterward created Earl of Leven, who, as well as some of his descendants, embellished and augmented it. The most ancient part is a square tower, similar to, and probably coeval with those of Calder, Kilravock, &c. or with that of Loch Leven, which must have been built in the twelfth or thirteenth century. The more recent apartments form the north and east sides of a

* Gaelic *uaimh*, a cave.

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large square court, the offices the south, and a wall with a simple old gateway the west. On the outside appear traces of a foss: and in front of the gate is a green, on which stands the *Jug* tree, formerly the place of punishment for persons sentenced by the Baronial Court. The course of the Leven is here serpentine; its stream is small, but full; and its banks, through which Lord Balgonie has led some pleasing walks, are steep and woody. The castle, overhanging the river, is seen to the greatest advantage from the opposite side, particularly near a picturesque old wooden bridge, where Lady Balgonie proposes to erect a simple turf-house, on a wild little island, well adapted to such an ornament. From this spot Mr. Nattes has, with great judgment, chosen a sketch, with which he proposes to enrich his SCOTIA DEPICTA, a collection of the characteristic scenery of Scotland.

In the neighbourhood of Balgonie, it may be worth while to notice Balfour, Kennoway, and Leslie House. Balfour, which is situated near the water of Orr (originally *four*, i. e. cold), gave name to the family of the Balfours, so early as the reign of King Duncan. The village of Kennoway, i. e. Kenneth's way, also derives its name from high anti-

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quity; and near it is a fortified hill, called the Maiden's Castle, supposed to have belonged to the Mac Duffs, Thanes of Fife. Leslie House is of more modern date. It was originally built by John Leslie, Duke of Rothes, who, on account of his sufferings in the civil wars, was, on the Restoration, made Great Chancellor of Scotland. At his death, in 1681, the dukedom became extinct, but the earldom descended to his heirs.

After quitting the banks of the Leven, the country appears mostly bare and uninteresting, nor does it greatly improve, when, crossing the shoulder of the West Lomond, you descend into the *How* (or hollow) of Fife, an extensive plain, very little varied, either by wood or cultivation. Accompanied by my friend Mr. Milnes, I traversed a barren part of this tract, passing through the village of Kettle, and in sight of the old tower of Scotstarvet, to the fir plantations which surround Melvill, the seat of the Earl of Leven and Melvill, many years the King's commissioner to the General Assembly. This venerable nobleman received us with the most cordial kindness; introduced us to the pleasing society of his family; and exhibited to us not only the local curiosities of his seat, but some still more curious records of anti-

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quity. The most important of these was an original manuscript of the *Solemn League and Covenant*, with the autographs of the leading nobility and gentry, who bound themselves to its support. Among the earlier papers, were a charter from William the Lion, in 1163; a papal dispensation, in 1445; a very ancient and simple marriage contract, about six inches square; and a book of the expences of King James VI.

Melvill House was built, in the year 1700, by George Earl of Melvill, who was successively secretary of state, high commissioner to Parliament, and lord privy seal. It has in its exterior the characteristics of a period, when grandeur was supposed to be dependant on regularity, and when the Grecian architecture, though powerful enough to supplant the Gothic, yet appeared somewhat exotic to the soil of Scotland. Hence, together with considerable magnificence, there is much formality in the house, in the gardens, and in the long vista, which seems bounded only by the Eastern Lomond. The prospect from the leads, though presenting an interesting map of the How of Fife, with the towns of Falkland and Cupar, sufficiently shows the impossibility of ever giving any picturesque effect to the

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building itself. In this respect, the old castle of Moneymeal, belonging to this estate, appears to have been much better situated, on the acclivity of a hill, about half a mile north-west of Melvill. Its only remain is Beaton's Tower, named from the cardinal, to whom it belonged, previously to the Reformation. Melvill possesses a good collection of family portraits, among which one is somewhat surprised to see that of Lord Dundee, a character differing so much in politics from all the branches of this noble house.

It was matter of regret to me, that my time did not allow of a visit to the university of St. Andrew's, which lies fifteen miles east of this place, by the Cupar road. The situation of its picturesque ruins, on a bleak eminence, overlooking the sea, must doubtless give it much characteristic effect. For a knowledge of its antiquities I am indebted to the *Reliquiæ Divi Andreæ*, a book with which Lord Leven obligingly presented me.

On quitting Melvill, I directed my course westward, through the village of Collessie, and the small towns of Auchtermuchty and Strathmiglo; from which, crossing the shoulder of the West Lomond, I descended upon the plain of Kinross. This county

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is but small in extent. It was divided in the fifteenth century from Fife, which anciently comprehended it, as well as Clackmannan, Monteith, and Strath Earne. The expanse of Loch Leven soon appears at the foot of Benairty and the Bishop Hill. As you advance, the town of Kinross comes in sight, with its spire; and finally the castle, in which the unfortunate Mary was confined, is seen, on an island, about half a mile from the nearest shore. The ground around is mostly flat, and not very well wooded; nor is the lake very large, being only eleven miles in circumference; but its form, stretching into bays and promontories—the islands scattered about in it—the overhanging hills—and the distant Ochill mountains—all together give it much picturesque effect. In approaching the town, you pass the ruins of Burley, rendered more gloomy by the story of a murder perpetrated by its former possessor, Lord Burley.

Loch Leven Castle is said to be of high antiquity. We cannot easily believe the account, which refers it to the time of Congal, a Pictish king; but we know, that in 1335 it was besieged by Sir John Stirling, for the English, and bravely defended by Sir Allan Wypont, for the Scottish king. Those more recent, but not less celebrated events, the imprison-

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ment and escape of Queen Mary, which to the eye of taste give this spot a double value, are too well known to need repetition. Kinross House, the seat of —— Graham, Esq. is prettily situated on the point nearest the Castle Island. It was built by Sir W. Bruce, and is a good specimen of architectural skill; but it affords no high idea of his taste for the picturesque, since it makes little advantage of the two noble prospects, in opposite directions; the eastern, including the castle, the lake, and the Lomonds; and the western, looking toward the Ochills.

After passing the night at Kinross, which, though a county town, has little to attract notice, we took the Dollar road. The plain through which it leads, affords little variety, except in the views backward to the town and lake, which appear very advantageously from many points, particularly from the bridge over the South Queich. On ascending from this plain, we passed, on the left, the Castle of Tullibole, rendered interesting to me by being the ancient seat of a family, whom I have so much reason to esteem and to respect. Its possessor, Sir H. Moncrieff Wellwood, does not, indeed, reside here, nor would its present ruinous state allow of

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THE RUMBLING BRIDGE.

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its being inhabited; yet enough remains to show its former consequence, and to admit of no very difficult renovation. About a mile further is a small village, called the Crook of Devon, from a bend in the Devon, or Dovan water, on which it is situated. Here we obtained a poor breakfast, and then walked to see the striking scenery on the river.

The Devon, after having meandered, in an open course, for a considerable way, suddenly loses itself in a deep ravine, formed by wild rocky banks, among which it is long hidden, or, if appearing, is only seen to toil and struggle, in the dark recesses, far below. One of these places, where the water, beaten violently from side to side, makes an incessant noise, like the thumping of a mill, is from that circumstance called the Devil's Mill. A little below this is the Rumbling Bridge, also named from the noise of the waters; but still more remarkable for the appearance of the tremendous chasm, across which it is thrown. The rocks, which shoot up to the height of eighty-six feet from the water, meeting almost together at top, need only a single arch to connect them. Viewed from below, the seemingly self-suspended bridge, the huge and massy rocks, interspersed with wood, and the water glimmering at the bottom of

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the chasm, form a singular and striking picture. About a mile below this is the Cauldron Linn, a cascade, or rather succession of cascades, formed among the rocks, which being worn into round, cauldron-like cavities, have suggested a name by no means inapplicable. In this last scene, I was somewhat disappointed. It is certainly worth visiting; but it seems not to deserve the very great praise usually lavished on it. Similar excavations I have seen; few, indeed, superior in themselves, but many in the accompanying scenery, to which, as I have before observed, waterfalls of every kind owe the chief part of their effect.

Regaining the public road, we reached the village of Dollar, exactly half way between Stirling and Kinross. Here, from the window of a small inn, kept by J. Drysdale, is the view of Castle Campbell, which was sketched by Mr. Pennant. The form of this ruin is grand and picturesque; and its situation, though ill adapted for modern modes of defence, is strikingly bold. It is seated on an almost perpendicular mound, formed partly by Nature, and partly by art, within an opening of the Ochills, which surround, and overtop it. The solemn horrors of the scene, occasioned, it is said, the imposition of

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their correspondent Gaelic terms. The name of the castle was Gloom, and those of the two brooks, which encircle it, Care and Sorrow. The noble family of Argyle, however, have possessed it since 1493, and have consequently given it their own name. Having been burnt in the civil wars by Montrose, it has ever since remained in the deserted state in which it is at present. From hence to Stirling, by the Hill-foot road, is one continued succession of delightful landscapes, which grow in beauty, as you advance toward that rich and picturesque country. These twelve miles Mr. Gilpin most unjustly characterizes as "a tract of country affording little amusement." In candour to him, we must suppose, that, travelling eastward, he never once turned his view back towards the scenes he had left; or that, if he did, the weather concealed them from his sight.

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SECTION XVII.

VICINITY OF THE TWEED.

In the course of this section I mean to describe chiefly the country in the vicinity of the Tweed, to which I made an excursion from Edinburgh, with Mr. Walter Scott; but it may not be amiss previously to notice that part of the eastern road by which I entered Scotland on my second tour.

The town of Berwick is scarcely less singular in its appearance, than in its political constitution. In Britain we are happily unaccustomed to see our towns walled and fortified, or to observe, as we do here, a long bridge, divided by a gate in its centre, implying a divided jurisdiction. The dreary look of the surrounding country adds little to the appearance of the town. Even the fine river Tweed loses much of its beauty; and, in short, this entrance is calculated to impress a stranger with a very poor idea of Scotland. Nor does the landscape much improve, after passing Berwick bounds, while the

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road continues along a bare country, in sight of the sea. The small village of Eyton, on the river Eye, is succeeded by the Press Inn, on Coldingham Moor; after which, nothing remarkable occurs, until you reach the Peas Bridge. This beautiful pile is thrown over one of those rocky brooks, which here diversify the country by singular deep and woody ravines. It was constructed for the advantage of a level in the road; but has also been managed with a due regard to picturesque effect. In order to see it to advantage, it is necessary to clamber down the declivity, and look upward, a height of 120 feet, to the light iron rail, which borders the bridge. The name *Peas*, is supposed to be a corruption of *peaths*, i. e. paths; in allusion either to the natural ravine above described, or to the military passes so frequent in this part of the country. The high grounds, which divide the county of Berwick from that of Haddington, or East Lothian, begin here, and run inland thirty or forty miles, to Soutra Hill. They are called Lammer Muir, either from the French *la mer*, as looking to the sea; or from the *lambs* fed on them; or possibly from the Scotch word *lammer*, amber. Dunglas Castle, the seat of Sir James Hall, Baronet, is surrounded by scenery very

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similar to that of Peas Bridge, and even excelling it, by the wild rocky caverns near the sea.

Descending now to the shore, the road runs along it a considerable way: and here the objects, which in the early part of my tour, I contemplated from the sea, appear to no less advantage, in the land prospect, such as Traprain and North Berwick Laws, Dunbar Castle, the Bass, &c. Here too we pass

"Dunbar field, with blood of Scots embru'd,"

which added so much to the military reputation of Cromwell, by the famous defeat of Leslie, in 1650. The latter (contrary, it is said, to his own judgment) descended from an advantageous position on Downhill, to the low grounds, near the Brock's (or Badger's) Burn, which gives name to Broxmouth, a seat of his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh. And here Cromwell's Mount, a tumulus probably raised over the slain, is still to be seen. Dunbar is a place of ancient celebrity. It is first mentioned as being given by Malcolm Canmore, to Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, whose family afterward took from it their surname. The castle, whose ruins are now seated on a rock, overhanging the sea, was ever esteemed one of the most important fortresses in the

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south of Scotland: and is denominated in some old records, Earl Patrick's Strong House. In 1336, the wife of this Patrick, Earl of March, called Black Agnes of Dunbar, bravely defended it, in the absence of her husband, against the Earl of Montague, whom she forced to raise the siege. Hither, as Barbour triumphantly relates, fled Edward II. after his defeat at Bannockburn; and hither also fled Bothwell, after he had taken leave of Queen Mary, for the last time, at Carberry Hill. This event was the cause of the castle's demolition, by the forces of the Regent Murray; since which it has never been repaired. Its massy ruinous walls, and towers, which seem to defy the touch of time, its dark basaltic cliffs, broken into huge fissures and caverns, added to the accidental circumstances of a black scowling sky, and angry foaming surges, form the subject of a picture, which I have seen most poetically treated by the Scottish artist, Jacob More.

Crossing the Tyne, at the small village of Linton, we enter the pleasant vale of Haddington, whose rich, cultivated appearance, forms a contrast to the bleak country, which has preceded it. Traprain Law, near which we pass, has been already mentioned. Its height is 700 feet, and its ancient

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Gaelic name *Dun-pender*, the steep hill, well expresses its appearance. Its modern denomination is derived from the French *attraper la reine*; in consequence of Queen Mary's being carried off, by Bothwell, to Hail's Castle, in its neighbourhood. The Tyne is bordered by many beautiful seats, which vary and enrich the landscape: amongst them are Tyningham, the Earl of Haddington's, near the mouth of the river; and Amisfield, the Earl of Wemyss's, near the town of Haddington. The latter possesses a collection of paintings carefully chosen and deservedly celebrated. Haddington itself bears the stamp of antiquity; it is a royal burgh, of very old date, and has little appearance of business; but is chiefly remarkable for its church, which belonged to a Franciscan monastery, and was built in the twelfth, or thirteenth century. Only the western part of this fabric is used for public worship: the remainder is roofless, and in ruins. Here also was born the celebrated reformer, John Knox, who to the zeal and talents of Calvin, added a still greater degree of violence, and more unpolished manners. How little soever we may be inclined, in the present state of society, to sympathize with such a man, the Presbyterian church was abundantly indebted to him, in her

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early struggles for emancipation. The obligation is not yet forgotten; and the house, in which he was born, is exultingly pointed out, in a suburb of this town, called the Giffordgate.

Near the mouth of the Esk, the country becomes interesting from its connexion with many important events in Scottish history; the battle of Pinkie, so advantageous to the English, in 1547; that of Preston Pans, favourable to the Pretender's arms, in 1745; and the conference of Carberry Hill, when Queen Mary surrendered herself to the associate lords, in 1567. The Esk divides the villages of Fisherrow and Musselburgh, which lie close upon the sea, very pleasantly situated, both with respect to health, and picturesque beauty. They are backed by the hill of Inveresk, which, though but a gentle eminence, commands a most extensive view of the large bay, formed by the Firth, together with the opposite coast. Here the Romans had not only fixed a military station, but, as appears from the remains of hypocausta, altars, &c. they had even established a civil colony. The present inhabitants of these villages, being mostly employed in fishery, and other branches of labour, for the supply of Edinburgh, have very peculiar manners. Their most distinguish-

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ing characteristic is the laborious life of the women, whose appearance and strength are consequently masculine; and their mode of life, though not licentious, is free and independent. Musselburgh is only five miles distant from Edinburgh, to which the road leads chiefly along the coast.

I now return, with pleasure, to describe the tour, which I made with my friend Mr. Walter Scott, whose local information, and peculiar attention to the Border history, rendered his society no less instructive, than his amiable and friendly disposition rendered it agreeable. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he will probably have given to the public, by the time this work shall have left the press, will speak more than any testimony of mine, in favour of his taste and genius. By a persevering and zealous research, he has recovered many of those valuable records of the "olden time," which were dying on the tongue of tradition; those beautiful, because genuine and natural effusions, which (forgotten by the learned and the polite)

> "The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids that wove their thread with bones,
> Did use to chaunt—"

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To the artist who seizes a vanishing grace in nature's charms, or to the connoisseur who rescues from destruction that artist's happiest work, the man of taste pays no unwilling tribute of praise—and surely he deserves still more our gratitude, who snatches from oblivion the faithful portraits of our forefathers' feelings, the traces of

"Beauty, making beautiful old rhyme,"

or the glow and animation of generous patriotism and valour. Mr. Scott has not confined himself to this. What we admire, if we truly admire it, we usually attempt to parallel. It is not for me to say with what critical exactness, my friend has imitated the ancient writers; but he has at least transfused into his original poems, much of the spirit, and communicated to them much of the venerable character of genuine antiquity. Above all, he has avoided that most unpardonable of all liberties, the confounding the duties of author and editor; that which is modern is professedly so; and that which is ancient is delivered with scrupulous fidelity.

We set out from the cottage at Laswade, on the banks of the North Esk; and a mile or two further, crossed the South Esk, by a very picturesque bridge,

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near Dalhousie Castle, the seat of the Earl of Dalhousie. The deep chasm covered with wood, the river flowing over its rocky bed below, the modernized castle, at a little distance, and the playful inequalities of ground, which set off the whole, render this spot strikingly picturesque; nor does it appear the less valuable by its contrast with the succeeding country, which for a considerable distance is dull, monotonous, and unvaried. The only object of note is Borthwick Castle, seen about ten miles from Edinburgh, on the left; it is a considerable ruin, but its situation is by no means romantic, and its chief interest arises from having been the refuge of Mary and Bothwell, before the fatal affair of Carberry Hill. The inns at Middleton and Bankhouse are small, but more convenient than their exterior promises. Soon after passing the first, you come upon the Gala water, a small stream, flowing in a straight course, between two mountain ridges, neither lofty enough to be sublime, nor rich enough to be beautiful. This tract was formerly more populous than at present, and was inhabited by a numerous class of those small, but respectable landholders, who are now rarely to be met with. Some few monuments of that state of society still remain—Torsonse, was

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once a house of note, and is celebrated in an ancient ballad—Whitebank, at present a mere ruin, formerly belonged to one of the last of the border lairds. Until his death, he kept up all the formality of his imaginary rank; and though scarcely less antiquated than the knight of La Mancha, he never rode abroad without his arms, accoutrements, and followers.

The road to Galashiels turns off on the left, near the house of Torwoodlee, which, placed on a pleasant knoll, commands a view of the river, down to its junction with the Tweed. In this short part of its course lies all its beauty; the busy and populous village of Galashiels, the cultivated vale, the extensive plantations, and the opening of the country beyond. On another excursion, I took this road to Melrose; but at present I left these pleasing landscapes, on the left, and pursued the straight road to Selkirk, which leads across dreary hills, until you descend upon the Tweed. The contrast between this scenery, and the wild, uncultivated country before it, cannot fail to strike every traveller. Mr. Gilpin has very justly noticed it; and has observed, that what the Tweed wants here in magnitude, it makes up in beauty. The hills themselves, though quite diminutive, when compared with Highland

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mountains, have a degree of dignity; and are not inelegantly varied in their forms. The houses of Fairnalie and Yair, are both pleasantly situated, in the midst of plantations: and the bridge, near the latter, with the winding road, forms a composition not unworthy the painter. After toiling painfully up another hill, you come upon the Ettrick, near Philiphaugh, a level plain, which the town of Selkirk overlooks, from the opposite side of the river. We cannot view this plain, without a forcible recollection of the fate of Montrose, who was defeated here by Leslie, at the very moment after writing to Charles, "that he had no enemy within twenty miles."

A neat bridge across the Ettrick leads to Selkirk. This town, seated on a height, and fortified with three gates, was considered as a place of great strength. Its inhabitants distinguished themselves by their valour; and the manufacture of shoes having, from time immemorial, been very considerable, the "Souters of Selkirk" have obtained no unmerited celebrity. While I was here, I was enabled, by the favour of my friend Mr. Scott, who is sheriff-depute of this county, to investigate with some accuracy, the traditional accounts of the battle of

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Flodden. The general report is, that the town-clerk led a large body of shoemakers to that battle, most of whom were cut off; but he himself escaping with difficulty, was created a knight banneret, and that dignity perpetuated on his office. For all this there is doubtless some foundation. The men of Selkirk distinguished themselves on that occasion. The town still holds a large portion of land, on account of their services. A charter, which I examined, and which was granted by James V. in 1538, confirms some previous charters; "because," among other reasons, "the burgh of Selkirk, and inhabitants theroff, continuallie, since the feild of Floudoun, where his Majestie was extraordinarly assisted by them, has been oppressed, herrit, and outridden be the Inglish theives and traittors."—The weavers' company still possess the fragment of a banner taken in the battle. The town-clerk of that period (Sir Andrew Bryden) was knighted, as appears from several charters. His descendants still live here, and till lately possessed a sword and halbert, taken on that occasion. The official knighthood of the town-clerk, has always been a prevalent notion here; and it is not many years since a dispute of precedence, on some public occasion, was settled by the submis-

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sion of both parties to his superior rank. It may be doubted, whether all the Selkirk warriors were shoemakers; but it is certain that their skill in making "the single-soled shoon," is of considerable antiquity. The well-known song, "Up with the Souters of Selkirk," sometimes cited as a corroboration of their claim, is probably of much later date, and of more trifling origin; referring to a match at foot-ball, or some other game, at which it is usual for whole parishes to contend. The tale which is related of the woman, who was found after the battle of Flodden, frozen to death, seems to have been merely built on a figure of the Virgin Mary, in the armorial bearing of the town. The burrough constitution is here as prejudicial, as it is in the other small towns in Scotland, where it prevails; but it has, perhaps, served to prolong some old customs, which would otherwise have been worn quite out of memory. Such were the silver arrow, an ancient prize of archery; and the piper, who used to play through the streets (on the Lowland pipe), every morning and evening; but whose place has been supplied, of late years, by a drum and fife.

From Selkirk to Hawick are eleven miles of bleak, dreary country, crossing the hills from the course of

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the Ettrick to that of the Tiviot. Roads in such a direction are seldom so pleasing, as when a vale is pursued, either up, or down the great lines, which nature seems to point out, by the disposition of rivers, lakes, vales, and mountains. We were somewhat recompensed for the want of beauty, by the extent of the view, which on all sides was bounded by long mountain ranges, extending as far as the Cheviots in England, and including many remarkable points nearer at hand, such as Ruberslaw, Minto, the Eildon hills, &c. Hawick is a busy manufacturing town, situated at the confluence of the Tiviot, and Slitterick, whose waters, dashing over their stony bed, as they rush through the middle of the town, under the picturesque old bridges, present scenery of a most singular and interesting kind. The inn here was formerly a considerable residence; and its master is an object of no less curiosity, being the lineal representative of the celebrated laird of Gilnockie, and still considered as chief of that branch of the Armstrongs.

For the sake of regular connexion, I shall here introduce a part of the southern road, which I pursued at a different time; and after describing it, I shall once more return to the neighbourhood of the

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Tweed. The Tiviot, whose upper course we ascend from Hawick, flows through an open vale, well planted, and agreeably varied in its outline; but gradually contracting as we advance. We passed Gowdilands, and Branxholm, both ancient castellar habitations of the family of Scot. About ten miles from Hawick is Carlinrigg (the old woman's hill); where Johnie Armstrong was executed, by James V. A. D. 1530: the Gallow Hill is seen from the road. Soon after this, passing through a narrow dale, we find the stream of the Ewes running southward, and on its banks reach a miserable stage-house, called Moss Paul. This river is bordered by high hills, green to the top, which, like the whole of this country, form one continued sheep-walk. They have consequently little variety, either of building, woods, or corn-fields; but, as Mr. Gilpin has observed, their downy sides are often tinted with mosses of different hues, which give them a very rich surface.

About six miles from Moss Paul is the small village of Ewes, and beyond it Soreby Halse, a hill which separates this dale from that of the Esk. Here, deviating from the road, I crossed the eminence, and soon reached Burnfoot, the residence of —— Malcolm, Esq. where I passed some days with very

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great pleasure. Burnfoot is about three miles above the junction of the Esk and Ewes, whose waters uniting near Langholm, flow to the Solway Firth below Longtown. It is pleasantly situated, among considerable plantations, at a bend of the river, sheltered and adorned by the lofty, and varied, green hills, which arise on every side. About a mile above it, is Westerhall, the ancient seat of the Johnstone family, belonging to their present representative, Sir William Pulteney. It is a small mansion, seldom inhabited by its proprietor, and only remarkable for a thorn, which stands on a little mount before the door, and which is said to have been brought from Clydesdale, by the family, on their first establishment here. The parish church, called Westerkirk, is a mile and a half further, near a handsome stone bridge of three arches; and being a neat building, it forms, with the natural woods, and lofty hills around it, a very pleasing composition.

During my stay at Burnfoot, I collected many entertaining particulars relative to both the ancient and present state of this country. The many traces of Roman enterprise and industry first direct our thoughts to that bold and persevering people. They had a military station (the *Castra Exploratorum*),

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just within the English border at Netherby; from whence their roads run northward, in several different directions. Just above Westerkirk, is a large work, supposed to be the camp of the sixth legion, and at Castle Ore, four miles higher, is another perfect encampment, where silver coins, and other relics, have been discovered. In the whole of this track are found, at different distances, circular earthen entrenchments, about forty or fifty feet in diameter, which the country people call *Birrens*, and generally use them as places of confinement for cattle. These were probably Roman *Turres*, or guard stations: and hence the name Birrenswork, or Burnswark, has been given to several places of encampment. About eight miles north-west of Annan, there is one, so named, which is accurately described in the Scottish Antiquarian Transactions, vol. i. p. 124, by an author, who says, that the small cantonments in that direction are called, in the popular dialect, *Co-wherds*, an evident corruption of the Latin *Cohortium*.

The predatory life of the old Borderers, forms an interesting subject of contemplation. From the border histories of Ridpath, and others, the events of this continual warfare may be collected; but the

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concomitant feelings of men, in such a state of society, are to be sought in local traditions, poetical remains, and works drawn from similar sources. Much illustration of border customs may be found in the rude literary attempt of an unlettered muse, entitled, "A true History of several honourable Families of the honourable Name of Scot," by Captain W. Scott, who informs us, that he was seventy-three years old in 1686, the date of his publication. The whole composition, which consists of two parts, Watt's Bellanden, and Satchel's Post'ral, is without order or arrangement, and in a barbarous metre; but the authorities cited are often curious, and some of them no longer accessible. Here we find, that the very term, *Freebooter*, was not considered as a reproach by the Borderers, who during the open wars of the two countries, combined, with their personal views of plunder, something like a national spirit of patriotism. At other times they became dangerous to both parties, though generally professing hostility only to the inhabitants of the opposite territory. Finally, when the two governments agreed to measures of mutual advantage, for the suppression of the border depredations, an irregular system of conventional justice arose, which itself was not unfrequently the source

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of fresh dispute and bloodshed. The old ballads pourtray these various states, with many forcible touches of humour and pathos; and their effect is enhanced by incidents descriptive of personal character, or of popular superstition. Among them may be particularly noticed Dick o' the Cow, Jock o' the Side, Hobie Noble, the Battle of the Redswaire, Johnie Armstrong, &c.

It was long before the ancient border customs could be wholly overcome; but they may now be said to be like "a tale that is told;" nay, the very tales of a tale, the ballads, the popular traditions, the memory of events attached to names and places, even the dialect itself is gradually wearing out. Still the peculiarity of situation must necessarily stamp a peculiar character on the inhabitants. The whole country is divided into different dales, named from the waters flowing through them. This is so universally the case, that "the water" is here provincially used for "the neighbourhood;" and a traveller asking for salt-fish, or pickled herring, may, perhaps, be surprised at receiving for answer, that "there is none in the water." All the Borderers are capital horsemen; and to this day frequent fairs, and other public meetings, chiefly on horseback.

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At such assemblages, which are usually crowded, there are not often boxing-matches, cudgel-playing, &c. as in England; but in their stead leaping, fair wrestling, and other contests merely amicable. The professional pipers, formerly very common, are now rare; but young men, for their own amusement, play much on the Lowland bagpipe, fiddle, &c. Dancing also is a favourite diversion; and there are sometimes subscription dances for the benefit of the poorer families. Superstitious notions have greatly decayed of late; yet there is still some belief in witches and spirits,

"Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery."

The Sabbath is observed with great strictness. A man will not shave himself on that day: and a parent has been known to express scruples at gathering a cabbage for his sick child. At church, all ranks appear in neat, but not lively dresses, generally wearing a black and white plaid of a small, simple pattern. The *Latewake*, or sitting up to watch the dead, prevails here, sometimes with weeping, singing, and other loud lamentations: it is, however, very dangerous, in cases of contagion, and should be as much as possible discountenanced. I cannot omit

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one singular, but obsolete custom, formerly prevalent here, called *Handfasting*. There was a certain holm, where couples met, and joined hands: they then lived together a year, after which, repairing once more to the same spot, they either united for life, or shook hands, and separated.

Among the local curiosities in this neighbourhood, we may reckon the traces of the old market town of Staple Gordon, now destroyed; as well as those of many other places, which prove the country to have been much more populous, than at present, such as Stanger Wa's, &c. In the hills are frequent monuments of the Cameronians, and other sectaries, who were killed in the religious dissensions of former times. At a place, called the Shaw Rigg, a large stone is standing upright, in memory, as is said, of a Pictish king; and a place in the river is called King Pool, on account of his being drowned there. After all that has been written on the Picts, their origin, and even the language they spoke, is very doubtful. The popular belief respecting these *Pechts* (for so they are called), is, that they were dwarfish, but wonderfully strong men, possessing something like supernatural power; and the authors of many ancient works, which we know from history

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to have been Roman, Danish, &c. That this nation, if they were ever established in Eskdale, spoke the Gaelic language, is probable from many names of places, either existing, or recollected. The Esk itself is so called, either from *esk*, an eel; or from *uisge*, water: and in some instances a Scoti-Saxon word is added to an original Gaelic term, as in Dou-glen-Cleugh, the two first syllables signifying a dark vale, in Gaelic, and the last, a hollow, in Low-land Scotch.

Just above the junction of the Esk and Ewes, stands Langholm House, a modern seat, belonging to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh. It is built of a fine white stone, which, with every thing about it, bears an air of neatness and comfort, rather than of splendour or solemnity. The Esk gliding placidly by, the winding banks of wood on both sides, the intervening green level holm, and the town, appearing through the trees, backed by distant hills, form a pleasing rural landscape. Old Langholm Castle, formerly belonging to the Lords of Nithisdale, stood nearer to the town of Langholm, which was founded by them, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The town itself is small, but possesses some manufacture, and forms some very picturesque scenery,

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by its two bridges, its mills, the junction of the rivers, and the rocky banks overhung with wood.

The whole road from hence to the border is beautifully diversified with gentle eminences and declivities, well clothed with trees, and enriched with seats, villages, and hamlets. Among these may be noticed Irvine, the residence of Captain Maxwell, a neat villa, designed by Holland, and situated on the banks of the Esk, near the mouth of a small stream, called the Tauras. The most interesting object, however, is the ruined tower of Gilnockie, which receives importance from the story of Johnie Armstrong, the most popular of all the border-chiefs. Something, perhaps, is to be attributed to the partiality of his poetical historian; but there can be little doubt, that even these licentious plunderers had their amiable and heroic qualities, which gave dignity to their conduct, and insured the attachment of their followers. Nor, perhaps, was it a very sound policy, in the Scottish monarch, to deprive himself of the services of a hardy and numerous body of men, habitually hostile to that power, which he had most to fear. In reading the old ballad, we instinctively join in the admiration of Johnie's splendour, and liberality; we participate his generous indignation, against the

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treacherous king, and his tender recollections of his son and brother; nor while we contemplate this roofless and deserted pile, can we help being struck with his dying exclamation:

"Farewell, my bonie Gilnock Hall,
Where on Esk-syde thou standest stout!
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,
I wad haif gilt thee round about."

Not far from this, the Liddel, falling into the Esk, marks the boundary of the two countries; and the road continues, within the English border, by Longtown to Carlisle.

Returning to Selkirk, I shall now proceed on my former excursion. The Ettrick, joined a little above this town by the Yarrow, flows into the Tweed, about four miles on the road to Melrose. Near this point is Sunderland Hall, the residence of the late —— Plomer, Esq. so well known for his taste and antiquarian science. This gentleman is said to have left some MS. annotations on Shakspeare, the publication of which would be highly interesting to the literary world. The grounds here are well planted, and command fine views of the beautiful country around, the rich level *haughs*, through which both streams flow, the precipitous rocky *heughs*, the fine

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hanging woods, and the green varied hills above them; but of these delightful landscapes, the house (like most old buildings) is so situated, as to take little advantage. Two miles below the mouth of the Gala, whose vale opens very beautifully, the small town of Melrose is situated. In approaching it, the bridge of Darnick on the left, and the Eildon hills on the right, contribute to form a most picturesque composition, which is perfected, in the centre, by the magnificent remains of Melrose Abbey, the town around it, the opposite village of Gattonside, and the sweet, open vale of the Tweed, winding away in the distance.

No remain of Gothic architecture in Scotland is so much, or so deservedly celebrated, as the Abbey of Melrose; nor are many ecclesiastical institutions of higher antiquity. Old Melrose was one of the first religious houses in that country, being founded probably about the end of the sixth century. In the year 1136, King David transferred it to its present seat, two miles west of its former situation. The present building is of later date; for it has been often renovated and often destroyed, by the violence of invasion, or civil contest. Its stone appears still fresh, and sharp; and the unparalleled elegance of the

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MELROSE ABBEY.

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Gothic tracery, and sculpture, is every where striking; except in the western end, which has been fitted up, and is used for parochial service. The most admirable parts are the east window, and the south entrance; the latter of which is seen in the general view here given. The interior also presents invaluable studies for the painter and the poet. The delicate proportions of the columns, the richness and perfection of the ornaments, contrasted with the wide breaches in the roof, the overspreading weeds and bushes, and the damp-discoloured hues of the stone, cast over the whole an air of beauteous grandeur, a solemnity mixed with grace, a loveliness, if I may so speak, even in decay. If this noble ruin stood, like Pluscardine, in a solitary vale, instead of being elbowed by the village, it would be still more impressive. This effect is to a certain degree produced, by the exclusion of the adjacent buildings, in the view of it from Prior Bank, the seat of —— Riddel, Esq.

The bridge of Drygrange is an elegant pile of four arches, the widest of which is 105 feet in the span. It was built by a common mason at the village of Newstead, for less than 1500*l.* yet its taste is equal to its ingenuity. The river here begins to

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change its open banks, and gently waving course, for abrupt turns and windings among dark-wooded precipices. A most beautiful picture is formed by the opening of the Leader, with its mill and bridge, and the farm of

> " Drygrange with its milk-white ewes
> 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing."

It is no small addition to these lovely landscapes, that they are almost all stamped with poetic celebrity. The pastoral muse has dwelt with singular delight on the Tweed, and its tributary streams; and has almost appropriated to them those Lowland airs so peculiarly sweet and plaintive.

Old Melrose, where we were received by the hospitality of Major Elliot, takes its name* from its situation on one of the peninsulas formed by the river: opposite it, is Bimerside, for some centuries the property of the family of Haig: and at no great distance from this latter is Dryburgh, the seat of the Earl of Buchan. In the course of this walk, on either side of the river, a number of the most picturesque views, of various descriptions, succeed each other. From the high grounds, the plain of

* Gaelic *mul-ros*, a bare peninsula.

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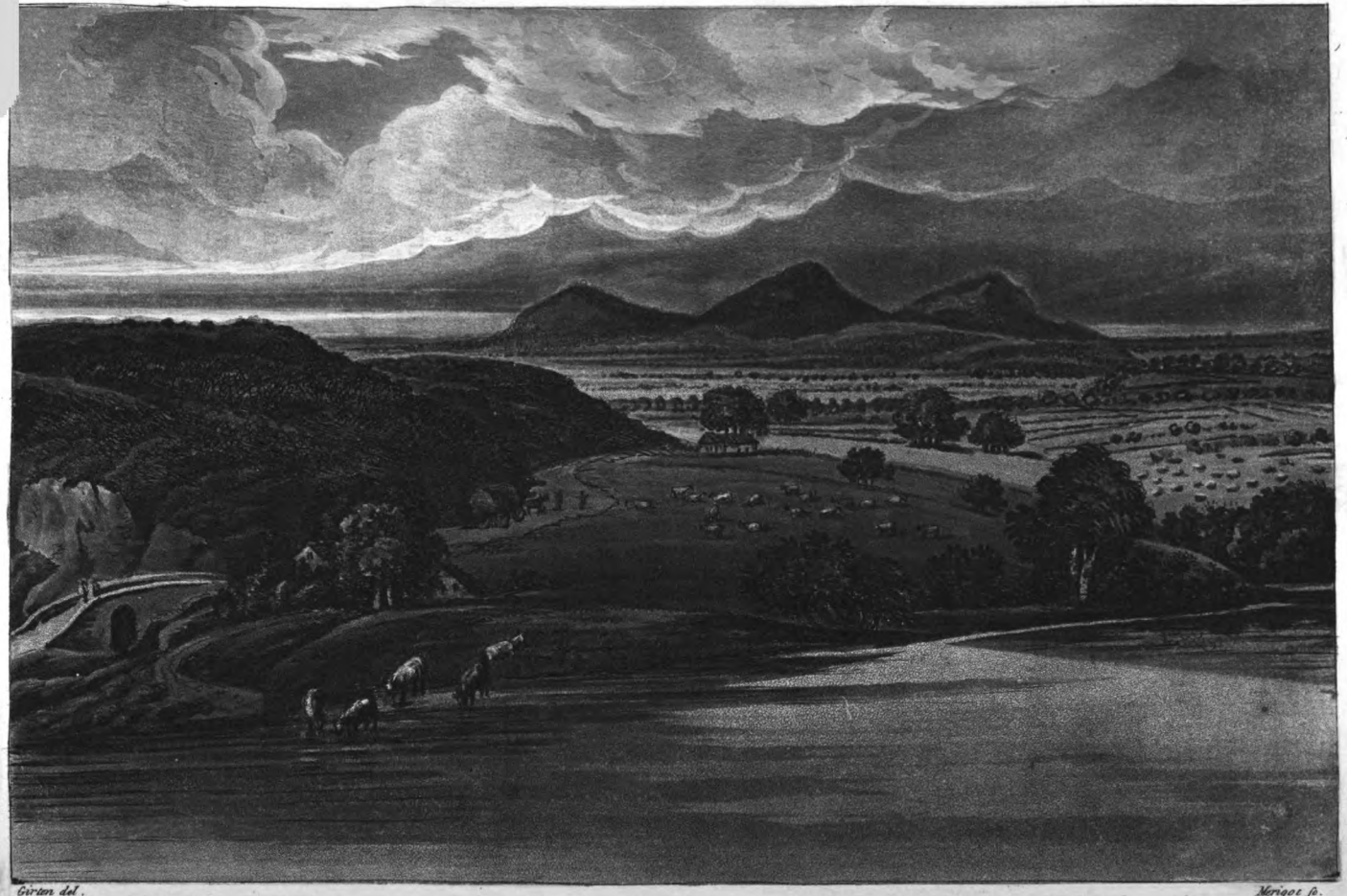

Girtin del. Merigot sc.

EILDON HILLS.

London May 1801 Published by W. Miller, Old Bond Street.

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Melrose, being brought into one prospect, appears beautifully rich and varied: when we look down upon the Tweed, whose ample bosom is swelled by numerous streams, it flows in a majestic, tranquil tide: and above it rise the Eildon hills, with their three-forked summit, expressed in the Roman name *Trimontium*. By the favour of a friend, I am enabled to insert one of these scenes, from a drawing by Mr. Girtin, executed with all the spirit and effect, for which he is so remarkable.

At Dryburgh I was received with great kindness: I must equally acknowledge the politeness of Lady Buchan, who herself showed me the ruins; and of the Earl, who obligingly communicated to me every information respecting them: and my satisfaction in the society of this noble family was increased, by meeting here my friend Mr. H. Brougham. The woody peninsula of Dryburgh, included within a large sweep of the river, was formerly occupied by an abbey, one of the numerous monastic foundations of King David I. The Erskine family having been subsequently its commendators, the present Earl was induced to purchase it, and build an adjoining residence. The ruins, which are very extensive, stand in an open pleasure-ground, which though

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upon the whole rather too trim and neat, to accord with the character of these massy fragments, yet harmonizes well with them in some points of view, breaking their rugged lines, by the soft foliage, and relieving their dusky gloom, by the vivid green. Nothing is now remaining but the walls, and they are so much demolished, that the outline of the building is not easily traceable. They are, however, carefully preserved from further dilapidation, and afford many partial sketches of great value; but the best general view is from the Holmes, a seat of Captain Erskine, on the opposite side of the Tweed. Dryburgh House contains a few curious portraits, among which I noticed H. Erskine, the first Lord Cardross (by Jamison); Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox; the Elector Palatine; the Regent Marr; Charles I.'s Queen, and the Queen of Bohemia, &c.

Lower down, the country is open, and not very interesting. The most remarkable objects on the north bank, are Merton Wood, and Smaylholm Tower, to which Mr. Walter Scott has given celebrity by his romantic tale of the Eve of St. John. At the little village of Rutherford, on the south, the river-scenery reassumes its picturesque cha-

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racter; and on approaching Kelso, the district called Tiviotdale presents a very rich appearance. Here was the site of the ancient town of Roxburgh; and on the oppotite bank of the Tweed stands Fleurs, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh. The building is large, plain, and of no great architectural beauty, nor has its effect been improved by injudiciously scraping the stone. The grounds are flat, but well wooded: and a yew tree is still shown, near which King James II. lost his life in 1460, by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

Kelso has all the luxuriance of prospect, which the best situated of our English towns can boast. The town itself is neat and populous; but its chief beauty consists in the junction of the Tweed and Tiviot. Over the latter is a neat bridge, near Springwood Park, the seat of Sir G. Douglas. There was also one below the junction, which having been carried away by a flood, is rebuilding on a magnificent plan; and when completed will command a most delightful prospect of the two rivers, the town and abbey of Kelso, the bridge of Tiviot, &c. Still more extensive, but perhaps not more picturesque views, may be obtained from many of the gentle eminences, with which this country abounds. Kelso Abbey claims

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no small share of notice, for its venerable antiquity, and the purity of its Saxon architecture. Like most similar edifices in Scotland, it is in part used for public worship, and in part dilapidated; but fortunately the undiscriminating hand of modern improvement has not been laid upon it.

The Jedburgh road lies through a fertile, cultivated, but unvaried country, bordering on the Tiviot, and watered by several of its subordinate branches. The first we meet is the Kale. The next is the Crailing, which gives name to the ancient seat of the Cranston family. Two miles further is the Jed, whose opening commands a pleasant view of Mount Tiviot, the seat of Admiral Elliot. Tracing up this sylvan stream, which was the scene of Thomson's poetic reveries, we find its banks well suited to such inspirations. They are mostly bold, lofty, overspread with wild brushwood, or crowned with plantations, and in some of their rocky recesses are frequently found large natural caverns. Passing on the right Bonjeddart (celebrated in the old ballad of the Redswaire); and on the left Stewartfield, a neat mansion, beautifully seated on an eminence, we wind through a woody bank to the town of Jedburgh.

This town is of considerable size and regularity;

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but, like most royal burghs, it has a poor appearance. The abbey, founded by David I. is a noble pile of the Saxo-Gothic, or later Saxon. The church, which alone remains, is used for religious purposes, and has in consequence had much of its picturesque effect destroyed by the clumsy architecture of the modern part. The west end, which is in ruins, is rich and striking, the arches of the body are pointed, but at the end is a richly ornamented Saxon door. The whole building, when complete, formed a square, of which the north side was the church, the east was the cloister, the south the refectory, and the west contained the other offices. The area, which was used as a cemetery, is now the garden of the manse, and was obligingly shown to me by the Rev. Dr. Somerville. This beautiful building is seen with the greatest effect from the retired banks of the Jed. The Castle hill commands a view of no less beauty, but of different character, including the vale, with the town, the wandering river, the rising grounds of Stewartfield, and the distant hills. The view up the river is more confined; but among the picturesque scenes, which are hidden by the winding eminences, lies Fairnyherst, a romantic seat, belonging to the Marquis of Lothian.

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The proverbial imputation on "Jeddart Justice," originating, probably, in the summary proceedings of the old Borderers, is now obviated by the regular administration of the laws. While I was here, the Circuit Court was held by the Lord Justice Clerk, for the four sheriffdoms of Berwick, Selkirk, Roxburgh, and Peebles; but the only offenders were two men from the English side of the border, whose trials were postponed. These counties having been the chief seat of the border wars, still retain some of their customs. Among these we may reckon their popular and peculiar tunes. That of Selkirkshire, "The Flowers of the Forest," is supposed to commemorate the fatal field of Flodden. The song is evidently of more recent date; but it has been inaccurately attributed to Miss Elliot of Mount Teviot. Whatever additions or alterations that lady may have made in the old ballad, it can be proved, by the clearest testimony, that many parts of it were known much earlier, particularly the simple and pathetic opening:

"I have heard a lilting, at the ewes milking,
Lasses a lilting before break o' day;
But now I hear moaning in ilka green loaning,
For the flowers o' the forest are a' wed away!"

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In returning, we passed Ancrum House, which stands on a commanding eminence, surrounded by majestic woods, and looks down on the junction of the Tiviot with the winding Ale. Beyond it, is Ancrum moor, the scene of the bloody battle of 1545, in which the Scottish army completely routed the English invaders. On reaching the banks of the Tweed, we once more paid our respects to the Earl of Buchan; and then proceeded by Drygrange to the Leader. Lauderdale, which takes its name from this river, is in this lower part prettily varied with plantations; but as we advanced, it became gradually more bare and uninteresting. The old house of Cowdenknows, now in part modernized, is a picturesque object, at the foot of the hill celebrated for its "bonny broom." In a little plain, a mile or two further, is the village of Earlstoun, with the tower of Thomas the Rhymer. This extraordinary character, who lived in the thirteenth century, obtained an influence over the minds of his countrymen, by uttering, in rude rhyme, sentences which were looked upon as prophetical. Many of his prophecies were preserved traditionally, and many spurious ones have since been published under his name. The common people believe, that he was

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a magician, and that he still exists, practising his supernatural arts, in some unknown retirement. The town of Lauder is small and poor. Near it, is Lauder Castle, no bad specimen of the heavy turreted old residences of the nobility. Beyond this, the country becomes more dreary, as we ascend the Soutra Hill; from whence descending upon the plains of Lothian, the prospects gradually improve, until we reach Dalkeith, between which and Edinburgh, the scenery has been already described.

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SECTION XVIII.

STRATH EARNE, LOCH TAY, COAST OF AYR, &c.

THE last excursion, which I made in Scotland, led me to those parts of Perthshire, which I had either not seen at all, or had seen imperfectly. Thence, crossing to the south-west, I coasted the shire of Ayr, and returned, through that of Dumfries, to England. The limits of my present work will not allow me to dwell, with the minuteness that I could wish, on this part of my tour; but I shall trace its general outline, and particularize its most striking scenes.

Of the views on the Queensferry road, no one is finer than that from the Munch Hill, near Queensferry itself. Two or three miles beyond this, is Hopeton House (the seat of the Earl of that name), which both in point of architecture, and situation, is one of the noblest residences in Scotland. Mr. Gilpin's remarks on it are dictated by good taste, and convey a very adequate notion of the grandeur resulting from

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its form and magnitude, from the noble terrace on which it stands, from the extensive plantations which shield and diversify it, and from the fine views which it commands of the windings and gradual expansion of the Forth, from Stirling to the open sea. In the collection of pictures are several of very distinguished merit. We may notice a St. Francis, in the act of adoration, (the expression almost seraphic!) by Guido; Christ and the Woman of Samaria, by Guercino; Lucretia, by Gawin Hamilton; a portrait of Paul III. from Titian; a Philosopher, by Gerard Dow, &c.

After crossing the Firth at Queensferry, the town of Dunfermline lies a few miles to the left of the Kinross road. That it was once a royal residence, we learn from the interesting old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spence—"

> "The King sate in Dunfermline town
> Drinking the blood-red wine."

It was to this place, that Malcolm Canmore transferred the sepulture of the Scottish kings, from the sacred island of Icolmkill: and here he himself and many of his successors were interred. The unfortunate Charles I. was born in the palace, and seems to have

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retained an affection for it; as he caused it to be repaired, and made the residence of the Chancellor Seaton, Earl of Dunfermline. Both this and the adjoining abbey are now in ruins: the latter is in part converted into a place of public worship; but the palace is wholly deserted. The finest views of it are from the grounds of Pittencrieff, and from an adjoining field, where the ruins appear in a grand mass, rising, with a bold and varied outline, behind a succession of mills, fed by the same streamlet, in its descent to the burn below.

Kinross has been already described. Beyond it, the road does not become interesting, until you descend into the lower part of Strath Earne, about eight miles from Perth; to which town the remainder of the way is one continued succession of magnificent scenery. No situation can be more beautiful in appearance, than this approach from the south. The Tay, on whose western bank it is built, is here spread into a noble stream, adorned with islands, and winding round the base of a craggy mountain; two green fields (the Inches), which, as their name imports, were, perhaps, originally islands, now form pleasant public walks, on each side of the town;

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and the landscape is completed by the elegant bridge of nine arches, " overlaying" with its mass,

——" the river proud, as with a yoke."

Perth, which is now the residence of commerce, was formerly no less distinguished for its strength, and military consequence. It was long the seat of the court, and the chief place of judicial administration, and has been marked by many important political events. It would be wrong to omit noticing Gowry House, in the town, or the palace of Scone, about a mile distant. The former, the scene of the celebrated, but dubious, conspiracy of the family of Ruthven, is now converted into an artillery-barrack; the latter, the place of coronation for the Scottish monarchs, is the site of a more modern house belonging to the Earl of Mansfield.

The Earne, near its opening, is divided from the Tay by Moncreiff Hill, under which, to the east, is situated Elcho Castle, a considerable pile, but far advanced toward decay. Its north front rises from a small quarried rock, on the bank of the Tay; and its opposite side is varied by the accompaniment of a simple old mill, with its streamlet, water-lead, &c. The neighbouring grounds command fine

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views of that long clayey flat, on the north of the Tay, which is called the Carse of Gowry, and is so fertile as to be deemed the granary of Scotland. On this northern bank is seen at a distance Pitfour, a large, modern, castellated mansion, belonging to —— Richardson, Esq.; and Saggieden, the residence of —— Hay, Esq. A mile above Elcho Castle is Orchard Nook, the site of an abbey, founded by David Lindsay, ancestor of the Earls of Crawford; but of this building very few traces remain. Here, I passed a few days, at a cottage occupied by my friend Walker, since his removal from Pitcairn: it is delightfully situated on the banks of the river; fronted by the crags of Kinnoul, beneath which is seen Kinfauns, the seat of Lord Gray. This building is ancient, with some modern additions; it is seated on a richly wooded declivity, overhanging the Tay, and screened by the cliffs and gloomy steeps around it: a few cottages on the margin of the river complete the beauty of the scene.

The Hill of Kinnoul, on the north of the Tay, is fronted by that of Moncreiff on the south. From the summit of each is a most noble and extensive prospect; but that from the latter is, perhaps, the more admirable, as commanding, uninterruptedly,

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the course of two mighty rivers. The Earne is seen far to the west, serpentising through a broad, cultivated vale, and enriched with numerous plantations, belonging to the seats, with which it is so thickly strown. At the western point of this hill, it unites with the Tay, which soon swelling into an inland sea, stretches far eastward beyond the port of Dundee. From the head of the Earne, a grand back-ground of gigantic mountains, on the north, appears to close the scene. Among them is the pass of Dunkeld, where the Tay bursts at once into view, and flows to the town of Perth, which, with its bridge, walks, and shipping, seems to lie almost within reach.

From this magnificent elevation, I descended past Moncreiff House, the seat of Sir T. Moncreiff, Bart. and crossing the bridge of Earne, pursued my course to Freeland, the paternal seat of Lord Ruthven, who, with Lady and the Miss Ruthvens, resides here during great part of the year. To this amiable family, with whom I had passed my time so pleasantly at Melvill, I again paid my reepects. The house, which was built by the grandfather of the present Lord, is not large, nor are the grounds extensive; but they are well planted,

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and laid out with much art, in the old style. In this neighbourhood are the seats of Rossie, Newton, and Invermay. The latter, which is celebrated in the well-known popular air, deserves that celebrity by the beauty of its situation, on a steep projecting bank, nearly surrounded by the babbling stream of the May, and shaded by the wild birches, or "birks of Invermay."

A little above Freeland, on the opposite side of the river, is Dupplin, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul. To this nobleman I owe my sincere acknowledgments for his many polite attentions. During my stay here, I was no less entertained by the valuable collection of pictures within, than by the scenery around the house. Among the portraits, which form the chief part of the collection, are some fine Vandykes, some Jamisons, a Mytens, and a Cornelius Jansen; heads of the celebrated Countess of Desmond, Fairfax, and Oliver Cromwell; a valuable picture of Luther, with Catharine de Boré, who eloped from a convent and married him; a miniature of Shakspeare, &c. &c. In other styles, here are specimens of Albert Durer, Titian, Panini, Rosa da Tivoli, &c. Dupplin combines many of the characteristic beauties of a Scotch, with those of an

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English place. The house is in part ancient, the south front consisting entirely of the old building; but the north was built, about 1690, in a modern style of architecture. The most beautiful views are on the south and east, where formerly was a large kitchen garden, now judiciously thrown into a lawn and shrubbery, overhanging a deep dell, whose burn forms a cascade. The plantations, which border these grounds, are of great extent, and very rich in variety of wood—oak, ash, beech, plane, lime, poplar, mountain-ash, birch, fir, larch, and some remarkable cedars—all which together form a noble fore-ground to the views of Strath Earne, bounded at a great distance by the bold hills of Kinnoul and Moncreiff.

Advancing up Strath Earne, you come in sight of those noble mountains, which form the Highland passes beyond Crieff. This town is small, but beautifully situated on a declivity, running down to the river, the whole of whose course above, is diversified with a succession of small plains, separated by hilly barriers. In describing these scenes, which I have visited and revisited with delight, the difficulty consists only in selection. The road on each side of the river has its peculiar beauties; but I shall begin

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with Drummond Castle, which lies at some distance to the south.

This pile is of modern construction, but of very irregular form, situated on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect of the towns of Crieff, Muthill, and all the lower part of Strath Earne. The grounds only need water, to render them strikingly picturesque; as they are separated from the neighbouring mountain of Torlum, by craggy ridges, whose declivities are covered with wood. Close to the house, the remains of the ancient castle rise bold and massy from their rock; they are overhung with ivy and pendent shrubs; and though in part habitable, yet bear upon the whole the marks of very general dilapidation. I know not whether it be not some relief to the mind, in mournful contemplations, to trace fanciful analogies among objects alike mournful. In viewing this once formidable tower, in tracing its changes, and meditating on its decay, the misfortunes of its noble possessors present themselves to recollection, with something like an alleviating thought on the general instability of human affairs. Those misfortunes are too acute, and too recent, to be dwelt upon. I cannot view them without interest, nor pass them without notice; but I am too sensible that reasoning on

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such subjects will never lighten the weight of the blow. She who suffers most deeply will find relief in the consolations of virtue, in the activity of benevolence, in the sympathy of all, but chiefly in the affections of an amiable and interesting daughter.

From Drummond Castle I descended to the Earne, near Tom-a-Chastel, a romantic little hill, at whose foot the river steals from the plain of Comry. It is conical and insulated: on its top, marked by a crown of firs, stood formerly a castle, belonging to the Earls of Strath Earne. Beyond it, the plain opens magnificently, bounded by immense Highland mountains, which possess their full effect, by rising abruptly from a level base line. The neat, new-built village of Comry appearing about two miles distant, at the opening of the pass, which leads to Loch Earne, serves to complete the picture. This village is seated at the confluence of the Ruchil and Earne; and in the way to it we pass Dalginross, the place of a Roman encampment, where, it is said, the Caledonians obtained an important victory. Some, but improbably, make this the place of the battle of Galgacus.

At Comry House, a neat but small building, I was kindly received by —— Brown, Esq. Com-

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missioner of Customs at Edinburgh, who had taken it as a summer residence. Its situation is near the opening of Glen Lednock, whose stream, at a little distance, raging among wild rocks, forms a cascade in a deep, chasmy recess, not unaptly termed the Devil's Cauldron. At Mr. Brown's I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Mr. Mac Diarmid, minister of Comry, a very successful cultivator of Gaelic literature. The arguments of this gentleman in support of the authenticity of Ossian's poems were of considerable weight; but as I have already touched sufficiently on that subject, I shall only adduce an instance of that singular attachment to poetry, which, until the changes of modern manners, even the poorest of the Highlanders possessed. Among some specimens of poems composed, within living memory, by persons wholly untutored, Mr. Mac Diarmid favoured me with a literal translation the following, which I shall transcribe, with the alteration only of a few Gaelic idioms.

"THE FORSAKEN MAID'S LAMENT.

"*Tha n'oiche nochd fuar, &c.*

"I wander in the cold night, and cannot rest. My heart beats quick. My mind is troubled, and

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heavy, like a boat tossing on the sea, without sail or rudder. Henceforth let no maid love, as I have loved. Though the dear youth speak never so tenderly; though his words be never so pleasing to her ear; his affections will be light as the sea-borne wind—unsteady as the fishes near the shore, which fly at the least alarm, alas, no more to return!

"Allan was my delight. His skin was white, and smooth, as the down of the hills. In killing the deer, he excelled among hunters. When he bent forward on the oar, and cut his way through the waves, the misty hills, and far-off glens, soon came in sight. When he sat at the helm, the boisterous billows yielded to his skill.

"O Allan! the love I bear thee, has darkened my face, in the days of youth. It will bring me to an early grave! When first I felt it, I told it to thee; but thy surprise, thy vexation, made my cheeks at once grow pale. Alas! I know thou wilt be afflicted with real grief; for soon shall I be laid low in the earth. In yonder churchyard shall I be laid; and thy heart will be pierced with sorrow. A stone will be placed at my head. It will not reply to thy questions. Then will thy woe be full!"

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DUNBIRA.

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The walk from Comry, up the Strath, possesses a singular union of beauty and grandeur, delighting the eye with variety, and filling the mind with admiration. In this happy situation is placed Duneira, the seat of the Right Hon. H. Dundas; where taste has been most judiciously exercised, in taking advantage of the local peculiarities of the spot. The house, a modern plain edifice, is embosomed in a circle of little craggy knolls, clothed with natural, or planted wood. Walks have been conducted to the summits of the tufted eminences, through the intervening glades, and along the secluded banks of the river; and at points of attractive prospect, rude sheds, moss houses, or other appropriate seats have been placed. Without the grounds, are some pleasing rural scenes, formed by the adjoining cottages, the bridge across the Earne, &c. Of these latter, I have selected a sketch by Mr. Williams, as happily chosen, and conveying the most characteristic features of this romantic country.

The remainder of the vale presents a succession of similar landscapes; among which we cannot but be particularly struck, with the insulated rock of Dunillan. Loch Earne is about seven miles in length. The wood is more abundant, the shores are more

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elegantly indented, and the general air of solemnity is softened by a greater mildness here, than in some similar scenes; but upon the whole, it has little distinctive character, which does not equally apply to the other Perthshire lakes. About a mile from its head, on the southern side, is Edinample, an ancient seat of the Breadalbane family, near which is a very picturesque waterfall. A room in the house commands two very fine prospects of it; from one window it is seen only in part, from the other complete.

Returning from Comry, I shall now trace the northern side of that delightful vale. Beyond Lawers, the residence of General Robertson; and Clathick, that of —— Campbell, Esq. it divides into two branches, the one leading by the course of the river to Crieff; the other, by the back of the hill of Laggan, to Auchtertyre and Monzie. Auchtertyre, the seat of Sir W. Murray, is beautifully situated on the declivity of a steep, woody hill, overhanging a small lake. The house is handsome, but its modern architecture and square outline, appear, perhaps, the less admirable for being surrounded by scenery so bold and magnificent. On the border of the lake are the ruins of the old family mansion;

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rich woods climb up all the surrounding steeps; and the view westward is terminated by the majestic mountains of Aberruchil, Glenartney, &c. The time which I passed at Monzie, the seat of General A. Campbell, on two successive occasions, afforded me the most pleasing entertainment. On my first visit the badness of the weather, which confined me to the house, was more than compensated by the refined taste and elegant manners of its social circle. On my latter tour, the season was fair and enlivening, and exhibited the surrounding prospects in all their beauty. This place is at present in a state of formation: the great capability of the grounds has not yet been turned to advantage; because that part of the improvement is postponed to the completion of the building. The house, a magnificent pile, in the Gothic taste, is nearly finished. Its form and magnitude are suitable to the character of the country; and it appears to the greatest advantage from the eminences on the east, where it is seen in the centre of a woody pass, backed by the romantic scenery of Auchtertyre, and the upper part of Strath Earne. The banks of the little river Shaggie, which flows by the village and house of Monzie, afford many sweet secluded spots, where a hermit might build

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his cell, or a poetic recluse his temporary hut, amid the deep solitude of the mountain dells, the music of the waterfalls, the verdure of the pleasant banks, and the cool shade, and gentle air of the trembling birches.

The northern road from Crieff passes through a part of Glen Almon, where its lofty, abrupt, overhanging crags almost emulate those of Glen Coe. A mysterious solemnity hangs over this gloomy vale; for here, says tradition, sleeps Ossian, the last of the bards, "beneath the four grey stones." A succession of bleak hills brings you to Amulrie, a poor inn on the banks of the Brand: and after a still more toilsome and dreary walk, you at length reach Aberfeldie, on those of the Tay. Here that river is crossed by a handsome bridge; and here beautiful views of Strath Tay (for so the country between Loch Tay and the Tumel is properly called) present themselves, in both directions, above, and below. But the chief boast of Aberfeldie are the falls of Moness. This small stream is bounded by high impending rocks, from whose chasms and crevices fine trees and matted underwood seem to start, deepening the gloom below; while a narrow and dangerous path at their base leads you, with the effect of gradual,

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initiatory preparation, to the cascades themselves. These form a retiring succession of brilliant gushing torrents, gradually veiled, as they recede from the eye, by the thin, leafy screen of the overarching woods, which render it one of the completest specimens of the secluded waterfall, that I have ever seen.

From Aberfeldie to Kenmore, the road on either side of the Tay is alike pleasant. I followed the south bank, and saw, on the opposite side, some striking views of Castle Menzies, the opening of Glen Lyon, with the ruins of its ancient castle; and, finally, the noble hills which rise above Taymouth, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane. At this beautiful spot, I passed some days, in contemplating the sublime scenery around it; and (by the obliging kindness of his Lordship) in examining the curiosities which the house contains. Of these, the collection of paintings is most remarkable. It is very numerous, and contains specimens of many great masters, among which are two fine Vandykes, two Guercinos, an Annibale Carracci, a Rembrandt, a Both, a Parmegiano, a piece by Rubens and Snyders conjointly, a Titian, and a Guido. Taymouth, like many old Scottish houses, owes its situation to the

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taste of early times, which usually preferred shelter and retirement to prospect. Hence it is placed on a perfect flat, about a mile distant from Loch Tay, which, as well as the river flowing from it, is entirely kept out of sight, and the view from the windows is bounded by the plantations, and the mountains which rise above them. The house, which was formerly a square turreted mass, is now augmented by the addition of two wings, of a different style of architecture. It appears to the greatest advantage from a sham fort, erected on the opposite hill, which overlooks the whole lawn and its plantations, the fir-covered steeps behind the house, the village of Kenmore, with its picturesque church and bridge, the expanse of Loch Tay, and the grand summit of Ben Lawers, majestically closing the whole. Other parts of the grounds present variety of other scenery. Near the lake are some summer-houses, open to the wide, level prospect: whilst the banks of the river are closed in by thick walls of foliage, and noble avenues,

——"under oaks, and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade;
The roof—moveable through all its length,
As the wind sways it."

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Yates del. Morgot fe.

KENMORE CHURCH & BRIDGE.

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The church and village of Kenmore, between Lord Breadalbane's and Loch Tay, are seen most advantageously with the effect of an evening sun, enwrapping in one bright blaze the lake, and the pointed mountains, by which it appears to be terminated. On the south bank is seated the manse, the handsomest building of the kind, that I had seen in Scotland. A mile or two beyond it, is the burn of Acharn, forming the magnificent waterfall, in front of which Lord Breadalbane has placed a rustic hermitage. The entrance is purposely darkened, and gives great effect to the bold cataract, which is seen to precipitate itself at once into a deep chasm of 150 feet, fringed with wood; but the chief beauty of this singular view is its back-ground, which includes a distant view of the lake, the village of Kenmore, and the lofty summit of Ferragon. The lower end of Loch Tay is enriched with one of those islands, from which, in former times, was heard

——"the matin bell,
Calling the woodman from his desert cell."

A small convent was founded here by Sibilla, Queen of Alexander I. who died and was buried within the sacred walls; but it now lies, a shapeless ruin, overgrown with thick tufted wood.

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A long walk of fifteen miles affords much grandeur, but little variety, in the scenery of the lake, until you reach Killin, at its head. This is one of the most picturesque villages in Scotland. It is seated amid noble frowning mountains, at the opening of the two glens, Lochy and Dochart, whose waters constitute the Tay. Among the scenes peculiarly deserving notice here, are the fall of the Lochy, Mac Nab's burying-place on the Dochart, and the ruined seat of the Breadalbane family, on the border of the lake. Crossing from hence to Loch Earne Head, a miserable inn, I continued by a road leading over the braes of Balquhiddar to Strath Ire. Through this pleasing glen flows a stream, which soon spreading into a lake, assumes the name of Loch Lubnaig. Among the uncelebrated scenes of Highland landscape, few are more deserving notice than this. It is small and simple; but its winding form gives it an endless variety: and the vast rifted shoulder of Ben Ledi overhanging it, renders it truly sublime. At its foot, the river struggles between the rocky barriers, which constitute the pass of Lenny; and at last emerging into the plain of Callander, unites itself near that town, with the river flowing from Loch Ketterine.

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The celebrity of this last-mentioned lake, rendered me anxious to visit it, and I lost no time in making the excursion. I was peculiarly fortunate in the hospitality of —— Fairfull, Esq. of Roman Camp, who gave me every possible assistance and direction, in seeing this, and the other remarkable scenes, in his neighbourhood. It is situated in the wild glen, to the south of Ben Ledi, and is preceded by Loch Vanachoir and Loch Achray, the first long, open, and unvaried; the second small, but remarkably picturesque. Between these lies Glen Finglas, the scene of a romantic poem by my friend Mr. W. Scott. At the head of Loch Achray begins that wild confusion of craggy masses, which is called the Trosachs, and which grow upon the admiration as you proceed. These form, as it were, the portico to the wild scenery of Loch Ketterine, and on the borders of the lake, they serve as promontories, to the singularly indented bays, which form the peculiar character of this landscape. Many of these spots would have been inaccessible to the traveller, had not the noble proprietors, at a considerable expence, formed paths along the sides of the precipices, which overhang the water. The taste of Lady Perth has also caused wicker huts to be built on the points

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commanding the most striking views. On the opposite side, the steep cliffs of Ben Venue rise immediately from the water, and the solid mass of this mountain presents a contrast to the broken, insulated peaks of the Trosachs. On the verge of the water is a cave, called the Den of the Ghost, accessible only by boats.

Several other scenes in this neighbourhood present themselves, well deserving notice. The bridge of Callander commands a grand view of Ben Ledi, with the village of Kilmahog at its base, and the two streams, which unite to form the Teith. On the north-east of Callander is the bridge of Brackland, over a cataract of the Kelty: nor are the grounds of Roman Camp unworthy the observation of a stranger. A former proprietor of this estate named it thus, from the banks, with which it seems to have been anciently fortified; but these, though a curious subject of speculation, bear no resemblance to the military works of the Romans.

The road to Doune lies along the Teith, and is pleasantly diversified with seats. This small town, or rather village, is remarkable for its castle, a very fine ruin, picturesquely seated at the confluence of the Teith and Ardoch. It is of great antiquity,

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being traditionally attributed to Murdac, Duke of Albany, at the latter end of the fourteenth century; but referred by some antiquaries to a higher date; the walls, however, are still in good preservation, and the tower commands an extensive sweep of country, from Ben Ledi on one side, to Stirling Castle on the other.

On the banks of the Allan, lies Dunblane, formerly the seat of a bishopric, of which the only memorials are the remains of the episcopal palace, and the cathedral, which is partly in ruin, and partly used as a place of worship. Following the course of the Allan, I visited Kippinross, a neat villa, surrounded by plantations of fine wood, among which is a remarkable old plane, twenty-seven feet in circumference. Recrossing the country, by a circuitous route, I passed Keir, a large, modern building, on a commanding eminence; and reached Ochtertyre, the family seat of —— Ramsay, Esq. on the western bank of the Teith. Adjoining to this, is the moss of Blair Drummond, the clearing of which has formed so important an agricultural operation. The details of this scheme may be seen in the Encyclopædia Britannica: it seems to have fully answered every expectation; but more recent theorists have

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contended, that the whole advantage might have been more effectually obtained, by the simple application of lime.

This part of my tour brought me back to Stirling; whence, after revisiting my kind friends there, I departed for Dumbarton. The road, for a considerable distance, commands a long extent of moorish country beyond the Forth. The castle of Stirling continues to be a marked object in the view backward, till the gradual ascent of the road at length obscures it, and opens the view of the western mountains. Thus the whole way to Drymen is little varied except by seats and villages. Between Drymen and Loch Lomond is Buchanan, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Montrose, situated on the river Endrick, but not within sight of the noble lake scenery, which has been described in the former volume. This, which soon begins to present itself, is succeeded by the fertile and populous vale of Leven, extending to Dumbarton.

The Firth of Clyde here spreading gradually in extent, increases alike in majesty and beauty. Both sides are varied by fine seats; but those on the north retain a rural air, while on the south they are crowded and choked up with towns, manufactories, shipping,

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and all the attendants of commerce. Port Glasgow, to which I crossed by Craigern Ferry, has an excellent harbour and great trade. Close to it is the extensive, but inelegant Castle of Newark, once the residence of Sir Patrick Maxwell, but now the property of Lord Belhaven. Greenock, about eight miles farther along the coast, is in all respects similar. Beyond this, a gently swelling hill forms the point around which the Firth takes its remarkable sweep. The town of Gourock, sheltered by this hill, commands the most striking views of the opposite mountains of Argyle, and looks far up their glens to the summits of Glen Croe.

The western branch of the Firth, to which the high road leads, is less striking than the point just described; yet the first view of it is not without grandeur. On descending from a hilly pass, Ardgowan, the seat of Sir John Shaw, is seen in front; the house, a large, modern edifice, is boldly seated on a woody eminence, backed by the Firth, which here resembles an inland lake; beyond it are the bold hills of the opposite coast; while to the south arise those of Bute, and still more distantly the blue peaks of Arran. The shore, which we now pursue, is for the most part high and rocky, but without much

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variety. This lofty barrier gradually declines, as we continue southward, passing the old castles of Kilmorly and Knock. The village of Largs has a neat appearance: it is situated on a plain famous for the victory gained by Alexander III. over the Norwegians in 1263. The chief defect of the views here is a want of trees; but this circumstance, perhaps, gives additional beauty to the woody glen, in which is placed Kelburn, a seat of the Earl of Glasgow's. The house is turreted, and the small hollow, in which it is almost concealed, is replete with the most romantic scenery. It is succeeded by the pretty village of Fairley. The isle of Bute, and the islets of Cumbrae, which lie in front of this shore, have a bare look; but the upper bend of the Firth on the one hand, and the mountains of Arran on the other, render the distances truly sublime.

After crossing a small neck of land, the southerly coast appears more bare and sandy than the preceding. This whole track is marked with ruins. To those of Southannan succeeds Castle Law, and at a short distance further, is Ardrossan Castle. Saltcoats is a busy, but small port; from whence, passing through Stevenson, you first obtain an extensive view of a rich country, varied with several large woods,

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towns, &c. Kilwinning, a considerable village, is remarkable chiefly for its abbey founded by Hugh de Moreville, Lord of Cunningham, in 1140. The tower, which is still standing, and has been recently repaired, is of no inelegant workmanship: near it is a large fragment of Gothic architecture, probably a part of the church, which must have been no less extensive than beautiful.

The most interesting place in this neighbourhood is Eglintoun, the seat of the Earl of Eglintoun, between Kilwinning and Irvine. It is entirely a creation of art. The whole extent of the plantations, which is very considerable, affords scarcely any variety of ground; but where there is a gentle eminence it has been encouraged, and the most that could be done by a favourable disposition of the trees, and walks, has been done. A small brook, stealing through the park, is encouraged to spread its stream over a larger surface. In the execution of so delicate an improvement (for it is not yet completed), no better guide can be followed than Mr. Price, who, in the second volume of his valuable work on the Picturesque, treats this subject with his usual taste and judgment. The great and expensive undertaking, which for some years past has occupied Lord Eglin-

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toun's attention, and is now nearly perfected, is the entire rebuilding, and furnishing the house, in a style of uniform magnificence, seldom paralleled in Scotland. The architecture is that adaptation of the Gothic outline to the details of modern accommodation, which is not unfrequent in this country, and which has been here particularly successful. It was originally intended to preserve the old circular tower, which stood in the centre of the building; to this the staircase was sacrificed; and though it was afterwards found necessary to remove the tower, the general plan remains unaltered. The interest which is felt in examining such objects, though, perhaps, not one of the strongest feelings of the mind, has been very poetically treated by Drayton, in his description of

——" a young tender maid,
Entering some prince's court, that is for pomp array'd."—
—" Where every thing to gaze her more and more entices,
Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises;
Goes softly on, as though, before she saw the last,
She wish'd again to see what she had slightly past."

Irvine is a royal burgh, at the mouth of the river so called. It is a place of some trade and navigation, though the monuments in the churchyard abundantly

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testify the danger of these seas. Here I once more met my friend Mr. J. Walker, at the house of his brother, and accompanied him to Dundonald, a village a few miles distant, which was the spot of his nativity. It was in ancient times a royal residence; and its ruined castle, the property of the Earl of Dundonald, still occupies the summit of a small, insulated hill. In this neighbourhood is Annack Lodge, a complete specimen of the English *ferme ornée*. It is the residence of Captain Montgomery, to whom, as well as to his brother the Earl of Eglintoun, I had the honour of being introduced by Dr. Paterson, of Ayr. On the coast is Fullarton, the seat of —— Fullarton, Esq. which has undergone some *improvements* not very judicious.

On entering Ayr, we are immediately struck with the "Twa Brigs," the *personæ dramatis* of Burns's witty and characteristic dialogue. They serve to connect the borough with the New Town, both which together form a place of considerable magnitude, but being seated in a sandy plain, possess little picturesque effect. Beyond Ayr, the coast becomes bolder, and the interior is diversified with nobler hills. The scenery of both kinds is interesting, and I saw it to great advantage, under the guidance of my

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valuable friend, W. Fullarton, Esq. of Skeldon. Of the coast views, the noblest beyond comparison is Cullean Castle, the seat of the Earl of Cassilis. It is about five miles south-west of the village of Maybole, seated on a lofty, precipitous rock, overhanging the sea, and commanding an extensive sweep of prospect, with a distance singularly diversified. Exactly in front, is the mountainous isle of Arran, above twenty miles in length: to the right, the view stretches to the very head of the Firth of Clyde, terminated by the rugged summits of Argyle's Bowling-green: to the left, the Atlantic opens, between the Mull of Kintyre, and the distant coast of Ireland; and the line of the horizon is intersected by the lofty, insulated rock, called Ailsa Craig. Cullean Castle itself is a suitable accompaniment to such a view. The house is a modern imitation, by Adams, of the Gothic style: its outline is well varied with round towers, and angular projections; and subordinate masses are formed by the offices and other detached buildings. The high grounds are covered with plantations, chiefly of fir; and the rocks are bold, massy, and full of caverns. Most of the artists who have drawn this spot, have chosen their views from the beach below; but having seen none

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in which Arran was included, I made a sketch from the higher grounds, looking over to that island.

Not far from Maybole is Baltarsan Castle, a bold ruin, but placed in a bare, uninteresting country: its date is ascertained by the following inscription: "This werk was begun the first day of March 1581 be Ihone Kennedy of Pennyglen and Margaret Cathcart his spous. The nam of the Lord is a strong tour and ye rightevs rinnith vnto it." It is within sight of another, and a more curious ruin, Corsregan, or Crossregal Abbey, founded by Duncan, in 1260. It appears to have been very complete in the arrangement of all its parts, but of small size; nor is the architecture in any great degree admirable.

The most picturesque scenery, in the interior part of this country, is on the two rivers, Doon and Ayr: the former of which falls into the sea, near the old castle of Greeans. The Auld Brig of Doon, which crosses this river, amid gloomy crags, and thick-wooded steeps, consists of a single broad arch, of ancient structure, and probably of soft, quiet hue, before it was treated with its trim coating of white-wash. This spot cannot but be interesting to every lover of poetry, from its connexion with that genuine poet, Burns. He was born very near it,

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at a little cottage, now converted into an alehouse; and he has made it the scene of one of his most original poems, Tam o' Shanter. "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," which stands by the road side, is a small roofless pile, little remarkable in appearance; but an object of much superstitious terror to the neighbouring peasants. "The banks and braes o' bonny Doon," are wildly wooded, and romantic, in its devious course by Blairston, Cassilis, Skeldon, and the other seats, which decorate its banks. Blairston is an old turreted mansion, shrouded with wood, and overlooking the river, at a very striking point of view. Here I passed many agreeable hours with my friend D. Cathcart, Esq. of Edinburgh. Cassilis, the ancient seat of the Earls of that name, has in its appearance all the gloom and picturesqueness of the old baronial castles: its situation is solitary and sequestered; and it has formed the subject of a very spirited landscape by Nasmyth. Skeldon, the seat of —— Fullarton, Esq. is a few miles further on the opposite side of the river. The house, which is modern, stands among gently swelling eminences. In front are the remains of an old, square tower: and behind, and on the right, winds the Doon, among sloping banks, covered with

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wood. I am happy, in mentioning this agreeable residence, that I have an opportunity to speak of my friends who dwell there. To the amiable family of Fullarton I am indebted, for more than common kindness, for a continuance of the most obliging attentions, and for that social entertainment, which made the days I passed here seem short, and stamped the hour of departure with regret.

The water of Ayr, which in the higher part of its course is very bold and romantic, possesses no small degree of beauty near its opening. Craigie, the seat of W. Campbell, Esq. is a very pleasing spot, surrounded by rich plantations. Its best view is from the opposite side of the river, where the town of Ayr is seen between the trees, varied by towers and turrets, and backed by the wild peaks and serrated ridges of Arran. Auchincrue, the seat of —— Oswald, Esq. exhibits more magnificence than taste. The house is a vast, shapeless pile; and the grounds, which are very extensive, seem to be undergoing those general levelling and clearing operations, which modern place-makers so indiscriminately practise. Very different from this is the wild scenery on the small stream of Kill, which flows into the Ayr, a little higher up, and near whose

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woody banks stands Sundrum, the seat of —— Hamilton, Esq. But the chief boast of the Ayr is Barskimming, the seat of Lord Glenlee. The house is seated on a high bank, almost immediately overhanging the water; but concealed from it by some fine old trees. Here, an arch of ninety feet span is thrown from rock to rock, at the height of 100 feet above the river. These rocks are of a dark red hue, shaded with feathering wood, and rent into fissures and caverns, partly natural, and partly artificial: and the river, after escaping from its close confinement, serpentises in broad sweeps for a considerable distance below.

The banks of the Lugar are fertile, and woody. On them lies Old Cumnock, a neat, regular village, beyond which the country becomes bare and unvaried, as you ascend the hills to New Cumnock, near the sources of the Nith. This river, running southward, is at first a mere streamlet, bounded, for a dreary length of way, by two lofty mountain ridges, which do not begin to spread into an open dale, until you have passed the town and ruined castle of Sanquhar. After this, the mountains still keep their majestic height, and even improve in wildness of form; but the low grounds are more

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abundantly clothed with wood, and the river dashes over its rocky bed, in a broader and more impetuous torrent. Thus it reaches Drumlanrig, a venerable seat of the Duke of Queensberry's, at the opening of a mountainous pass, overlooking the extent of Nithisdale. Mr. Gilpin's remarks on this scene have considerable justice; but they seem to show too general and inveterate a dislike to that species of beauty, of which the old ornamental gardens, and avenues, and terraces were susceptible.

From hence to Dumfries, the dale spreading gradually wider, and the boundary hills declining in height, the country appears rather pleasant from its fertility, than interesting from its grandeur. Dalswinton, the seat of —— Miller, Esq. in this neighbourhood, is a modern place, formed with much judgment, and taste for the picturesque. It commands a most extensive range of view, particularly to the south, including the sweeps of the Nith, the town of Dumfries, the distant Firth of Solway, and the huge mass of the Scriffell mountain, the far-seen land-mark of the surrounding country. Dumfries is a large town, with a handsome bridge across the Nith. From hence I directed my steps eastward, over a bleak open tract, to Annan; not

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without entertainment from the occasional views of the coast, and from the noble horizon of the English mountains, topped by the mighty Skiddaw. Annan itself presents no remarkable scenery; but at a small hamlet near it, called Whinny Rigg, I was much pleased with the long stretches of sand, and water, which form the Solway Firth, and with the singular appearance of carriages crossing a broad, though shallow arm of the sea. It was thus, that I re-entered England.

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GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF TASTE.

In the preceding pages, I have endeavoured to delineate, with fidelity, the impressions made on my own mind by the scenes and occurrences of my journey. I wished to make my reader the companion of my way, and the sharer of my thoughts—passing over some parts, as I myself did, with a hasty, unregarding eye—stopping at others to enjoy, and drink in the impulses of the scene—comparing present feelings with past—and, finally, referring them both to some common standard.

Taste, in its most just, and comprehensive sense, is that standard. The more interesting and important are its general principles, the more necessary it becomes to try them again, and again; to take their heights, and distances, and bearings, by the sure chart of experience; to ascertain their mutual relations to each other, and their general dependance on some one, great leading-star,

'Which looks on tempests and is never shaken."

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No person is more deeply impressed, than myself, by the merit of the systematic writers on this subject: no person reads their works with more admiration, or a deeper sense of indebtment; but I may be allowed to say, that in the perusal I have usually desiderated a something firm and comprehensive, a more fundamental principle, a wider scope of argument and illustration. Taste is defined by the greatest writer of modern days, as "that faculty which is affected by the works of imagination, and the elegant arts*;" but this definition (to say nothing of its unintelligible distinction between imagination, and art) overlooks many, and those the most interesting speculations, which it ought to include. By what violent perversion of all the analogies of language, is the pleasure, which we derive from contemplating the beauties of Nature, to be denied that denomination, which the same pleasure receives, when communicated through the medium of the elegant arts? or why should our admiration of the sublime and beautiful in morals be less justly entitled to the name of Taste, than a similar affection, springing from similar sources, in the works of imagination?

* See Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, p. 6.

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Were I to point out one cause, which, more than any other, has contributed to narrow and pervert our notions of Taste, it would be that attachment to science, "falsely so called," which is so distinguishing a characteristic of modern days.—Since the time of Lord Bacon, Natural Philosophy has been so much, and so successfully pursued, that it cannot but have produced some effect on our notions concerning the mind. It deserves, indeed, within due limits, our high esteem, and attentive cultivation; but we make idols of the golden seraphim, when we enthrone the science of material objects in the seat of mental knowledge, and transfer the strict definitions, the analytical distinctions, and the logical deductions of the one, to the undefinable, and complex sensations of the other.

It is a curious circumstance in the history of society, that as men have devoted themselves to physical analysis, they have neglected those nice shades, which constitute moral discrimination. We are too busy with crucibles, and air-pumps, and shells, and butterflies, and topographical charts, and statistical calculations, to attend to the ever-varying beauties of nature, and the engaging intricacies of the heart. We are apt to divide and cut up the mind with expe-

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riments, anatomical, pneumatic, galvanic: we account for every thing by vibrations, and vibratiuncles, animal spirits, sensorial fluids: we distinguish our whole being into actions automatic, voluntary, mixt; into ideas of irritation, sensation, volition, association. But even though " the observers of some distant generation should enjoy a view of the subtle, busy, and intricate movements of the organic creation, as clear as Newton obtained of the movements of the heavenly masses;" the mystery of mental existence would remain concealed; the sacred statue would be dimly shown, as to the uninitiated; but its divine and dazzling beauty would be hidden by an impenetrable veil.

When I contemplate human life, I perceive that its endless diversities of contrast and similitude accord in a general harmony—produce a ONENESS, of which every person is conscious, when he looks into his own bosom; but which he is apt to lose sight of, while his attention is engaged by the verbal reasoning of others. This melting and mixing of all our thoughts, moods, knowledges, fancies, senses, feelings, into one living nature, is a contemplation so delightful in the whole, and so interesting in every its minutest branch, that it could

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not but frequently, and forcibly strike those great writers, to whom I have alluded. It is, indeed, discoverable in their speculations: it is traceable among all the splendid profusion of their imaginations, and descriptions; but as it was not the primary object, which they had in view, it has entered less than might be wished into their systems. The chief aim, therefore, of the present essay, will be to develope that subtile, cementing, subterraneous unity, in its application to the chief diversities of our being; to show how far it coincides with, and how far it contradicts the commonly received distinctions; in fine, to deduce from it the outline of those general principles which may justly deserve the name of Taste.

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!" Such should be the manner and spirit, with which we should contemplate this important subject; not by setting down a map of our nature, and partitioning it out into petty districts, and assigning to each its municipal laws, and its local interests; but by travelling leisurely, as over some vast, unexplored continent; and noting the great natural land-marks, the high

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mountains, and endless plains, and sea-like rivers; and gathering the fruits of the soil, and registering the changeable temperature of the climate.

The varieties of our nature are striking and manifold. Sensations may be weak, as the sighing wind on an unruffled lake, or strong, as the thunder, which "rends the region;" they may be vague, as the recollected dream of Nebuchadnezzar, or distinct, as the hand-writing on the wall; continuous, as the flowing of a placid stream, or scattered, like the dry leaves and chaff of the autumnal whirlwind. Each of these may be contemplated by the mind as *one*; but the principle of unity not only applies to them separately: it affects long-connected trains: it comprehends our general existence. We perceive it in every good production of art, from a sonnet to an epic poem; from a flower-painting, to an historical picture; from the few simple notes of a short tune, to the "linked sweetness," and finely modulated harmonies of Haydn: and it is evidently from this principle alone, that all ages and countries have employed some such terms as *disposition*, *temper*, *general character*, *ruling passion*, &c. to express a quality pervading the whole life of an individual.

If we would trace these varieties from their source,

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and follow them through all their meanderings, we must begin with the *bodily* frame of man, which, though widely different from his sensations, is their necessary vehicle; is in some sort affected by their changes; and communicates to them its affections in return. External forms, the organs of the body, and the objects of sense, may be called the language of the passions; for it is only by means of the former, that the latter can be communicated; and he alone will be eloquent in this language, whose notices have been widely collected and aptly arranged. Accordingly, we find in our old poets a rich fund of imagery, drawn from the actual observance of Nature, and impregnated with all her individualities—her nice diversities of shape—her fleeting tinges of colour—her flavours luscious, or bitter—her scents faint, or aromatic—her sounds discordant, or harmonious. They made the same poetic use of the temporary changes, of which a creature like man, "subject to all the skyey influences," must be susceptible—the enthusiastic pourings forth of mind, incident to a warm glow of bodily feeling—the disgust and heaviness of spirit, induced by a torpid and wearied frame—the vexedness and fretful hurry of a feverish temperament—the sundry habits of age and

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sex—and the peculiar aptitudes of individual constitution. How different this, from the unmeaning sing-song of our modern descriptions; where all the meads are velvet, and the skies gold and azure, and the dew-drops pearls and spangles; where every taste is honey, and every sound is music; and the lamentable poverty of the thoughts is only exceeded by the meretricious finery of the language! Yet these old writers, by considering and combining the impressions of every sense, and of all states of our sensations, produced a general feeling, an unity of effect, irresistibly powerful. I here refer chiefly to poetry; because, as it operates by means of language, it possesses a more extensive power of affecting the mind, than either of its sister arts; but the same observations apply to them, in their different degrees, and modes of action: and similar reasoning will evidently prove, that in all aggregations of *sensible objects*, by nature or art, however extensive, or various (if there be a master-feeling, a key-note, a prevailing colour, or form, or degree of magnitude, or mode of arrangement), it is possible to cement and amalgamate them together, so as to produce from them *one* affection.

The frame of the *mind* has a like unity, and a like

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variety, with that of the body. If any strict line of distinction could be drawn, one would suppose it might be between the *fixt*, and the *fleeting* parts of our nature. In a general view, we can readily separate strong feelings, clear notions, marked events, from the thousand nameless affections, and vague opinions, and slight accidents, which pass by us "like the idle wind." Yet even these latter are gradations, in the ascent from nothingness, to infinity; these dreams, and shadows, and bubbles of our nature, are a great part of its essence, and the chief portion of its harmony; and gradually acquire strength and firmness; and pass, by no perceptible steps, into rooted habits, and distinctive characteristics.

Of all the classifications of mind, perhaps the most popular and intelligible, is that which divides it into *reason*, and *feeling*; and these words also sufficiently serve the ordinary purposes of life, like east and west, north and south, hot and cold, and many other terms of contrariety, whose positive meaning is changed, at every step we take, and by every person, with whom we converse. As far as we can distinguish between these principles, reason is the inferior. Reason is limitted in its operations; feeling is illimitable. Reason is moved only to a certain

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object, and by a determinate power: feeling is the object, and the power. Reason continually craves an extension of its sphere, and an increase of its energy: feeling is self-satisfied, and at rest. By reason the machine is regulated: by feeling it lives. The source of reason is perhaps the analytic, or dividing power: that of feeling, the synthetic, or uniting; but however we may distinguish the twin fountains, we cannot to any good purpose separate the stream. To form a perfect Taste, reason and feeling must equally conspire. Then, and then only, will be produced

> "Those internal powers,
> Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
> To each fine impulse—that discerning sense
> Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
> From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
> In species."

How much of the follies and mischances of the world has sprung from the wild devotees of feeling, I leave to be considered by the historians of fanaticism, political and religious, and the pourtrayers of romance, chivalrous or domestic. The present times need no example of the danger of setting up reason as the God of their idolatry; but as I would

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neither " serve nor disserve the interest of any party of men, as they are divided by uncharitable names from the rest of their brethren," I shall leave a contemplation so awfully instructive to all, for the silent and secret meditation of every one.

The formation of the mind, then, is progressive: it combines into one general mass all its living energies, its pleasures, its pains, its moments of indifference and undiscerning dreaminess, its separate notices, and comparative judgments: it is affected by the unremitted impulses of external objects; and it reacts upon them as unremittingly, tinging them with its own hues, forming them to its own standard, working itself into their very essence, always modifying, often creating them. Hence we may see the idleness of many disputes respecting ideas *general*, and *particular*, *simple*, and *complex*, &c.; for in the constant stream of mind, no fixed point can be taken (call it impression, idea, passion, emotion, what you will), but it is so surrounded by, and worked into minuter circumstances, so tinged with recognitions, and remembrances, various in degree, and in extent, that it must at once possess something of all these different qualities. The tribes are, indeed, as distinct as the laws of mental association

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require, or allow; but they are not so essentially different, as some systematic writers would lead us to suppose.

The qualities chosen for illustration by the critics on Taste (such as the sublime, the beautiful, the picturesque, &c.) have been frequently divided by insurmountable barriers; they have been traced from opposite sources, invested with hostile characteristics, and supposed to be mutually destructive of each other. After what I have already said, it may be unnecessary to observe, that sensations never exist in the mere abstract; the hand of nature has drawn them in the concrete, compounded, combined, diversified, mutually relieved, and mutually relieving each other. The business of Taste can only be with these combinations. In all its objects, there must be a preponderance of pleasure; the sublime must not rise to the terrible, nor the beautiful sink into the insipid. How is this to be prevented, but by a counterbalance of opposite sensations, which strengthens, while it stimulates; which produces stillness by previous agitation; and from "numbers numberless," forms a more complete, and overpowering *one*?

The tests of contrariety are pleasure and pain; but these qualities themselves, within their known de-

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grees, are merely relative; the diminution of pain is, in the common language of the world, a pleasure, and *vice versâ*. A man in a fit of the gout may receive some joyful news, or indulge some delightful fancy, more than sufficient to give him a momentary happiness; and the contrary circumstances will at once damp the fire of the highest health, or check the fullest flow of animal spirits. Again, as these principles may mutually detract from, so may they mutually add to each other's force, and effect. The pain of exile is wrought up to despair, by the recollected pleasures of our beloved country; and the transports of return are as much heightened, by the miseries, and dangers of our long wandering. So mixed, so relative, so reciprocal are all our passions, emotions, sensations! they rush in contending hosts upon the mind, and they are only described in language, by the title of that leader, who prevails in the conflict.

The sublime, the beautiful, the picturesque, are arbitrary terms, expressing different modes, and degrees of pleasurable affection: a thousand others equally just, and equally arbitrary, might be invented: and the only error would be, to suppose, that the affections themselves are really distinct, or

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separable. Of these states of mind, the most powerful, impressive, and absorbing, are perfectly unbroken, undisturbed. Their repose, however, does not always arise from the narrowness of their sphere, or the uniformity of their objects, (indeed, what is narrow, or uniform to the mind?) but frequently from illimitable scope and extent, from associations without end, and without number, regular and confused, vague and distinct, all drawn as by a magnetic attraction to one common centre, and acting with one united impulse. When the repose is deep, and still, and solemn; the richest draught of pleasure is silently inhaled, and the mental eye is filled with the form of *beauty*. This highest, and most perfect bliss is only conceivable by the mind: it cannot be justly represented by any outward picture; for, in the words of one of our old, and true poets,

> " It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
> No sweet concent, or well-tun'd harmony,
> Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
> Or flowery odour, mixt with spicery,
> No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily;
> And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
> A harmony, that sounds within the breast,
> An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.'

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If it were possible, that a calm so heavenly should succeed to the most furious warring of the whirlwinds of passion, that the sun of life should at once shine out upon the valley of death, the beautiful would also be *sublime*—but if it be supposed that these qualities cannot coincide in their highest degrees, it must at least be allowed that the noblest, the most divine, is beauty. The sublime is built on ideas of pain and danger: it is an image reflected from the greatness of the soul; but beauty

——"is above that sceptred sway."

The most attractive tendency of our nature is to silent enjoyment: we spring forward to greatness only as the means of goodness: and our highest notion of the highest of all beings is, that He is Love.

I have, it is true, carried my notion of beauty to the highest possible pitch; but I have done so in conformity with the noblest philosophers, and (what is more to the purpose) the noblest poets, ancient and modern. They justly traced analogies between the impressions of visible, and those of moral beauty; and where the feeling differed only in degree, they did not think it right to adopt a different denomination. In the highest classes of this, as of every other emo-

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tion, the comparing power is necessarily suspended, and therefore the immediate perception of fitness cannot take place; but it has been suggested, that in the lower gradations of beauty, fitness is universally perceived. I am not disposed to controvert the existence of this, as an attendant circumstance; but I cannot allow, that it is to be considered as an exclusive characteristic. Indeed, it should seem somewhat extraordinary, to make an act of the judgment, the criterion, by which to distinguish from each other the feelings. The popular notion of beauty, at least, looks not to fitness; but to a certain ease, and tranquillity, and placidity of character.

To a class of emotions, nearly similar to these in degree, the name of *picturesque* has been assigned: and its characteristics have been delineated, with great ability, in Mr. Price's Essay on this subject; a work which at once displays the manners, skill, and learning of the gentleman, the artist, and the scholar. In the popular notion of beauty, many picturesque circumstances are admitted, and justly; because their only effect is to stimulate the mind to a more lively feeling of its subsequent pleasure. Hence the picturesque, the beautiful, and many similar qualities may often be said to modify each other. On

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the other hand, there are several characteristics of the picturesque, which can by no means enter into any definition of beauty; because they are founded on a degree of mental irritation, totally incompatible with calm and tranquil feeling.

It would extend this essay to too great a length, were I to attempt showing in detail the various application of these emotions to different objects; were I to trace the intimate alliance, which subsists between them, the strong analogy, which leads from the selfish to the social, from the original to the reflected, from nature to art. A few observations, however, may not improperly be made. The mere sensualist doubtless possesses a certain degree of taste; but the chief defect in his system is, that its recollections, and, consequently, its hopes and fears, lie within a narrow compass, and are definable to the utmost degree of nicety. The principle, which makes him *one* with the objects of his own pleasures and pains, would in like manner unite, and bind him up with all the pleasures and pains of every animated being, and with that hidden spirit of life, which pervades the frame of nature, and is reflected in the works of art.

There is a moral, as there is a physical attraction,

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by which like approaches to like; it is strong in proportion, as the likeness is intimate and habitual; and it is finally absorbed in that love, which is "the circle equant of all other affections," whose nature is "to combine," and which, where it takes place, "there is peace, and quietness, a true correspondence, perfect amity, a diapason of vows and wishes." These sympathies are necessarily poured out, on living persons, in various modes and measures, according to the peculiar habits of feeling, which each man indulges. Nor do the great objects of Nature excite feelings less forcible. Whatever we have once enjoyed, or suffered, will revive with more than its original strength and distinctness, at the touch of her kindred impulses; and the intellectual process will then be most accurate, and the taste most refined,

> ——"when the mind
> Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms;
> The memory be as a dwelling-place
> For all sweet sounds, and harmonies."—

Art, who is but the mimic of Nature, treads cautiously in her steps, and deepens her impressions. Her only superiority is in the permanence of her productions, which are therefore more easily studied;

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and thus we often see critics in art, who are wholly insensible to nature. But this technical skill must ever be poor, and languid, and lifeless; since it wants that continued repetition of natural impulses, which is necessary to the sanity, and health, and freshness of the mind. Copyists may be formed by system, and analysis, and discrimination; but men of genius and originality must soar to a prouder height. In the warmth and conscious power of the soul, they must embrace a boundless variety, and run through an endless succession of thoughts, and feelings—they must draw similar emotions from opposite sources—they must build alike, on the sublime and the beautiful, on the one and the many, the fabric of a perfect Taste.

THE END.

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DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.—p. 62, — 4, *for* Robinson *read* W. Robertson.
Ib. — 182, — 7, *for* G. Jardine *read* J. Jardine.
VOL. II.—p. 46, — 16, *for* western *read* north-western.
Ib. ib. — 18, *for* princess *read* prince.
Plate No. 22 (in some copies), *for* Cromasly *read* Cromarty.

For these, and the similar errors, which a more attentive perusal will probably detect, the author hopes to be excused, on the Horatian plea,

——"Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum."

With regard to the plates, he must observe, that every apparent inaccuracy is not an oversight. Though he has professed himself generally a friend to fidelity of representation, he allows the propriety of occasional and minute deviation: as in the Vignette, Vol. I. where the effect of the statue is greatly improved, by turning it toward the spectator. He must add, that he did not always think himself at liberty to correct the productions of artists of acknowledged taste and ability.

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BY

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From 1797 to 1800.

THE WHOLE ACCOMPANIED WITH

DESCRIPTIONS,

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PROSPECTUS.

In offering to the Public a Work, which embraces such a variety of objects as the present, little or no apology is necessary, because it cannot but be interesting to all the inhabitants of these islands, and to those of the northern part of Great Britain in particular. No people have been more remarkable for their attachment to their natal soil, than those, who first drew their breath amid the sublime and picturesque beauties of North Britain. Scattered, as many of them are, over almost every nation of the globe, in search either of wealth or knowledge, they are never heard to speak of their country but with rapture. They love to dwell on its natural beauties, its lofty mountains, its romantic glens, its expansive lochs, and to expatiate on the noble and bold edifices of their ancestors. Many of the northern castles, built on, or as it were growing out of, the summit of some aspiring rock, whose bowels furnished the materials for their construction, have almost bidden defiance to time itself.

But we must not wander from the purport of this Prospectus, which is merely intended as a further illustration of the plan of the work we have undertaken; and which, if it does not succeed, must be owing, not to the poverty of the subject, but to the abilities of the projectors. Did they, however, not think themselves equal to the task, they would not have begun it: and they have a full confidence both in the patronage and candour of the Public. Whatever defects there may be in the execution, they shall not arise from want of exertion and diligence. The pencil of the one, the graver of the other, and the pen of the third, shall not be feeble or relaxed, from disinclination or indolence.

Of the utility of works of this nature little need be said. To the Antiquary they afford the means of recording, in a way no description can ever come up to, those objects, which are of the greatest importance. By these means the possessors of castles, ruins, or even modern buildings, and improvements, are enabled to catch them in the happiest moments of perfection or decay, and transmit them in a manner uninjured by the encroaching hand of time. The admirers of sublime, beautiful, romantic, and picturesque scenery, are thus enabled to seize the flitting images of the view, and fix them for ever, in spite of the ravages of the elements, or the more destructive hand of man. In possession of

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works like the present, the traveller can at his leisure, and without stirring from his fire-side, revisit those scenes he had so much pleasure in formerly passing through, and recall them to his recollection in a way the most laboured and finished descriptions are alone inadequate to effect: while, to distant nations, and those persons, who from business or other causes are either unable or unwilling to encounter the fatigues and expenses of travelling, these works give the most distinct and accurate impressions. In another point of view too, this work, it may be presumed, will prove of considerable use; namely, to such as pursue the arts either as a profession or an amusement.

Highly finished Etchings, from original sketches, taken in the same manner, have ever been reckoned infinitely more useful to the student in drawing than any other style of engraving whatsoever. There is always that precision and strength, as well as ease and delicacy of outline, in this sort of drawing and engraving, which is so seldom apparent, at least to that degree, in any other. And there remains that original spirit and fire, which we so frequently find wanting in more laboured performances. From hence the student may catch those beauties, and acquire those excellencies of drawing, which so often escape him in his progress.

Little remains to be said of the descriptions. They shall be as complete as the nature of the different subjects will admit of, and as it is the intention to make this Work as generally useful as possible, both as to Plates and Letter-press, as addressed to the eye and to the mind, as Pictures, and as a Book, this part shall have equal attention paid to it as the rest.

As far as the nature of the Work has been hitherto made known, it has met with the most flattering encouragement; and the Public are assured, that during its progress it shall at least be equally well carried on, and even that each succeeding Number shall, if possible, surpass the first, which was published the 30th of April, containing Views of BALGONIE CASTLE, FALL ON THE TILT, PITSLIGO, and ABERDEEN.

The second, containing the four following Views, will appear in June:

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TAYMOUTH.
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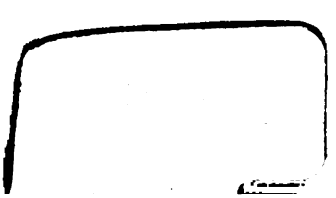

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